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• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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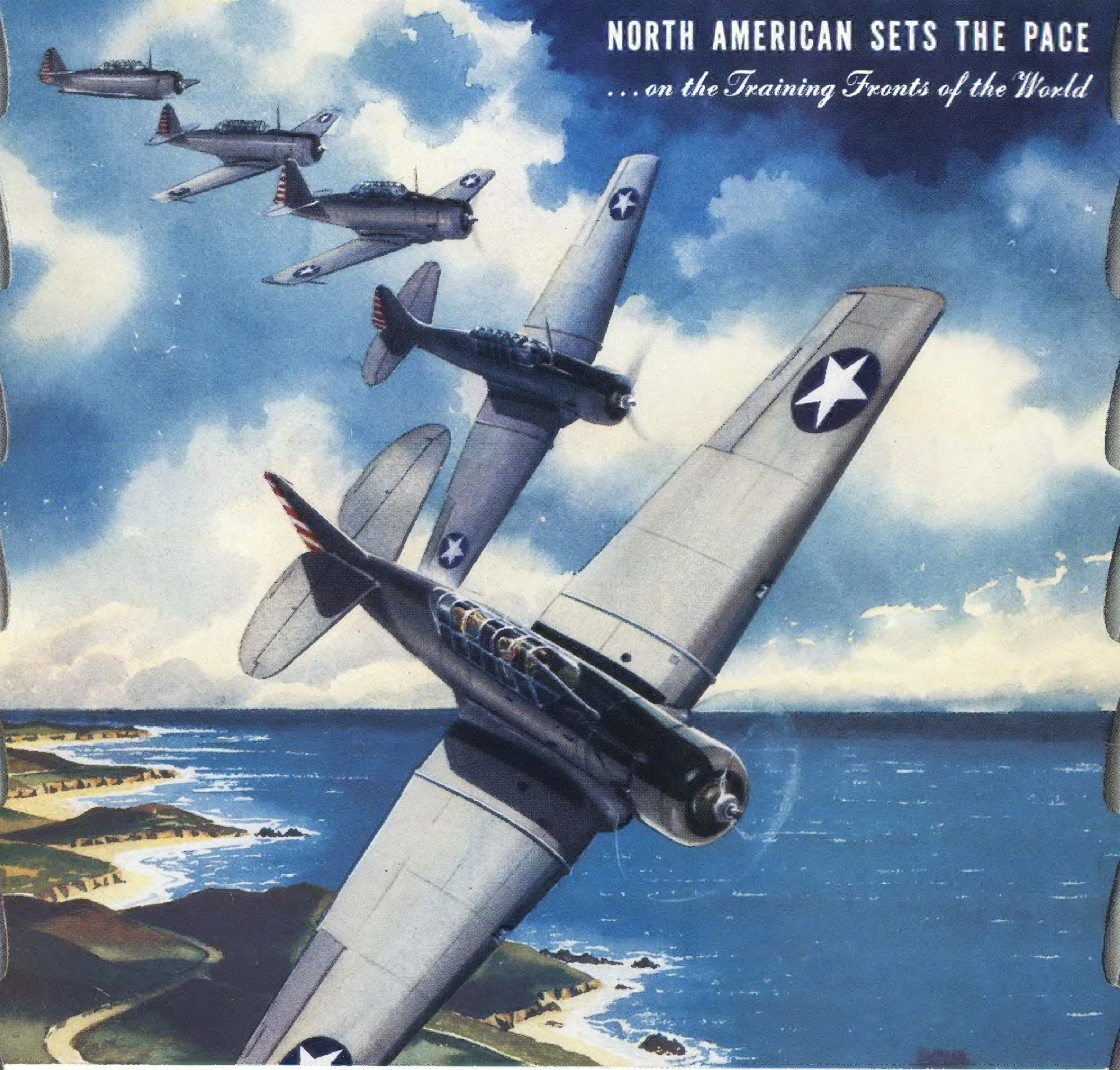

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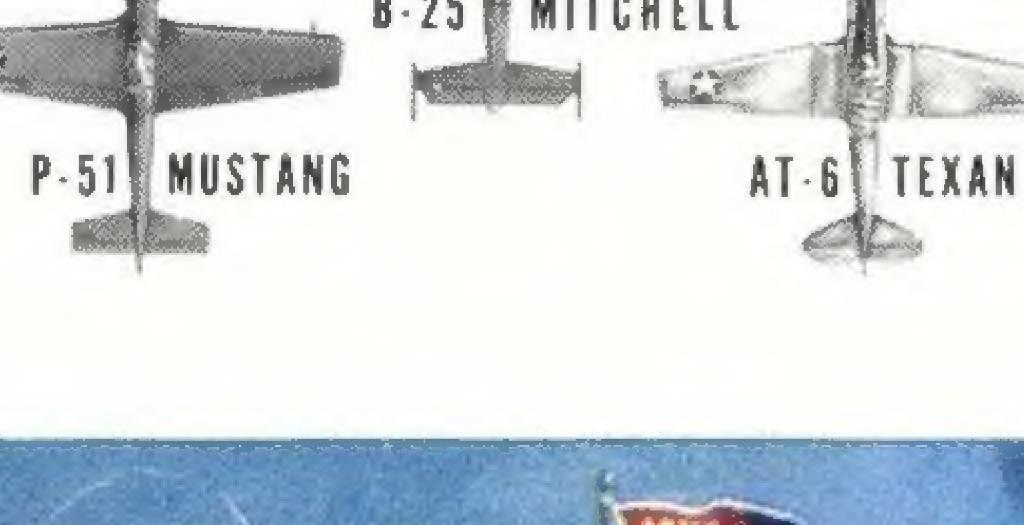
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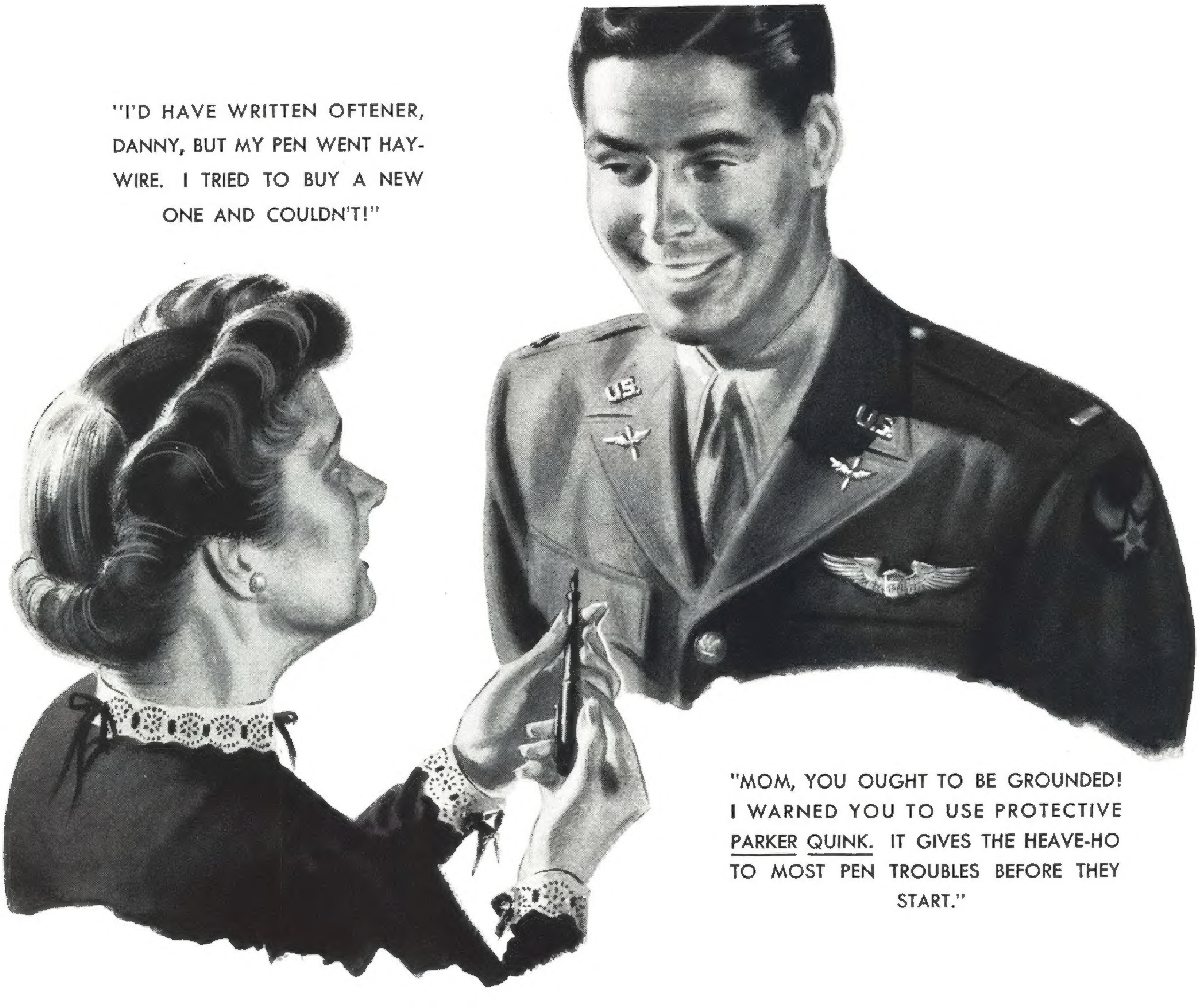

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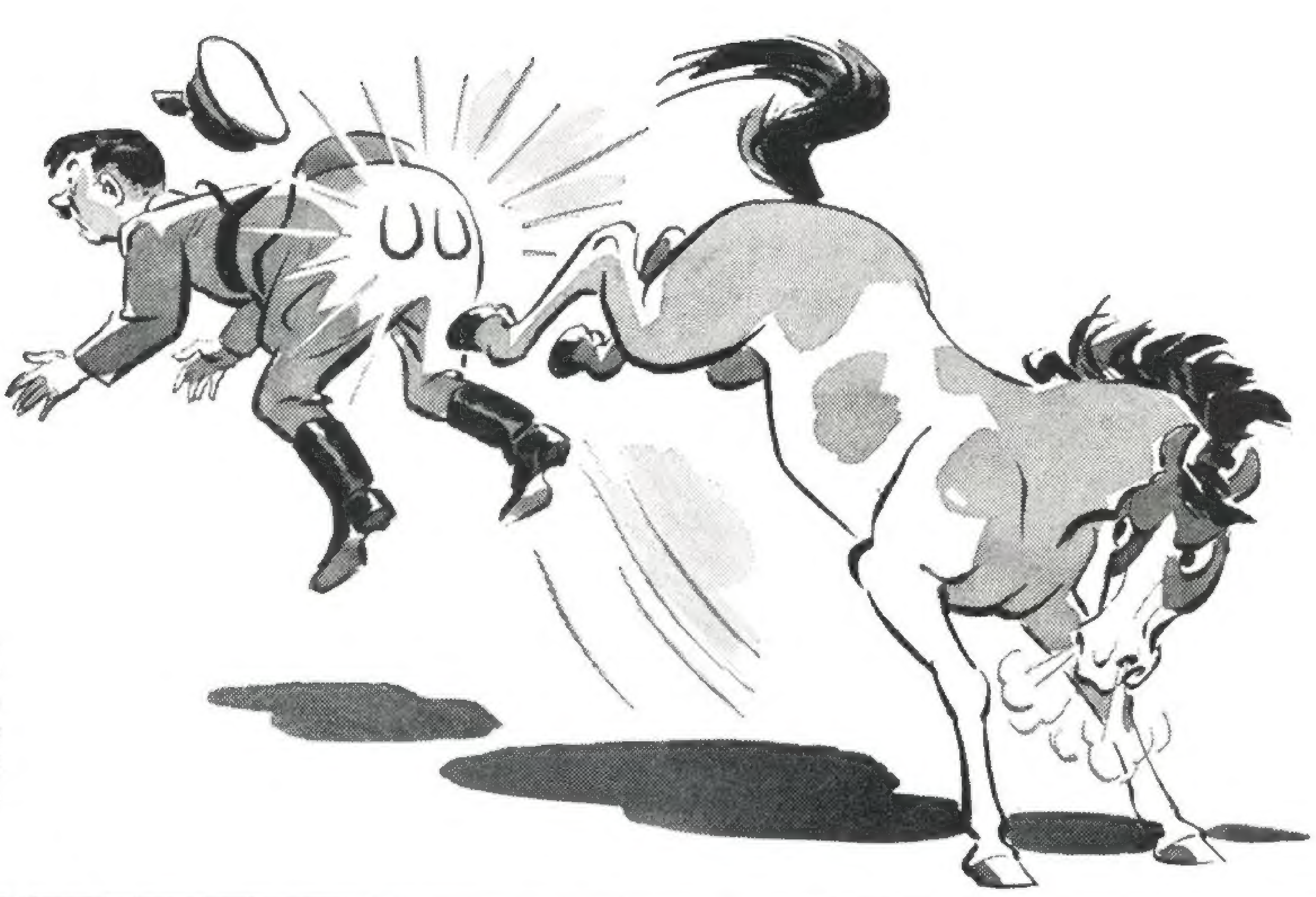

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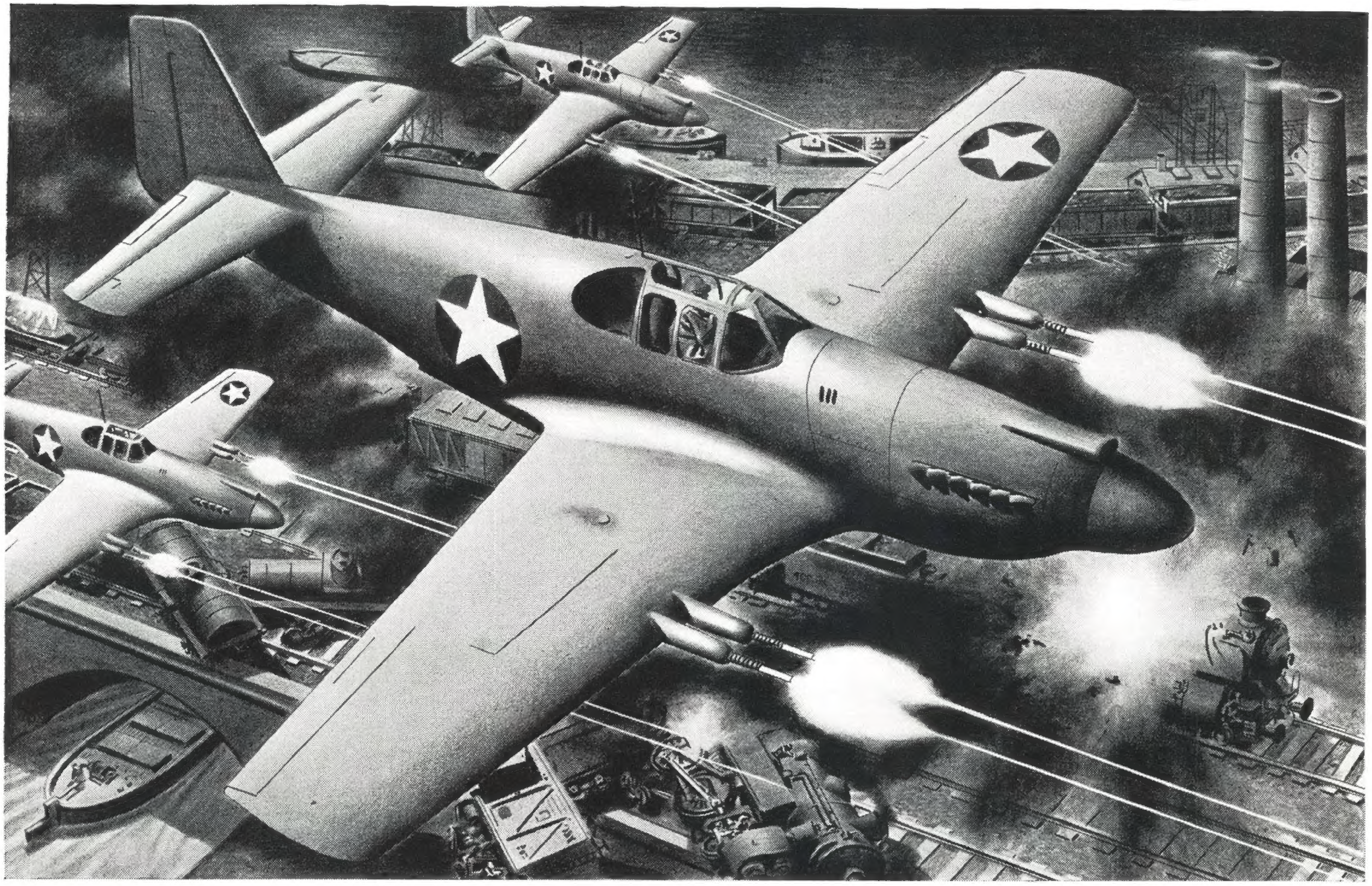

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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ESQUIRE
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EDITORIAL: The inexhaustible exhubilance of Gilbert Seldes

There is a piece by Gilbert Seldes, on page 88 of this issue, entitled *Jimmie Durante Is Exhubilant.* A couple of things about it are remarkable, aside from the fact that it's very good, which is not remarkable in a Seldes piece. If it weren't good, that would be remarkable.

But this is not only a good piece; it's the one hundred seventeenth straight good piece that Gilbert Seldes has contributed to these pages. In other words, this is the one hundred seventeenth issue of Esquire—and Gilbert Seldes has never been either tardy or absent. Nor has he ever yet, by our standards, failed to ring the bell.

A great many of those hundred seventeen Seldes articles have been what the belles lettres boys always used to call Appreciations. Literary love letters, as it were, in which Seldes serenades his appreciation of the qualities and virtues of this guy or that, as, in the present instance, Jimmie Durante, or in recent instances, Humphrey Bogart, and the Brothers Warner.

Any newspaper editor would tell you that the news value of contentment is nil. Disliking things violently enough to attempt to smash them—that's what makes news. Liking things is another story—or apt to be no story at all. Yet most of Seldes' pieces have been written in a mood of such rapt contentment that his style might be termed a positive purr.

Witness his present preoccupation with the enduring wild charms of Jimmie Durante. He finds Durante "exhubilant." Well, so is the piece as a whole. And so, for that matter, is Gilbert Seldes.

We've been watching him now, for so long, as he goes about his appointed task every month, liking something or somebody out loud, and finding something very extraordinary to appreciate in the most ordinary people and things, and vice versa, that it finally occurs to us that it's high time to appreciate him. He's been writing so many of these love letters it's time he got one, if only from us.

* * *

Gilbert Seldes is what you might call a reformed, or reclaimed, intellectual. Twenty-three years ago, when we first began reading him, he was one of the editors of *The Dial*, a precious magazine edited by and for people with permanently arched eyebrows. It was full of African sculpture and unpunctuated poems and statues of birds and women both equally approximating the apotheosis of a beer bottle.

The Gilbert Seldes of that time was one of those bright Harvard men who were then attracted to the pink tea suburbs of the book and magazine business and might ten years later have been attracted to the similarly tinted outskirts of, say, the National Labor Relations Board.

But in the early twenties the bright young men were more likely to be interested in poetry and the arts than in politics and economics. And the less readily intelligible the poetry might be, the happier they were with it. To Seldes and his peers, in those unregenerate days, a book or a play or a poem or a painting was only worthy of admiration until more than a few people thought so. To them, in those days, a best seller and a good book were mutually exclusive terms. Anything the common people could enjoy was damned by that very attribute.

And then, one day, Childe Gilbert looked out and down from the ivory turrets of *The Dial* and made a discovery that changed his whole life. He saw that the amusements of the mob could be understood, and even enjoyed, by intellectuals. He discovered a whole set of highbrow reasons for understanding and enjoying the movies and the music and even the funny papers that the lowbrows had been enjoying all along without any reason at all.

It sounds silly, after all these years, but it would be impossible to overestimate the importance of the discovery at that time. It was nothing less than an Emancipation of the Intellectuals. It broke down the then unbreachable high wall separating the Classical from the Popular in a dozen branches of American culture. It broke the Brahmin Back Bay stranglehold on the arts, and opened the way to such latter-day phenomena as the recognition of popular songwriters like Irving Berlin and George Gershwin as authentic and legitimate composers.

And all this did one guy named Gilbert Seldes do, with one book called *The Seven Lively Arts* and several score magazine articles that made superior people feel comfortable about liking the things the common people liked. He made it respectable and fashionable to enjoy the antics of Charlie Chaplin and the idiocies of *Krazy Kat*, and the blaring beat of a music then first known as Jazz.

It was a singular service to be performed by one man, and some twenty-first century historian of manners will undoubtedly accord it the recognition it merits.

* * *

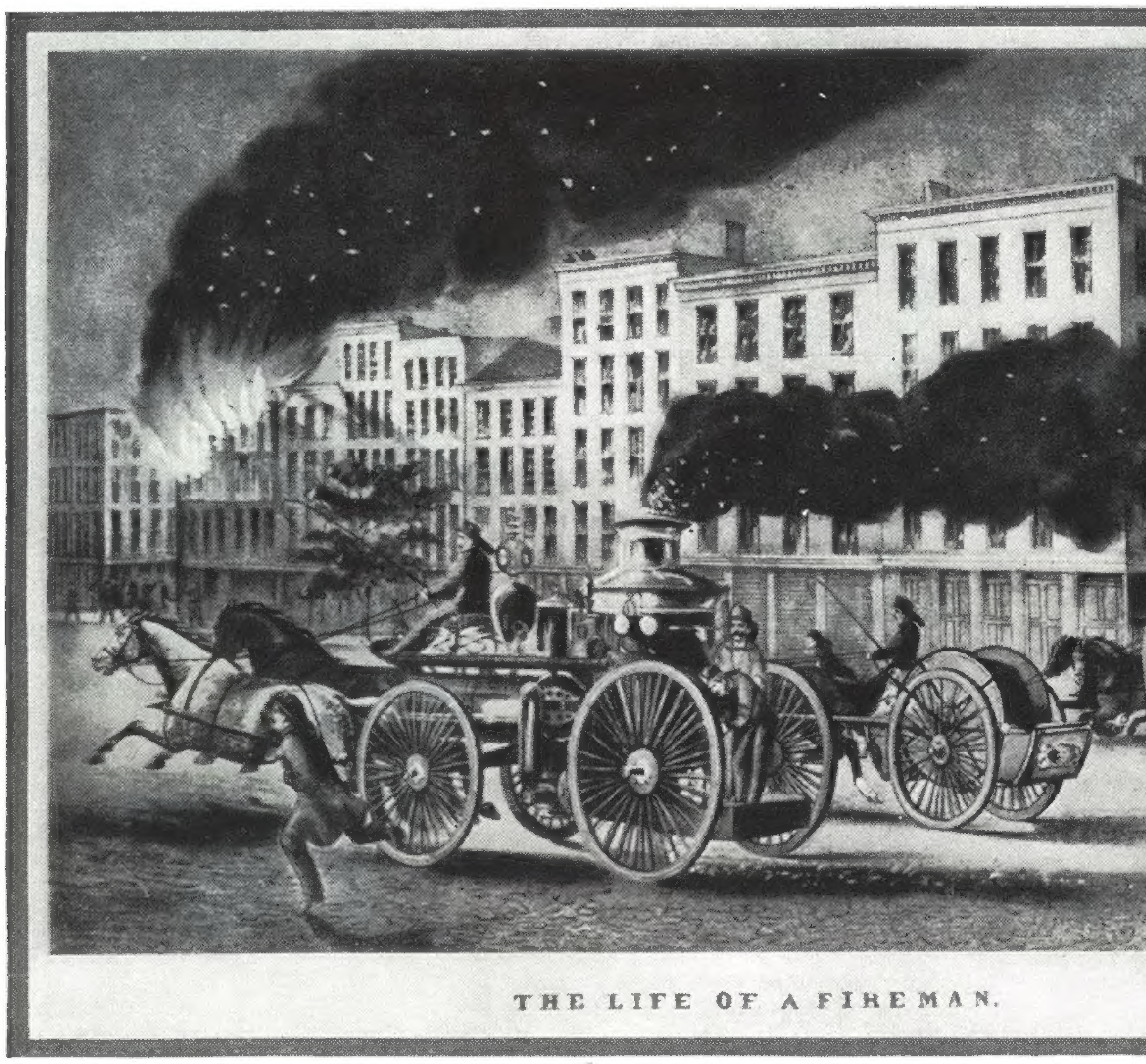
Once, from the middle depths of our own ignorance, we touched upon it both unkindly and superficially, some seven years ago, in these very columns. We brashly labeled it as "his racket, this calling common things by fancy names," and we went on to say that "he's made a pretty good thing of it, man and boy, since he and the world coincided on the discovery of Charlie Chaplin." "Still," we added, "he's never written a dull piece."

We hereby take it all back. All, that is, but that last sentence. For not once, not once in a hundred and seventeen chances in these pages to date, has Gilbert Seldes written a dull piece. He's the high-test proof we can adduce, to point the truth of that proverbial pronouncement that "There are no dull subjects; there are only dull writers."

He could, if he set his hand to it, hold you and us entranced through a couple thousand of his selected words on anything from a seed catalogue to a set of auction lists. For there is no subject so dull that he cannot make it lively. Not for nothing have his Esquire pieces always appeared beneath that strange generic device, *The Lively Arts.* All the arts are lively, within the range of his typewriter; nor is there anything in which he can't see art.

The Seldes secret, it seems to us, is so open as to be no secret at all. He has somehow kept, or recaptured, that child-like capacity for astonishment and wonder which the process of intellectualization ordinarily dries up or crowds out. It is the classic capacity to perceive the nakedness of "the king's new clothes." It is that attribute which keeps him so self-refreshingly "exhubilant." May he never lose it. Nor we him. ##

Are People Critics?
Apology to Crooners
Credit to Mr. Wiman
Uplift by Wireless
The Eternal Hotfoot
The Cost of a Song
Fun for One and All
What's Happened to Love?
Mr. Abbott and Mr. Costello
Chaplin's Triumph of Comedy
Composer With a Light Touch
Poets Can Learn from Acrobats
The Gibson Girl for Me
Radio Boy Makes Good
The Master of Them All
Eight 21-Gun Salutes
This Can't Be Corn...
The Great American Face
What Cooks with Slang
Open Letter to George Jean Nathan
Highbrows Hate Sport
Preliminary Report on Superman
by GILBERT SELDES
Short Hooray for Hollywood
by GILBERT SELDES



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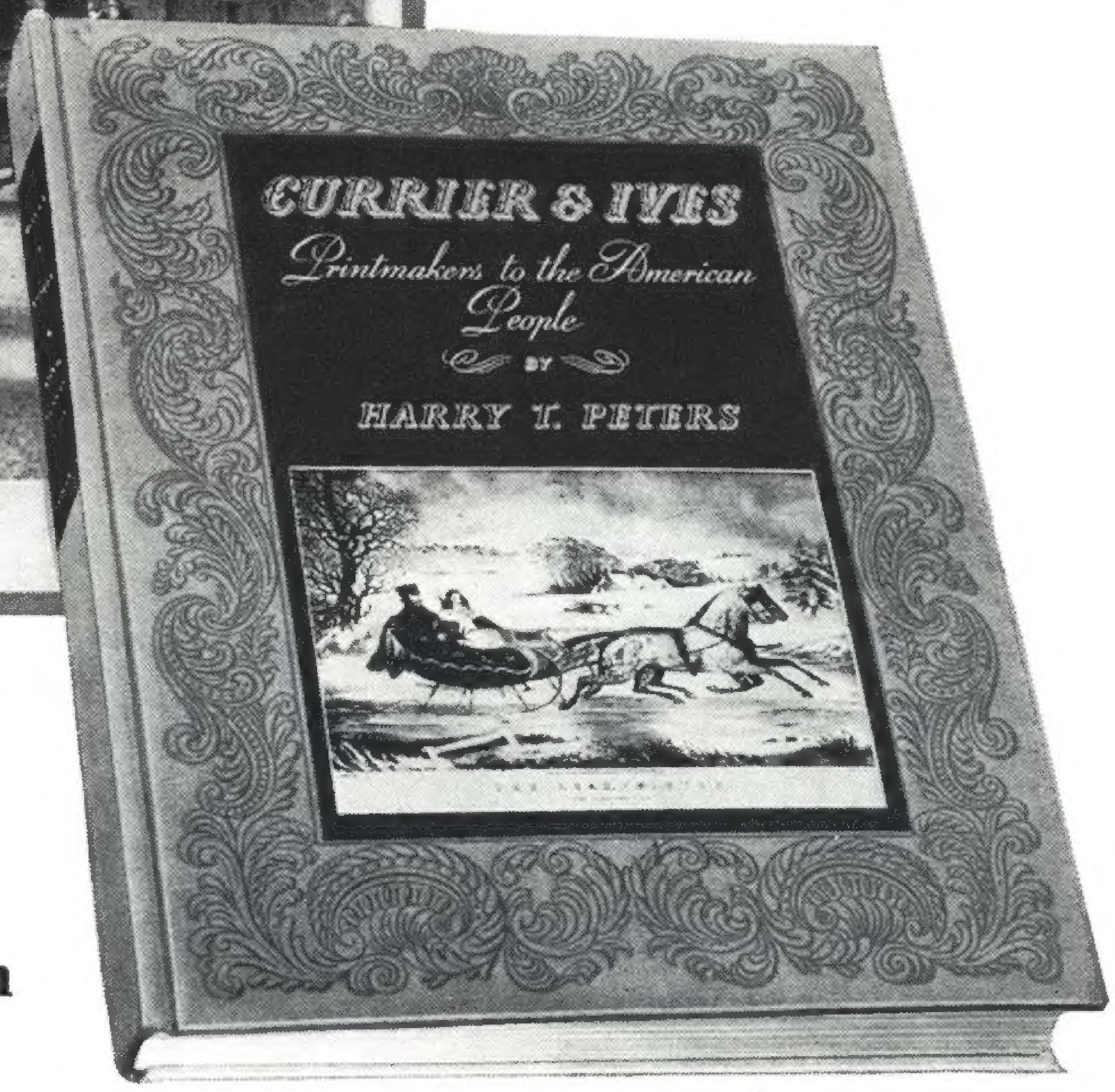
In these prints can be found our social history of 1835 to 1885 as it was unrolled in colored lithographs, which are now collectors' items.

The notable prints which comprise this book were taken from what is perhaps the definitive collection of Currier and Ives . . . that of Mr. Harry T. Peters, whose collection is certainly the largest in existence. There are many full-page, four-color reproductions. The page size is 9 by 12 inches, which makes these prints suitable for framing if desired.



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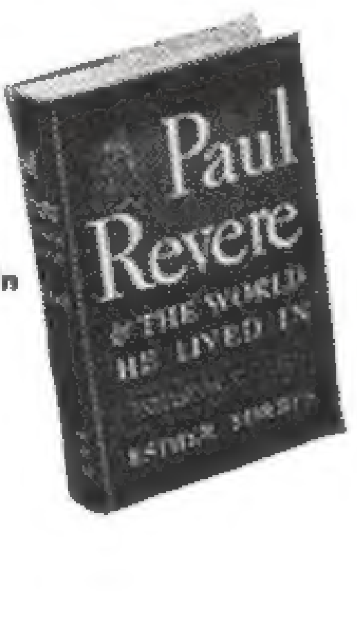

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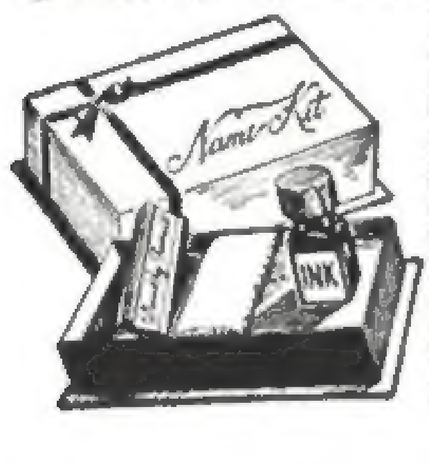

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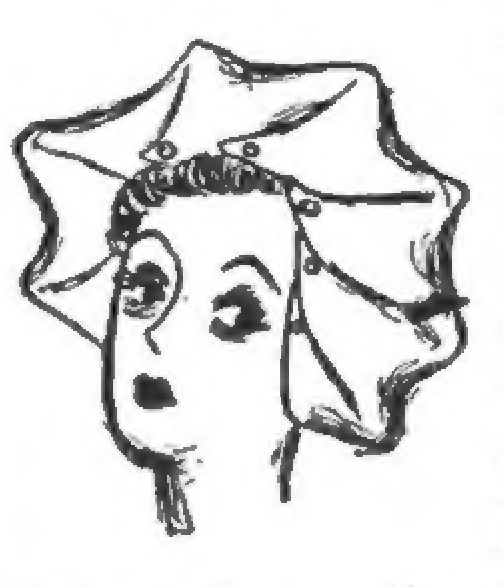
Talking Shop with Esquire

STRICTLY *NON* — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.

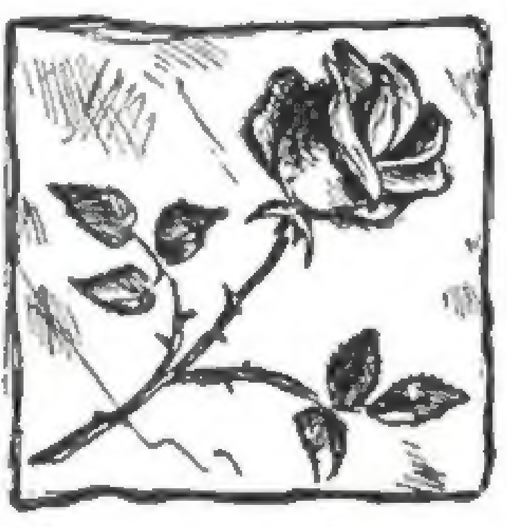
LADY LURE. Letters continue to pour in from you fellows . . . "What can I send my girl . . . a gift that's different . . . would like to spend around five bucks." Okay . . . here we go!

FRAIL PROTECTORS. While you're far, far away, see that she's well protected in a blackout. There's the "gammy" . . . a luminous novelty bracelet of white flowers to wear around her ankle, because car headlights "pick up" anything white that's near the ground. To say nothing of the decorative value of gammies on a pair of slim tan legs. (The little minxes get their suntan from a bottle of liquid called, "Gentlemen Prefer Bronze". Painted on the skin it's non-run, non-streak . . . and saves Nylons!) Another protector is the "billy" stick, an exact replica of a cop's billy . . . only painted white and made to sling over her arm on a white cord. Fine to ward off wolves that howl in a blackout, and heavy enough for a first class Kayo!

DOUGHGIRL'S BERET. Also good in a blackout, the white beret. This one is really ingenious. Off the head it looks like an oversize table doily with a row of buttons and buttonholes all around the circular edge. To turn into a hat, she just buttons it up. If she's in the assembly line, get her one in navy or khaki twill or denim . . . swell for protecting her hair, and smart as all getout!

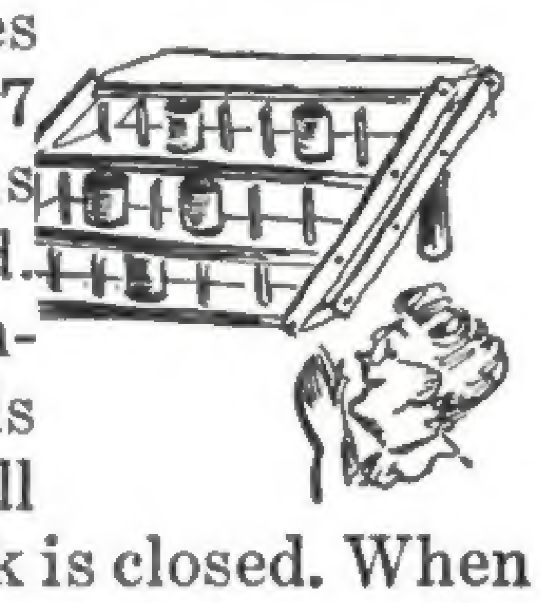


FLOR-ALLIES. Want something patriotic and sentimental? Get her a blouse, negligee, handbag, scarf or jewelry designed with the flower symbols of the allied nations. The rose from England, Scotch thistle, Holland tulip, etc. Get it? Even perfume, powder and soap in a scent of roses and violets called "Potpourri". And speaking of roses, why not an enormous white chiffon evening handkerchief decorated with a red rose as big as a cabbage head. Terrific!



EMBRACELET. You can't mail an embrace, so mail her an "embracelet" a charm bracelet with the name and insignia of your service cut out of 10 carat gold and mounted on a gold link chain. You can get them in army, navy, marines or AAF lettering, and wives, sisters and sweethearts will wear their embracelets with pride.

AND FOR MOM . . . your best gal, a foldable spool rack that she'll rave about. The rack consists of 3 narrow shelves each filled with 7 spools of various colored thread. Fastened on spindles, the spools can't possibly fall out when the rack is closed. When Mom wants to sew, she opens the rack out and it becomes a convenient stand, with spools in step-like formation ready to use. Whole rack is hand painted.



Ranger

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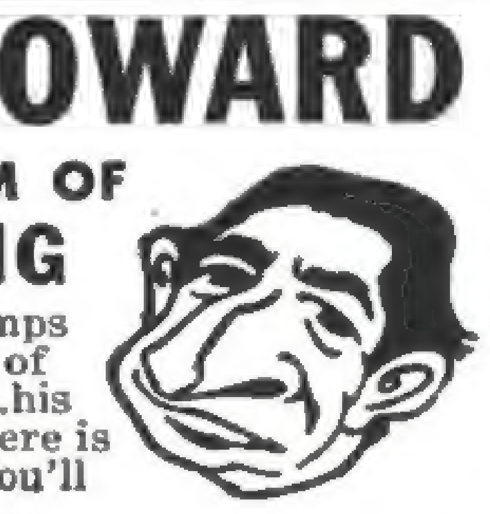

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THE Strange Woman

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JENNY HAGER was so fascinating to all men that when she was only four years old she caused dashing, gay-Lothario Lt. Carruthers to elope with her mother! She drove her father, Big Tim Hager, to drown himself in rum, in fear of his own unholy desire for her! But as a child-like bride, she brought banker Isaiah Poster a new zest for living—for all his seventy years!

To Ephraim Poster, Isaiah's son, she showed her true nature, shameless and merciless! For why would she taunt Eph to kill his father—then jeer at him for a coward when he accidentally caused the old man's death?

"Every Woman Is a Wanton!"

Yes, she was more than a match for Ephraim, who once boasted to his friend John Evered that he saw a wanton in every pretty woman he met and usually found it, too! Eph tried to tell John the truth about Jenny. But John, too, fell under her witch-like spell. Who wouldn't—after he had saved her from a shipwreck—and then spent a winter's night under a Cape Cod haystack with her?

But Jenny loved John and their four sons—until she deceived even him with pious Elder Pittridge, to whom she whispered, "You're really good, aren't you? I like making you do things you think are wicked. It torments you so."

In The Strange Woman you'll meet an utterly amazing human character at the heart of a rich, gaudy, full-bodied novel—and a character you'll long remember.

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RACHEL . . . *who avenged France because of just one German kiss too many!*

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

A PUNCH IS STILL A PUNCH

Jack Creamer's argument, "The Old Bare-Knuckle Days Were Best," seems to hold water as long as he sticks to the physiological changes that take place about the head when it is struck with a sharp cutting blow as with the bare fist or the padded, blunt blow as with the glove.

However, when he starts quoting names and mentioning ages of death why not tell all the truth? Sure Joe Gans died (of consumption) at thirty-six, but The Old Master answered the bell in over 154 contests! Young Corbett had over 116 fights! Harry Greb had over 200 three-minute round contests, Pancho Villa had over ninety, Terry McGovern had over seventy and Billy Miske and George Dixon each fought over one hundred times! And now for the sissies of the London Prize Ring—Broughton fought five times! What a man indeed! Tom Johnson had eleven fights! The great John Gully entered the ring four times! Tom Cribb fought eleven times and William Perry, the Tipton Slasher, had eleven fights! Now, what would have happened to these brave old rum soaked bruisers of Merry England if they went to the post as often as the modern champions do?

My answer to the punchdrunk problem is *how much punishment does a man take?* What difference does it make bare fist or padded glove? *How much punishment does he take?*

Sincerely,
New York City Walter H. Jacobs

CONSIDERED OPINION

In your May issue (this year, too!), page 93, article entitled *Broadway for the Boys*, it is said "20 per cent *don't*, 20 per cent *do*, and 60 per cent *might*." While in no way representing the opinion of the Navy Department, it is the considered opinion of this patrol squadron that 20 per cent *don't*, 20 per cent *do*, and 60 per cent *don't get the opportunity*. Now, you guess which category we fall in!

The Boys of VP-73
% F.P.D. New York, N.Y.

EXPECTED DISAGREEMENT WITH BILIK'S DOCTRINE

When you published the article *Keep Active to Keep Alive*, in your June issue, you probably expected to hear from physicians who disagree with the doctrines of Dr. Bilik. So here it is.

Dr. Bilik not only does not present evidence to disprove the accepted medical opinion that men over 40 should not exercise, but he confuses the issue. He accepts the figures published in the Journal of the American Medical Association showing that the average age of deceased successful doctors is lower than that for another group of less successful doctors, but he asks the question if one would want to be an "old Jeeters or deep sea turtle" in order to attain a higher degree of longevity.

He accuses the doctors of being ignorant on the subject of physical education in its relation to health, explaining that they are entirely too busy with their treatment of disease to acquire this kind of knowledge, as if a physician's knowledge comes from his own limited observation and not from the great pool of knowledge and experience exchanged through the medium of medical publications and personal contact among physicians.

Dr. Bilik rejoices in the fact that the Government engaged ex-boxers and others instead of doctors to train our soldiers, as if this and the fact that the Government engaged nurses (and not doctors) to care for the wounded proves what Dr. Bilik sets out to prove.

Dr. Bilik cites a few examples of his personal knowledge showing that one may exercise even at the age of 50 and live. But Dr. Bilik does not refer to the much more reliable and convincing statistics of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company which easily proves that he is wrong.

This could go on, but is quite unnecessary. The point is that for the sake of furthering your own interests (circulation) you have endangered the life of many people.

Sincerely,
Baltimore, Md. J. E. Schmidt, M.D.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

I am enjoying the reading of the June number of Esquire immensely, but will you please call the attention of Henry C. Nicholas to the fact that he is "off his trolley" when he says in his good article about Army and Navy mascots (pp. 128) that *Bay Pines Hospital is near Jacksonville, Fla.* As a matter of fact it is near Tampa, close to the Gulf of Mexico and *more than 200 miles southwest of Jacksonville* which is—to our way of thinking—"way up nawth," and hardly in Fla. proper at all. "200 miles" (it is nearer 250 as a matter of fact) may be *near* to Mr. Nicholas' way of thinking, but it isn't to ours.

The article in question is good and I enjoyed it despite the geographical dereliction.

Very truly yours,
Ft. Myers, Fla. L. Bradley Spaun

THE SOUND & THE FOOEY

I don't rile easy but when May Esquire hit my porch, I hit the loft! Why? Because after thumbin' dang nigh through hit I finally find the hill billy pitcher and cut down till it looks like a dagerrytype of some of my wife's ansesters.

If you recollect when I sent my subscriptions I sez "why not have a couple or more of 'em in each and every issue?"

Why, them mauntin' boys is jest like a visit from the folks they are differenter than the rest.

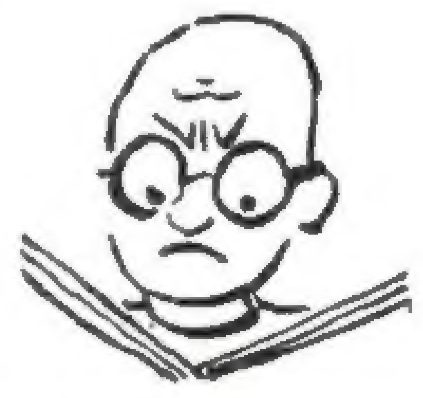
I read a book of his'n I saw advertised in yore paper, givin' out ADvise to suspectant fathers and, havin' raised a right smart family myself, I must say it shore hit the nail on the head.

Here's hopin' the next issue will have bigger and more of the hill billys.

Yours truly,
New Albany, Ind. Hoosier Hooter

KIERAN'S INFORMATION DOESN'T ALWAYS PLEASE

In the June issue, John Kieran has given us some of his sage observations, all of which are not so sage. In Kieran's own advice for continued, unrelenting reading, he should be somewhat more discriminating. If he himself would read the results of the important experiments by Thorndike, Woodworth, etc. on transfer of training, he would not be giving out such erroneous information as: "The power of retention is built up with practice, and brain cells can be exercised and developed just as systematically as the biceps." Perhaps we should all be a little more circumspect in devouring information from experts, especially when they tend to get out of their field. Kieran's little passage of errors reminds me of the time on "Information Please" when he did not appear to know what an I.Q. is. It is a little chafing to find a so-called expert putting forth totally amateur ideas on psychology. Human behavior being what it is, psychologists have enough trouble without Kieran messing around with half-truths.



T. G. Andrews
Experimental Psychologist
New York, N.Y.

PRAYER FOR A PAPER SHORTAGE

Darn that Varga guy and his beautiful girls!! Flesh and bone competition is bad enough nowadays; but when a "gal" on paper enters the race—something IS wrong somewhere!!!

How in the devil do you think I felt when my "one-and-only" opened his wallet and the first thing I saw was a *Varga girl's chassis* where mine used to be!

Have a heart, Mr. Varga, those full-page Esquire beauties are trouble enough, but when it comes to *wallet sized* ones—darn it, something has to be done!

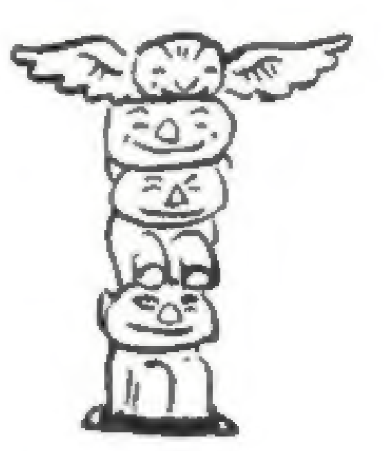
P.S. Like the lady from Bangor, Maine in the June issue I don't dare sign my name—and if you print my letter I *hope to heck* you leave the city and state out, too.

Editor's Note: *We've left out everything but the chassis—that's okay. (We're not asking—we're telling.)*

A SMALL TOTEM OF GRATITUDE

Part of my duties as a member of Uncle Sam's Army is to see to it that other soldiers get their letters and packages pronto.

Recently, a well-meaning relative sent me a bundle of back-issue Esquires, dating as far back as Dec., 1941. Having read them previously, I put them in a mail sack destined for an isolated post somewhere in Alaska. This was sometime in February.



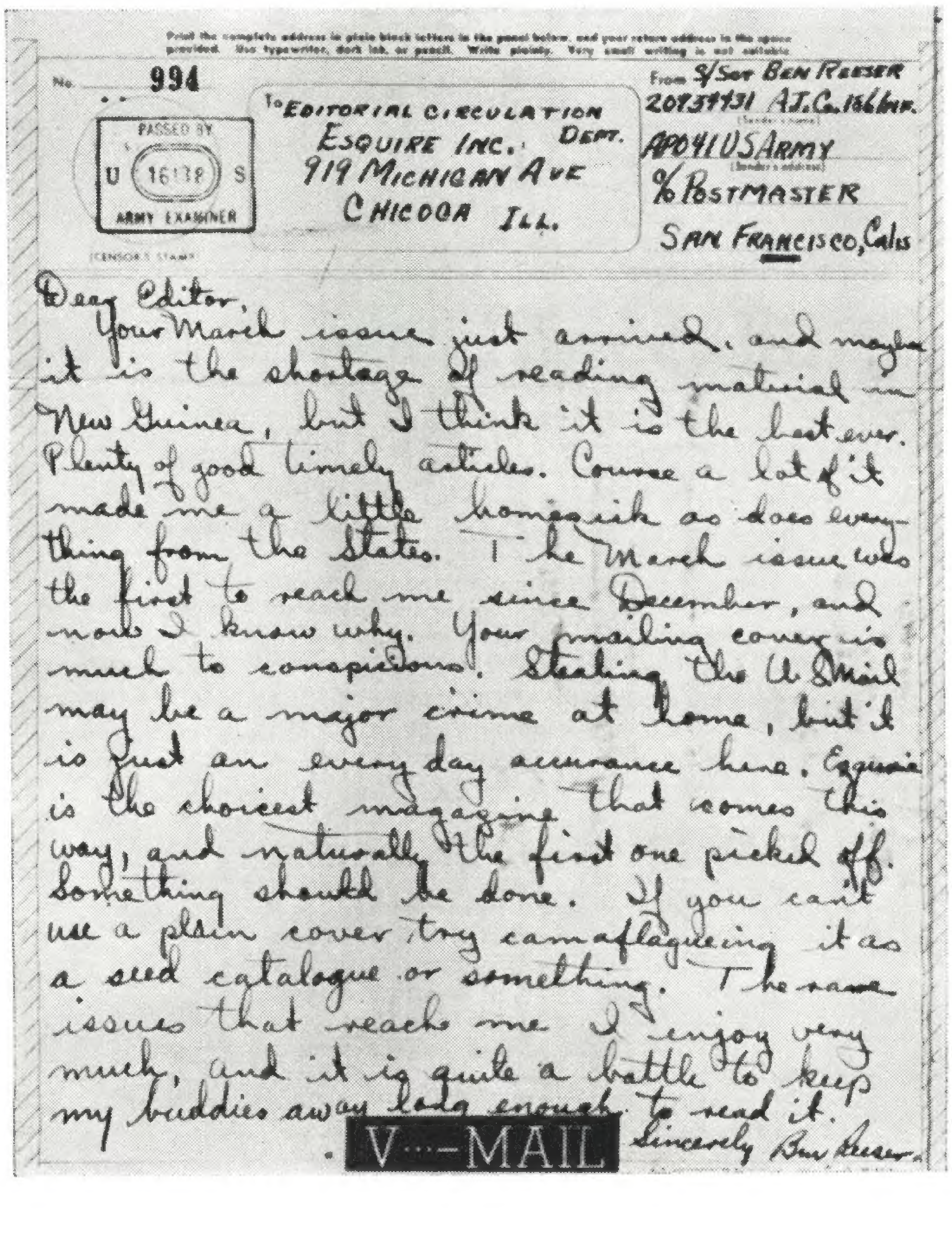
The other day, I received a miniature, hand-carved totem-pole, plus a letter signed by every member in the outfit, thanking me profusely for providing them with such a treasure. Those boys *really* appreciated Esky. Thought you might like to hear about it.

Seattle, Wash. Pfc. J. Thomas

A PIECE OF CHEESE, A COPY OF ESQ. AND THOU!

I want to explain to you that I am sending seventeen magazines to my son in the Army, and he is giving all his buddies a rare treat in handing them over to them. Of all the magazines I send, he likes Esquire the best. It is essentially a man's magazine. (I love it!) And I am an old lady about 100 years old and going strong. There is nothing better to send to a boy in the Army than an Esquire and a piece of cheese. (Mental and physical sustenance). You may laugh over this old lady making a little quip, but being a world war veteran, and there are a few of us left, I think it would be rather nice for you to get an admiring letter rather than one of the complaining ones.

Mrs. Irwin H. Hance
Lakewood, N.J.



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Dear Editor,
Your March issue just arrived, and maybe it is the shortage of reading material in New Guinea, but I think it is the best ever. Plenty of good timely articles. Course a lot of it made me a little homesick as does everything from the States. The March issue was the first to reach me since December, and now I know why. Your mailing cover is much to conspicuous. Stealing the U.S. Mail may be a major crime at home, but it is just an every day accurance here. Esquire is the choicest magagine that comes this way, and naturally the first one picked off. Something should be done. If you can't use a plain cover try camaflaqueing it as a seed catalogue or something. The same issues that reach me I enjoy very much, and it is quite a battle to keep my buddies away long enough to read it.
Sincerely Ben Reeser

V—MAIL

About the seven-eighths you can't see

EVERYBODY KNOWS that the seven-eighths *you can't see* is the most important part of an iceberg. And that's true of a Mint Julep, too.

For instance, that fragrant green mint and thick silvery frost can make almost *any* Julep look tantalizing. But it's the seven-eighths you can't see—the all-important part inside the frosty glass—that's the very heart and soul of a Julep!

In short, it's the whiskey that *makes* a Julep. That is why, for the deep content and cooling solace of the *perfect* Mint Julep, you should *always* use that matchless whiskey, Four Roses.

How to make the important seven-eighths

Simply take a few sprigs of fresh, tender young mint. Cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush the mint (or just stir it, if you prefer). Place the mixture in bottom of tall glass and fill with shaved ice. Then pour in Four Roses, lavishly, until the glass is brimming. Garnish with mint and let stand till the frost forms thick.

Ah!—what a Mint Julep that will be!

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

An Explanation to our Friends

If your bar or package store is sometimes out of Four Roses, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our pre-war stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased —except for government taxes.)

The U. S. O. is doing a grand job of encouraging our boys to keep in touch with their folks. Give it your support!

Sweet Music — FOR MOM!

"HI MOM!". . . *A sailor speaks into the "mike." The spinning disc records his voice for the folks back home to hear.*

"Hi Mom . . . I'm getting along okay!" There is the same familiar lilt as he says, "Hi" . . . the same hesitant way of talking, as he tells of his new adventures.

Then it's over . . . but no . . . Mom will play that precious little record again, again—and again! The sound of his voice . . . his nearness will continue to bring comfort and assurance. It's *her* son talking to *his* mom!

Mom's treasured recording was made possible by the versatile SONORACORDER—a compactly designed recorder-phonograph-radio—all-in-one. A triumph of radio-engineering, pioneered and perfected in the Sonora Laboratories.

One of the oldest names in radio and music, "SONORA" has come to mean "Clear As A Bell" tone reproduction. The achievement of this *tone fidelity* at modest and reasonable prices is SONORA's notable gift to home entertainment.

Some happy day, when the "Home Front" can once more be served, SONORA's enchanting tone-mastery will again be yours to choose and enjoy.

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FAMOUS HUSSIES of HISTORY
by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Who's Your Favorite Hussy? Lola Montez, who started her incredible career by using her shoes and heavy buckled garters as missiles to subdue a hissing audience? . . . Ninon De L'Enclos, who had her first romance at fourteen and her last at ninety? . . . Cleopatra, who startled Caeser by stepping in spectacular bareness from the folds of a rug brought to him as a gift? . . . George Sand, whose lovers' names read like a roster of the great men of the nineteenth century? . . . Madame Du Barry, who enslaved Louis XV because of her beauty, impudence and complete irreverence for his position? . . . Madame Recamier, whose frosty beauty kept all Europe at her feet, but who never had a lover? . . . Helen of Troy, the greatest siren of them all, for whose sake the Trojan War was fought? . . .

They're all here, plus others,—brought to life in this unusual, interesting book—FAMOUS HUSSIES OF HISTORY, by Albert Payson Terhune. Here are the glamorous women whose influence on history is as potent as love itself. Never a dull line in this fascinating book. Send only $1.00 (or mailed c.o.d. for $1.21). Money Back Guarantee. Mail coupon now.

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Send me a copy of FAMOUS HUSSIES OF HISTORY
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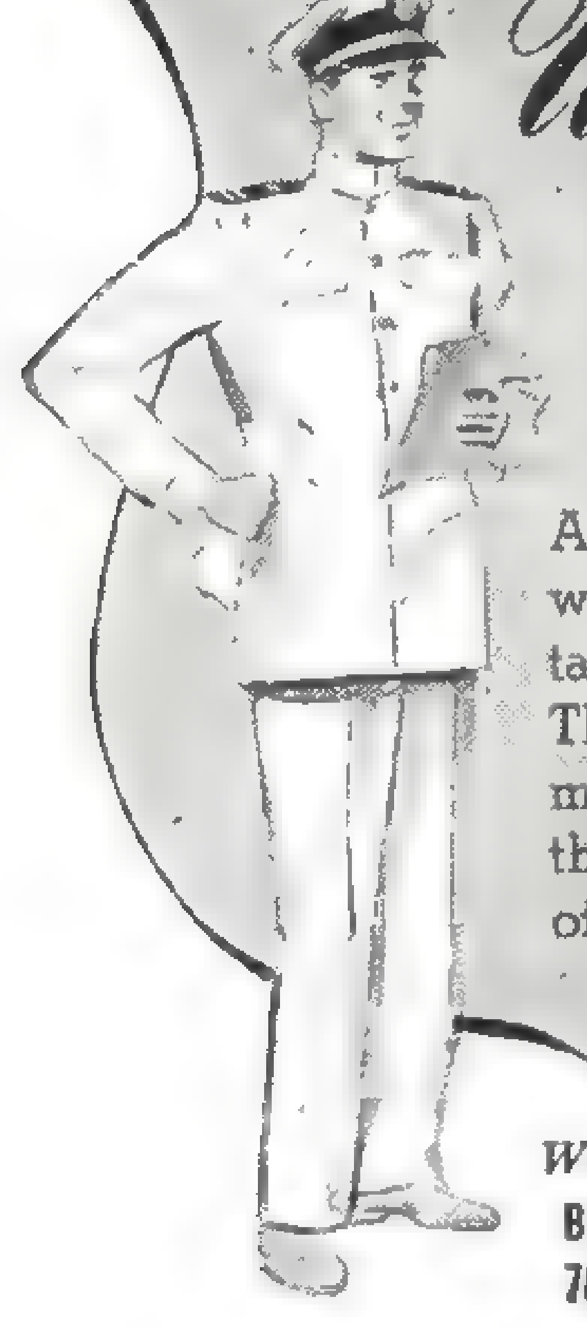
BOSTON WHITE *Uniforms*



WHEN QUALITY COUNTS

America's foremost white naval uniforms tailored by specialists. The choice of navy men who uphold the navy tradition of fine dress.

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GIVES YOU THE
Shine of Your Life
ECONOMICAL BECAUSE A LITTLE GOES FARTHER AND YOUR SHINE LASTS LONGER

25¢

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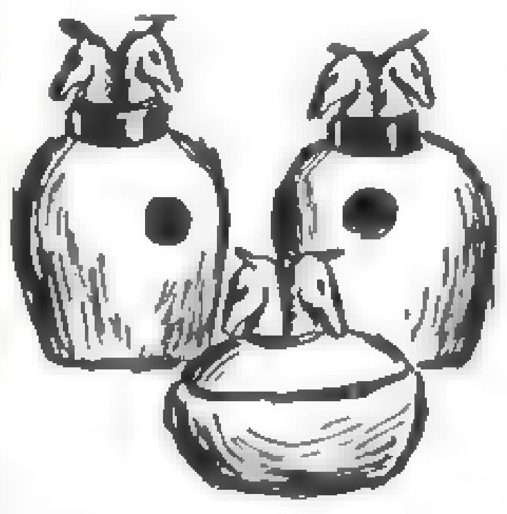
WHITES • COLORED POLISHES •
BOTH IN LIQUID AND TUBES

Talking Shop with Esquire

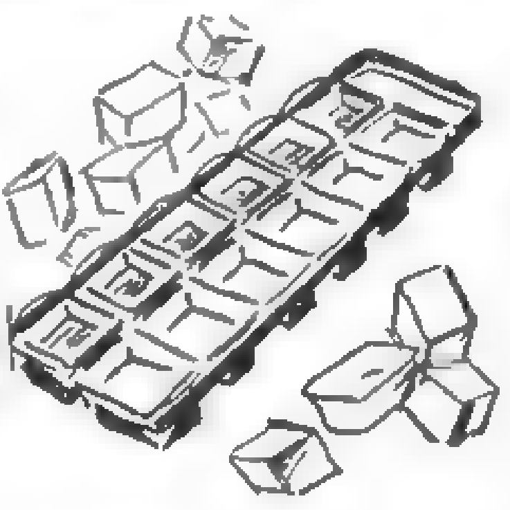
AFRICAN CAMPAIGN SCARVES. What hostess wouldn't gurgle with joy and offer you unlimited return visits for a huge scarf or 'kerchief of pure silk decorated with a map of the North coast of Africa marked with all the names in the news . . . Tunisia, Casablanca, Algiers, Bizerte, etc. Most popular color combination is red, white and blue, but you can have the scarves made to order in any combination you fancy. If you're feeling flush, another "current events" gift is a handmade sweater decorated with a series of cancellation stamps bearing the names of various foreign ports. A lady could have her son's mailing route intact on her lovely chassis.

BENGHAZI
TRIPOLI
TUNIS
BIZERTE
ALGIERS
ORAN
RABAT
CASABLANCA

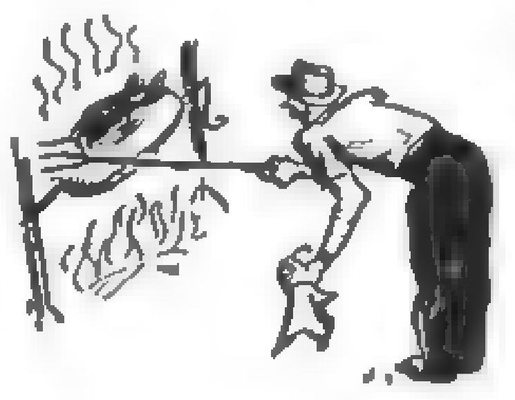
THE HOST. You might like to tender your gift to the host himself. If so, consider a toiletry set done up in handsome containers . . . real porcelain in deepest burgundy, olive green and other colors, crowned with double horsehead tops in gold or silver plate. You can get 2 or 3-pc. sets containing cologne, after-shave lotion, brushless shave cream, etc. Another handsome boxed set of cologne, emulsion and after-shave lotion is packaged in white apothecary-type bottles emblazoned with the royal crest of the honest to G. Prince who created the line.



FROZEN IN PLASTIC. This modern refrigerator contrivance freezes tasteless and odorless ice cubes. Each cube is frozen in its own clear plastic removable cup. You just lift out a cup, press gently, and cubes pop out—full size, solidly frozen and "not touched by human hands". Comes in fancy gift package.

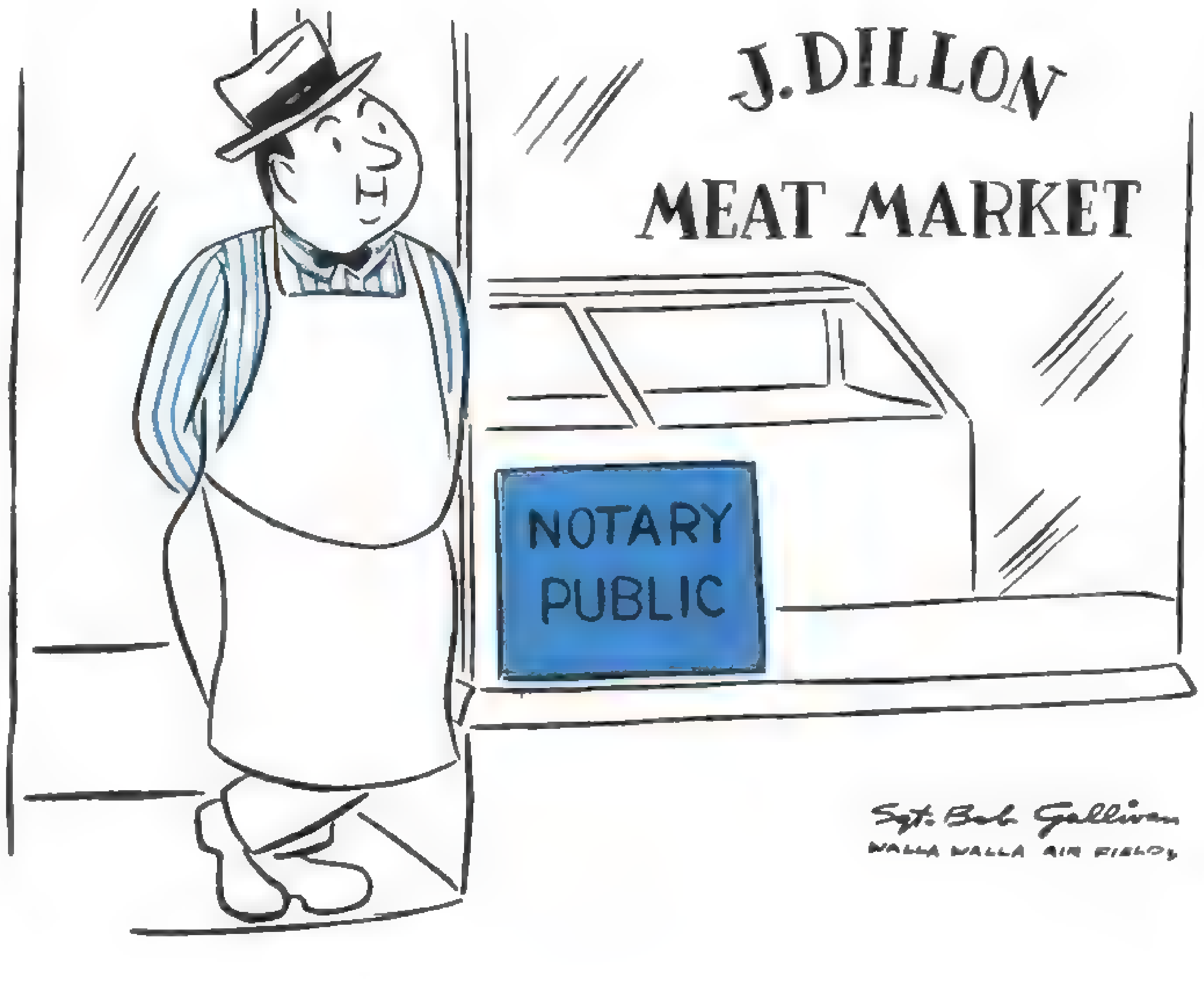


FOR BARBEQUE FIENDS. There's a lot of backyard entertaining going on these days, so a set of wrought iron broiling utensils will be greeted with cheers. There's a spatula with a stainless steel blade, a 2 and 3-tine fork . . . all utensils 22″ long. A pair of asbestos gloves completes the gift.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



"Smoking a pipe again, Jim?"
"Yeah, it's COUNTRY DOCTOR PIPE MIXTURE"

OH! THAT'S DIFFERENT!

Yes, Country Doctor IS DIFFERENT . . . it's a cool, mild-mannered smoke without a bit of bite. Years of careful testing and blending of eight of the world's finest tobaccos produced Country Doctor—the one rich mixture in a thousand.

COSTS ONLY A PENNY A PIPEFUL

Country Doctor *Pipe Mixture*

25¢

A PRODUCT OF PHILIP MORRIS

For particular Pipe Smokers

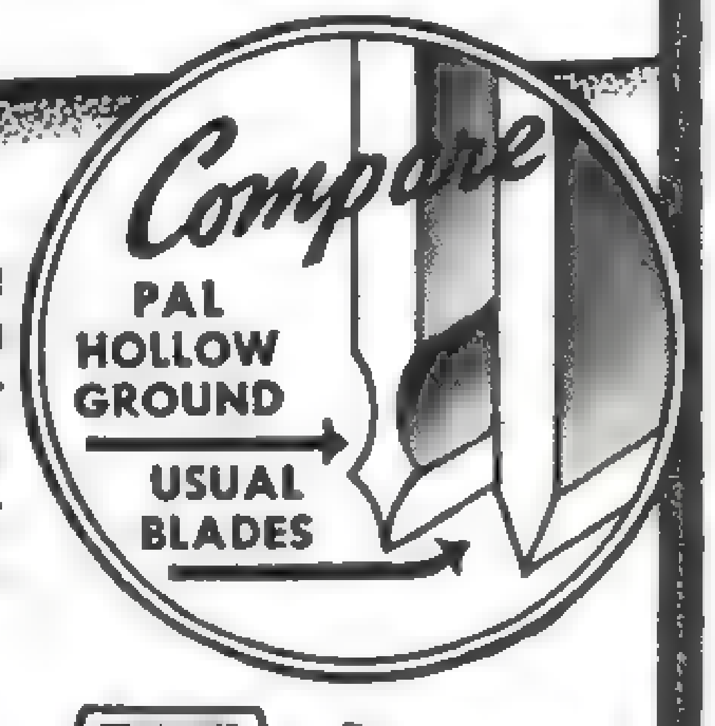
If your dealer doesn't have it, write Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

WAR WORKER
Solves
Shaving Problems with PAL

"Have to shave every day at the plant. At first it raised Ned with my face. The foreman told me to try Pal. My face says 'thanks'."

Lester A. Fishel
Seven Valleys, Pa.

PAL BLADES are HOLLOW GROUND No need to "bear down"—they shave with just a "Feather Touch"—kind to tender skins.



PAL
"hollow-ground"
RAZOR BLADES

PAL
HOLLOW GROUND

4 for 10¢
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Double or Single Edge
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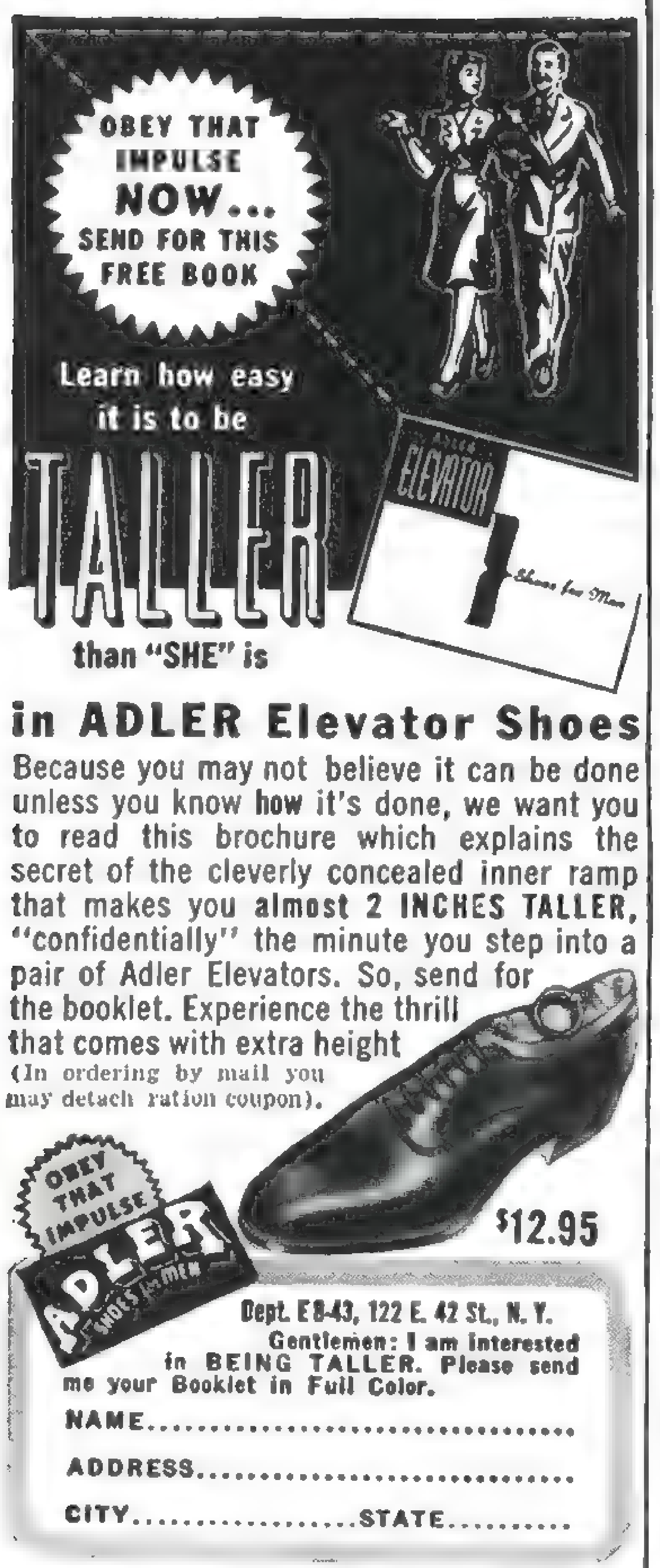
SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades—They Last Longer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Learn how easy it is to be TALLER than "SHE" is

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Because you may not believe it can be done unless you know how it's done, we want you to read this brochure which explains the secret of the cleverly concealed inner ramp that makes you almost 2 INCHES TALLER, "confidentially" the minute you step into a pair of Adler Elevators. So, send for the booklet. Experience the thrill that comes with extra height

(In ordering by mail you may detach ration coupon).

$12.95

OBEY THAT IMPULSE ADLER SHOES for MEN

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Gentlemen: I am interested in BEING TALLER. Please send me your Booklet in Full Color.

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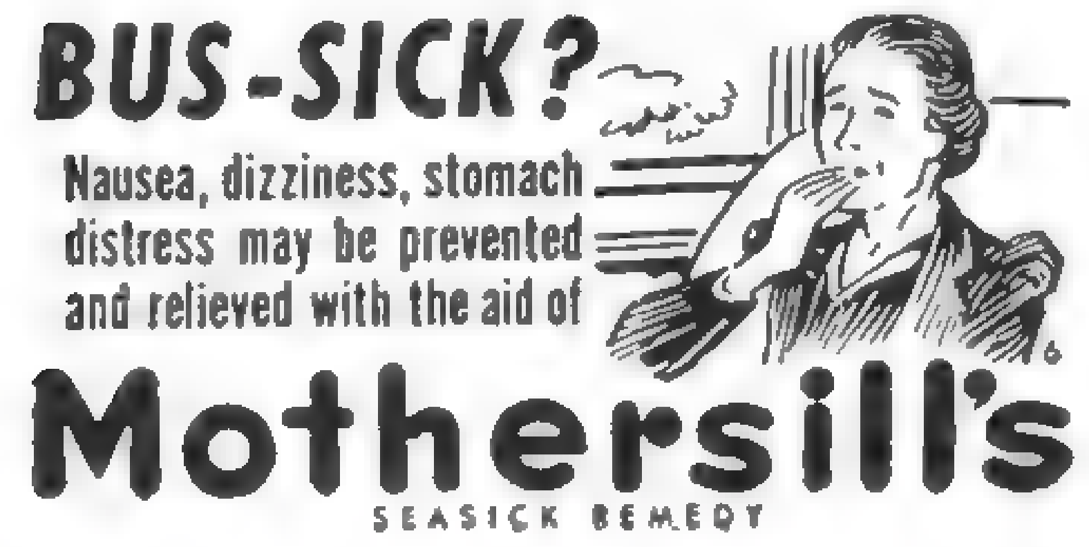

BUS-SICK?

Nausea, dizziness, stomach distress may be prevented and relieved with the aid of

Mothersill's SEASICK REMEDY

50th ANNIVERSARY Seven Seas SLACKS

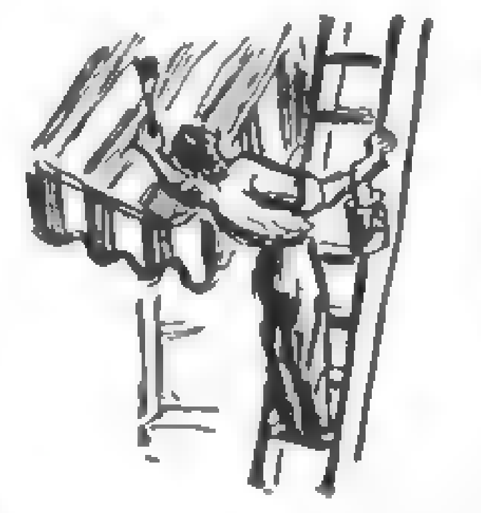
Shine ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE

Seven Seas Slacks keep you looking your best on and off the production line. They'll deliver more man-hours AND women-hours of wear, too! Because they're better made of better fabrics.

Moyer MFG. CO.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
50th Anniversary Year

Talking Shop with Esquire

AWNING PRESERVER. "Save what you have" warns Uncle Sam, so along comes a bottle of colorless fluid to preserve your canvas awnings, boat sails, canvas furniture, canvas luggage, auto tops, etc. Any novice can apply it as the liquid leaves no brush marks. It repels sun and water, resists mildew, increases flexibility and lengthens the life of awning fabric by completely impregnating the fibres.



FOLDING SNACKTABLE. Best way to keep sand out of your potato salad is to enlist the services of the picnic snacktable. It's built on the principle of a card table, with short, folding legs. The table top itself opens out to 15" x 32" size . . . enough room for a good-sized feast. For transportation purposes, the whole thing closes up like a book, with a convenient carrying handle.

ANTS IN YOUR PLANTS? Let these pesky little creatures ravage your garden and they'll do plenty of damage. For years expert ant hunters have been using a spray or powder which they shoot out of a sprayer or powder gun. The stuff also means instant death to moths, flies, mosquitoes and fleas. The same manufacturer also puts out an efficient fly spray for cattle. Victory gardeners must also be ready to combat such enemies as the deadly cutworm, slug, sowbug or grasshopper. This is best done, according to agricultural experts, via a bait meal all ready prepared. You broadcast the stuff in the evening after you've wetdown the grounds. It's economical because it retains its effectiveness for about 10 days . . . and it doesn't harm vegetation.

"One Year In My Garden" . . . that's the name of a fancy garden calendar-diary in which victory gardeners can record daily problems. Book also contains many helpful hints.

Ranger

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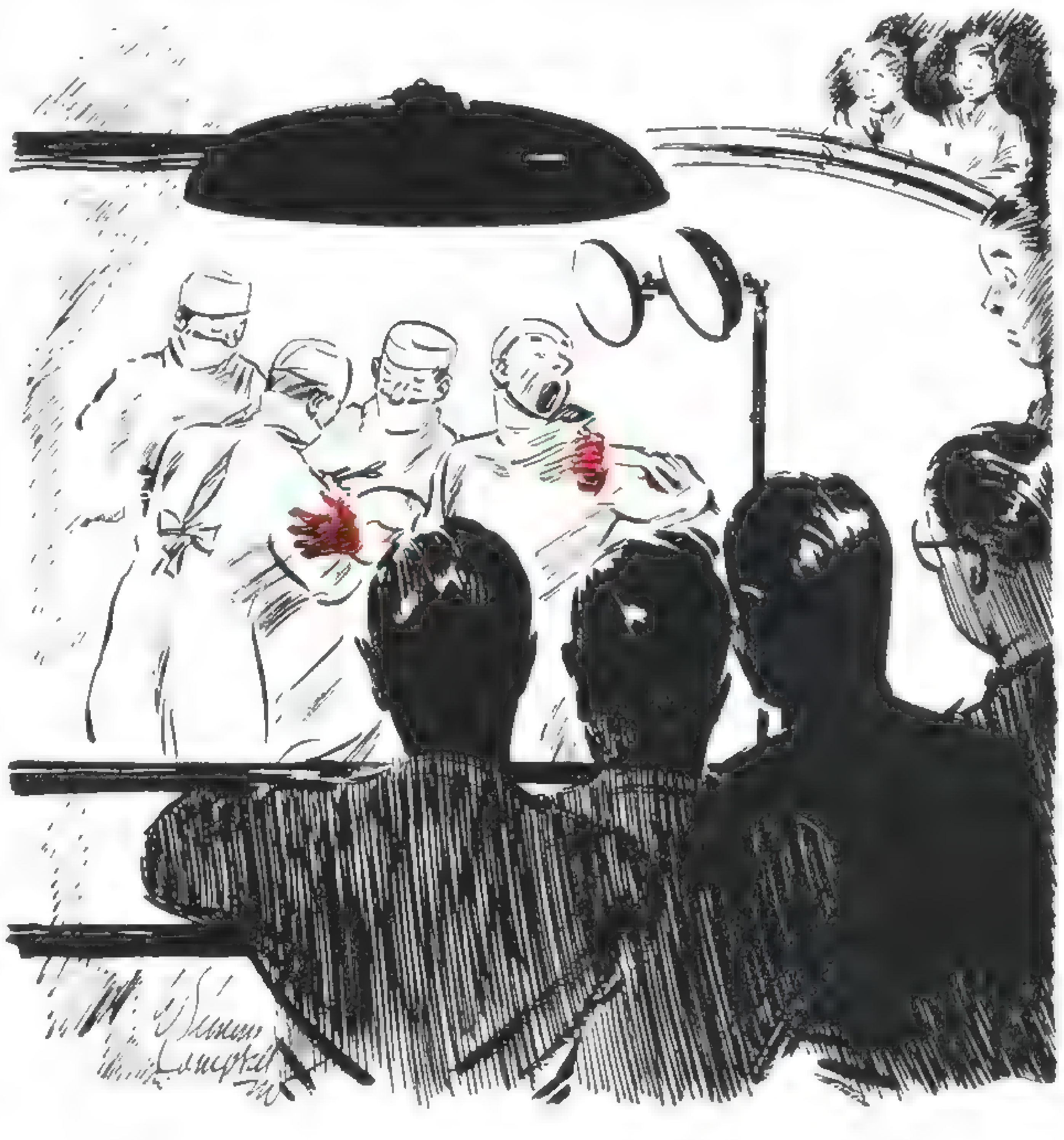
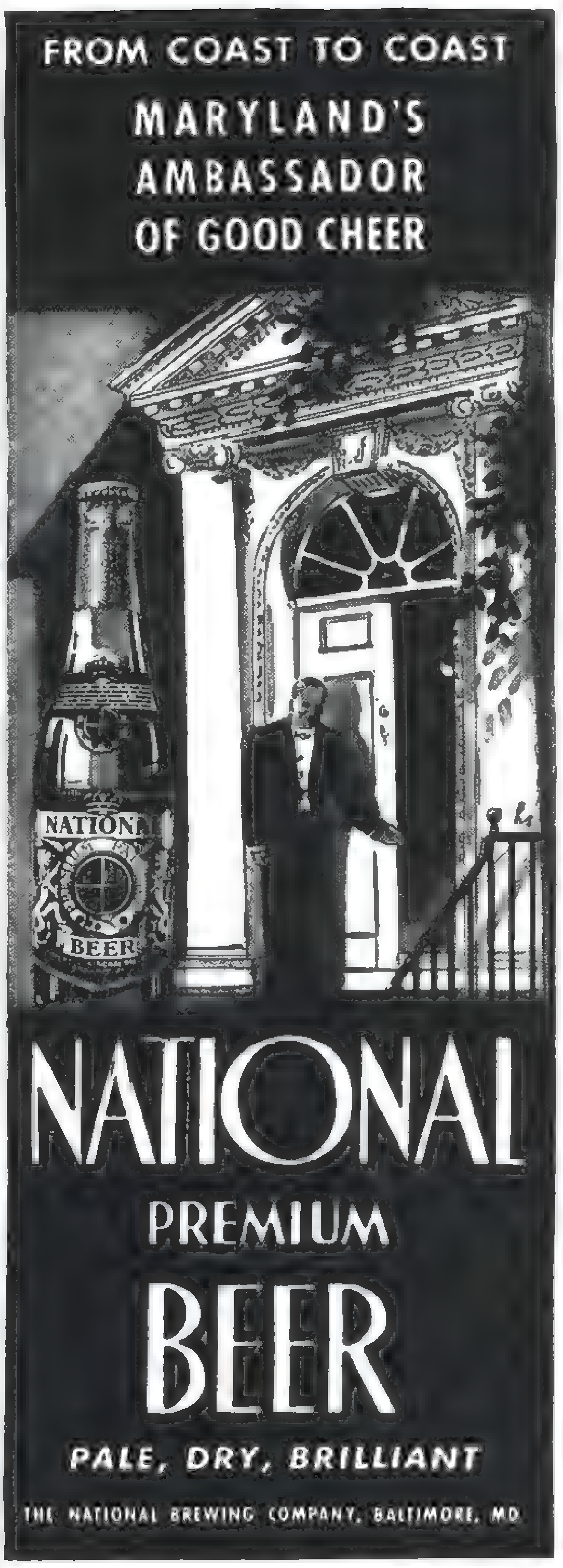


"Dr. Crosby replacing Dr. Thorndyke"


FROM COAST TO COAST
MARYLAND'S AMBASSADOR OF GOOD CHEER

NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER

PALE, DRY, BRILLIANT

THE NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD

The Modern COMPASS

HULL STREAMLINE COMPASS, modern in design and operation, is suited to army vehicles for modern warfare. Post-war motorists will enjoy even improved performance from its added modern engineering features.

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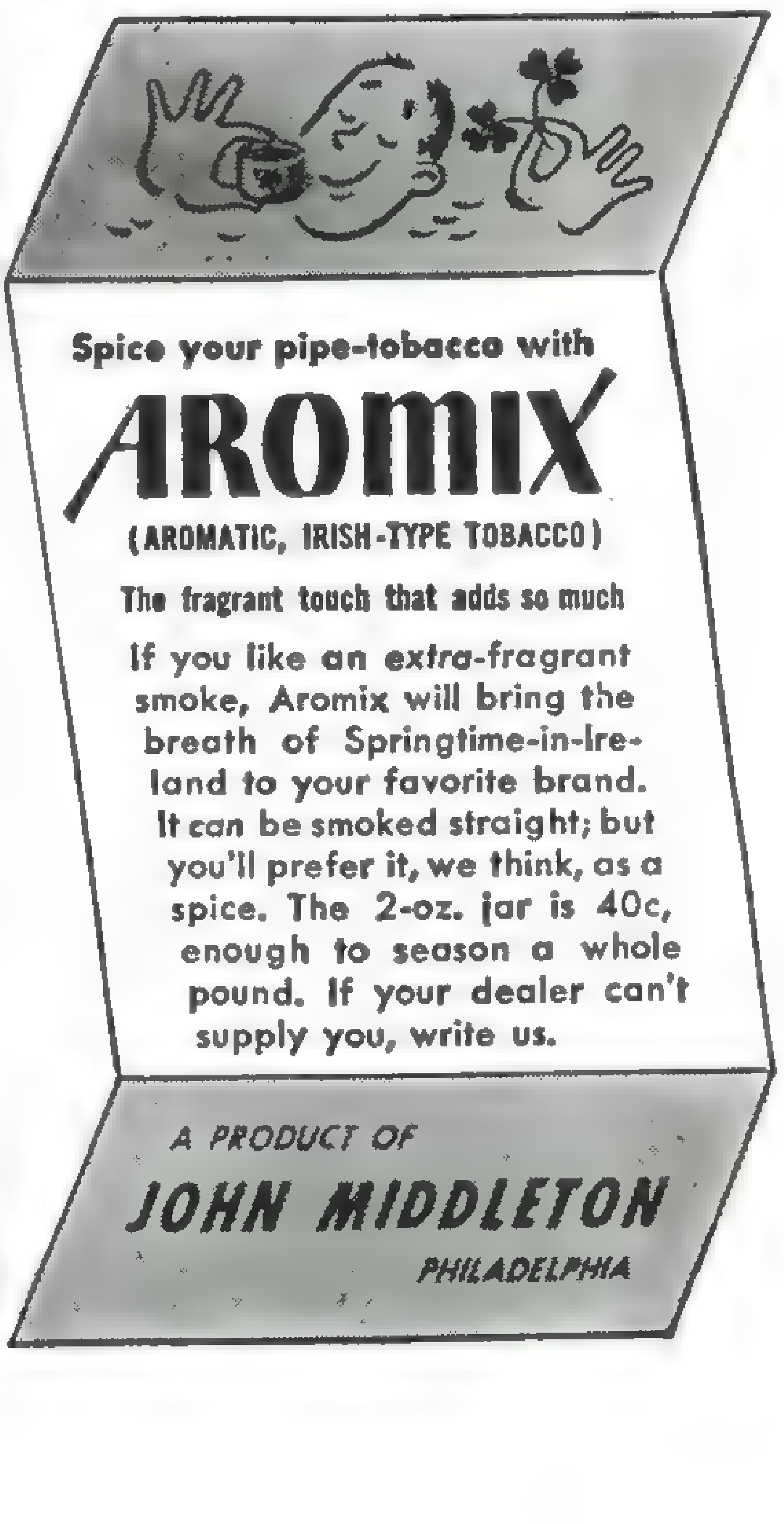

Spice your pipe-tobacco with

AROMIX

(AROMATIC, IRISH-TYPE TOBACCO)

The fragrant touch that adds so much

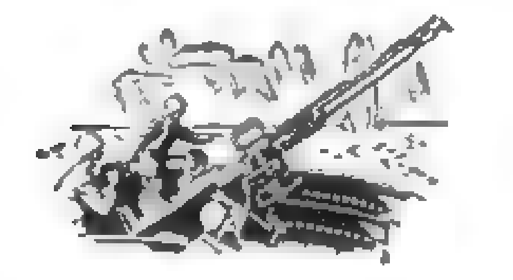
If you like an extra-fragrant smoke, Aromix will bring the breath of Springtime-in-Ireland to your favorite brand. It can be smoked straight; but you'll prefer it, we think, as a spice. The 2-oz. jar is 40c, enough to season a whole pound. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

A PRODUCT OF JOHN MIDDLETON PHILADELPHIA

We were willing and able to take TOUGH JOBS

NEARLY EVERYBODY seems to know that the Chrysler Corporation makes Army tanks and that those tanks give a good account of themselves in battle, throughout the world.

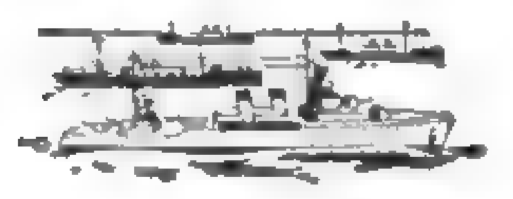
For well over a year these big fighting machines have been produced in ever increasing quantities, but they are, after all, only a part of the total war production of this corporation.



"GUNS AND CANNON FOR ATTACK AND DEFENSE"

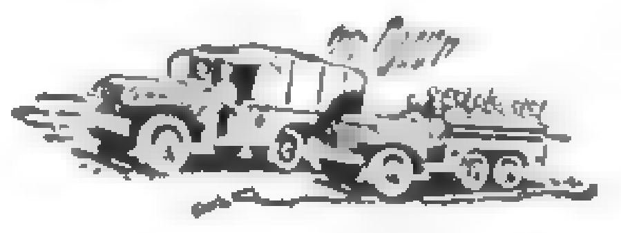
That total war production includes twenty-one distinctly military products, for the use of our armed services and for the protection of civilian populations.

For the soldier we not only make tanks in which he engages the enemy in battle; we also make the trucks and combat vehicles which haul him and his equipment about. We make the stoves that heat his tents and barracks and the field kitchens on which his meals are cooked. We make refrigeration units which preserve his food in camp and in the field. We make the ammunition to defend him and the guns and cannon with which to shoot the ammunition.



"GYRO-COMPASSES FOR THE NAVY AND MERCHANT MARINE"

For the Air Service we make bomber fuselages for the Army, and major bomber sections for the Navy. We make landing gear for planes. In Chicago we are just completing a very large plant to make big airplane engines for long range bombers. We make the bomb racks to carry the bomb loads of the planes. We are making thousands upon thousands of Duralumin forgings and castings for all types of aircraft purposes.



"COMBAT CARS TO HAUL MEN AND EQUIPMENT INTO BATTLE"

For the Navy we are making vital parts of searchlights that the Navy uses to spot its targets. We are making the gyroscopic compasses that steer the ships of the Navy and Merchant Marine. We make pontoons for lighterage and for the raising of ships that have been sunk. We make both pusher and puller types of tugs which are used all over the world from Iceland to Guadalcanal, on the rivers of South America, India and Russia. We make thousands of marine engines for many purposes—some of them for commando boats and things of that nature.

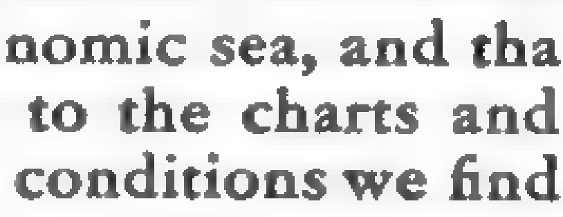
"BIG AIRPLANE ENGINES FOR LONG RANGE BOMBERS"

When we saw the war coming we knew that it would be a mechanical war and that no concern the size of the Chrysler Corporation would remain out of the picture.

We felt that institutions like ours should hold themselves free and in readiness to take tough jobs—those things that require intense cooperation on the part of scientists, metallurgists, engineers; the volume jobs that require intimate knowledge of the tooling and mechanical processes necessary to make duplicate equipment in large volume.

Today finds us employing over eight thousand subcontractors. Fifty-eight cents of every dollar we receive for our war effort is passed on to somebody else who supplies us services, materials or parts. We are not only prime contractors ourselves, but we are also subcontractors for a number of other companies, ranging from such concerns as General Electric and Westinghouse, employing great numbers of people, to small and remote outfits of a few hundred men.

Many people ask "What about your post-war plans?" Our only plan is the present urgent one to win the war and win it quick. For every moment that we can shorten this war we feel that, as a people, we are lucky, and, as a Nation, fortunate.



"THE MARINE ENGINES FOR COMBAT AND COMMANDO BOATS"

Of course we think that after the war people will be driving automobiles and eating bananas, washing their clothes, wearing shoes, and that the styles of ladies' hats will change. We feel that business is an economic thing and that it tends to follow cycles. We think that if we keep our minds on the fact that we are sailing a boat on an economic sea, and that if we sail it according to the charts and the weather, and to the conditions we find, that this Nation can go into its post-war effort with the same enthusiasm and the same desire to do a service to our 135 million people that is now being exhibited in this all-out war effort.

K T Keller

President, Chrysler Corporation

[WAR BONDS ARE YOUR PERSONAL INVESTMENT IN VICTORY]

PLYMOUTH ☆ DODGE ☆ DE SOTO ☆ CHRYSLER

Divisions of CHRYSLER CORPORATION

The World's Finest
PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE

The STAR SAPPHIRE

Enjoy living, breathing music in your own home, with the Duotone Star Sapphire. Its highly polished, genuine sapphire point, unique construction, and 5 patented features eliminate distortion and needle scratch. Assure your favorite records gem like reproduction with the Star Sapphire. Acclaimed and used by the world's most critical musicians! At better record shops, or Duotone, 799 Broadway, N. Y. C.

$5

Patent No. 2276562
Other pats. pending

IN CANADA – SNI-DOR Ltd. – MONTREAL

FOR TRUER TONE Say Duotone
THE WORLD'S FINEST NEEDLES

GUNS & SWORDS

Are you a collector? A game-and-rumpus-room decorator? Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing 1400 authentic items. Typical values: *U. S. Civil War Cavalry Sabre* . **$5.25**
Old U. S. 45-70 breech loading musket . **$7.50**
To get your 76-page Illustrated Catalog, send 25c to cover postage and handling, to **Robert Abels, E-860 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.**

WE'LL LET YOU IN ON A SECRET
Send for This Booklet Then you'll Know how

"ELEVATORS" make you TALLER

$12.95 Slightly Higher West

If you haven't read this booklet, you don't know how easy it is to be taller, yes, impressively taller! "ELEVATORS" look like any other fine shoes—yet they make an amazing difference in your height. Send today for the revealing booklet—it's FREE.

Also Authentic MILITARY Styles in "ELEVATORS"

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I Want to be TALLER. Please send me your Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer where I can purchase "ELEVATORS".
NAME....................................
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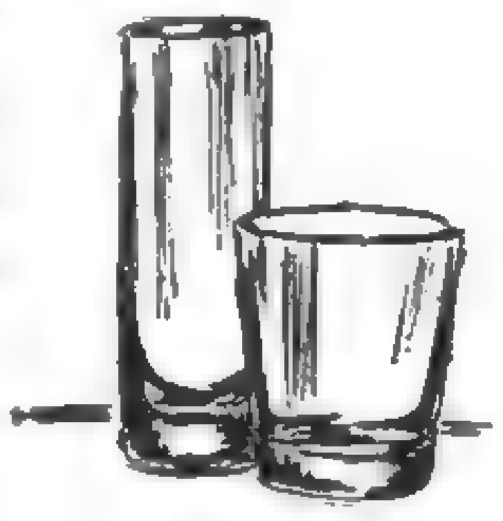
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF "ELEVATORS"

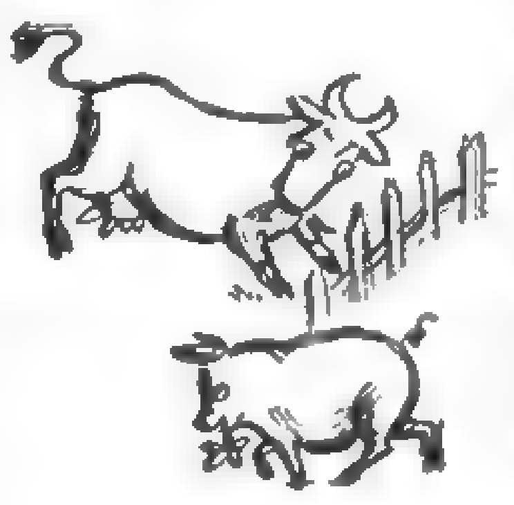
Talking Shop with Esquire

"THANKS FOR A LOVELY WEEK-END". Remember, gentlemen, your host and hostess will be expecting some slight token in return for hospitality extended!

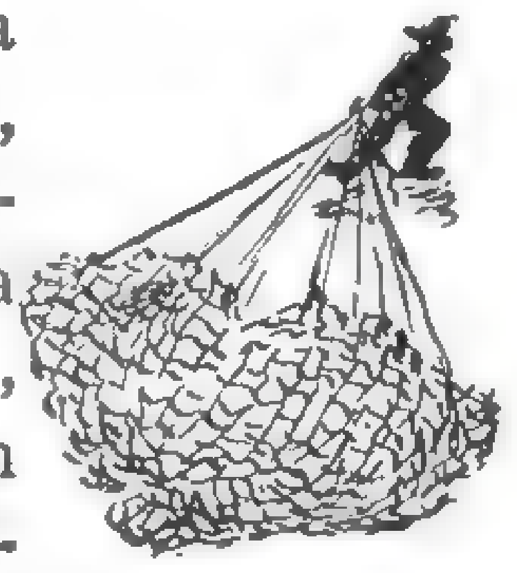
TODDY GLASSES. Some of the finest crystal glassware in the world is now being turned out by a 100-year-old American firm. Smart gift is a set of toddy glasses (squat and sturdy, they look like old fashioneds, only bigger, 3½" x 4¼" in size). The heavy bases, carefully polished on the bottom, reflect light on the side walls in brilliant pattern. You can also get 12 oz. beachcomber style highball glasses to match.



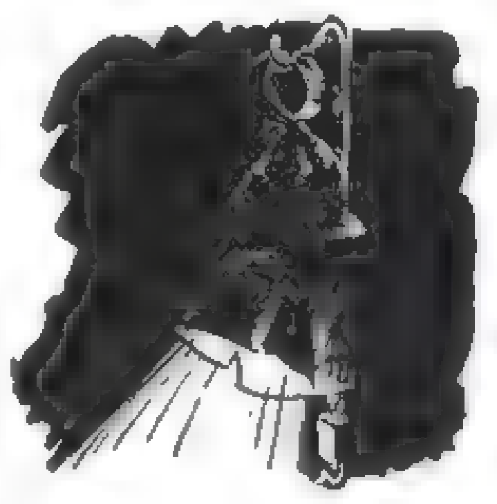
AMERICAN HANDCRAFT. The natives of North Carolina sent us a group of farm animals, painstakingly carved out of applewood. If your host has bucolic leanings, give him a set of these miniature hand-carved lambs, pigs, cows, horses, sheep, etc. Handsome, too, is the wild turkey, hand-carved in walnut, which serves as an excellent paper weight.



FISHNET DOILIES. New England craftsmen contribute fascinating table doilies made of actual fish netting, dyed a patriotic red, white or blue, finished off with a crocheted edge, and stretched on a primitive wooden frame. Trick is to wash the mats with soap and water, then put them back on the stretcher to shape and dry. Other intriguing table mats are made in South Carolina. Called "salvage" mats, they are, as the name implies, made from remnants of cotton used in manufacturing shirts for service men. The remnants are dyed and woven into inexpensive and effective mats.



BLACKOUT LANTERN. Paul Revere type lantern in hand wrought metal, complete with 19" bracket with match holder underneath. The hinged door, with side shields, projects candle light downward or forward only.



Ranger

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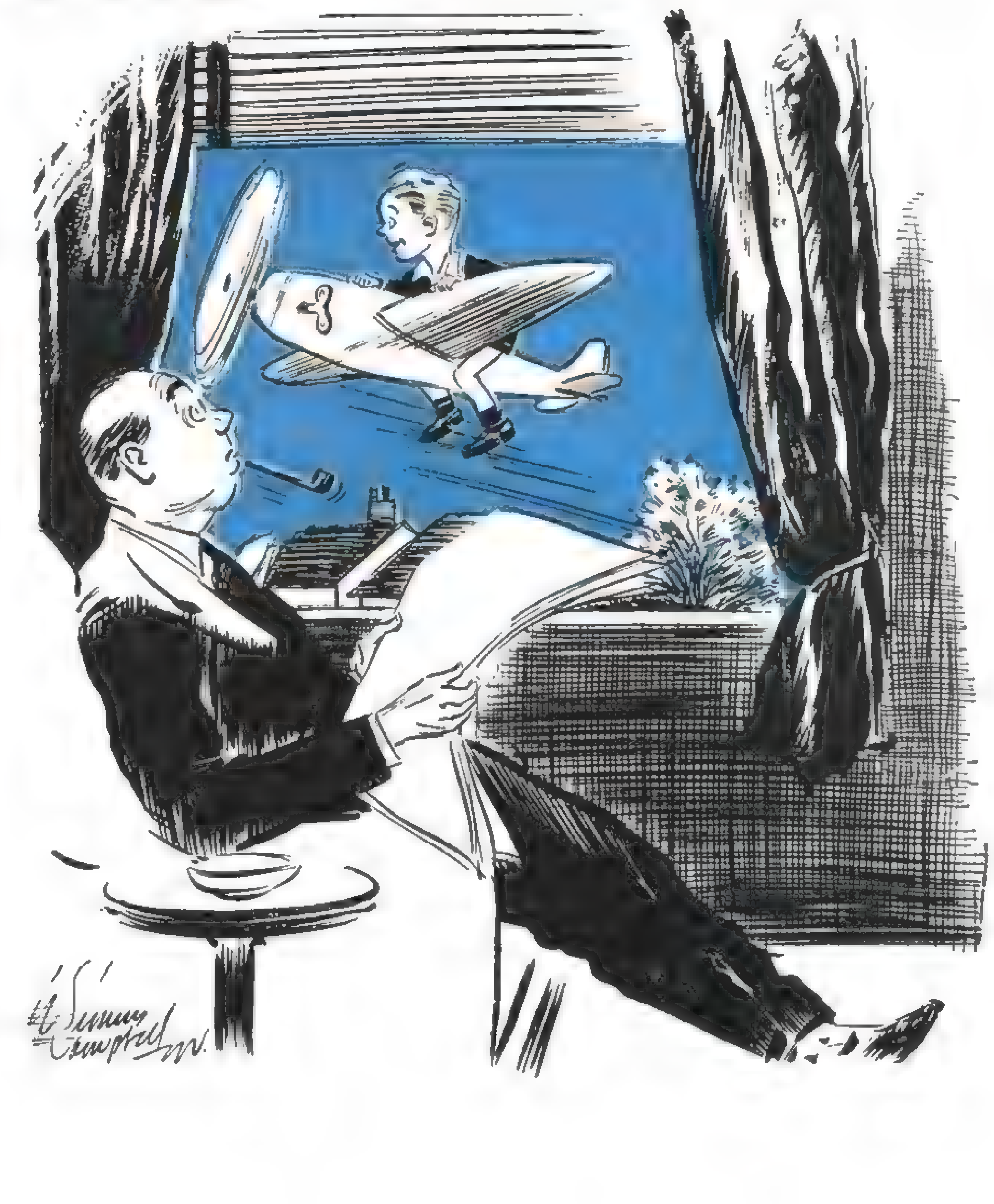


FOR MEN WHO REALLY KNOW PIPES
Royalton
AN INVESTMENT IN SMOKING PLEASURE

Why is Royalton the mutual friend of so many pipe enthusiasts? Because it represents pipe quality without qualification—because it is a smoking companion that merits your preference.

Royalton Silver Crown
$5
Choice Grains
Wherever Better Pipes are Sold

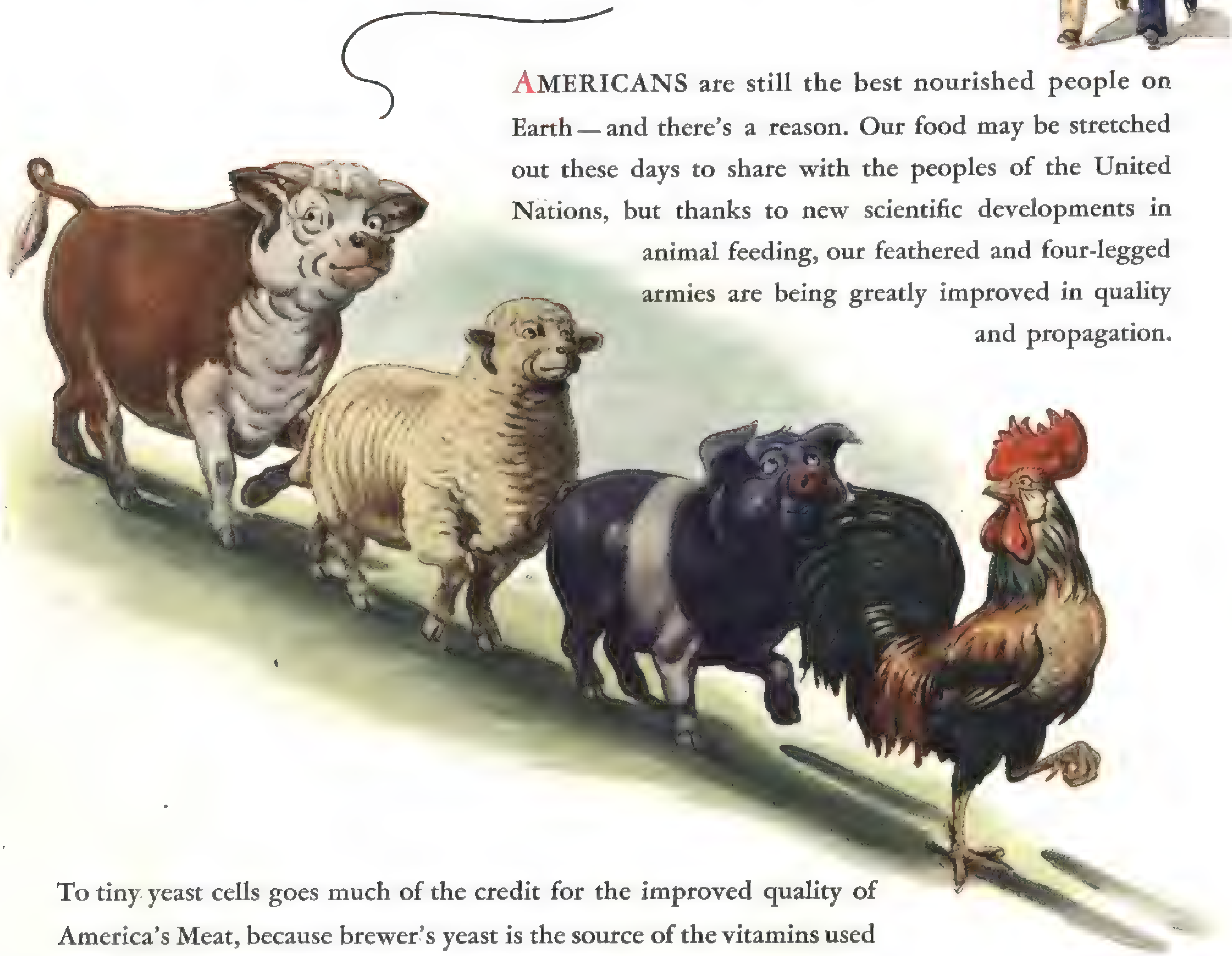
© 1943, Henry Leonard & Thomas, Inc., Ozone Pk., N. Y.

MORE SHOE SMILEAGE
Shoes last longer and give more foot comfort when treated regularly with LEXOL, the self penetrating leather conditioner. LEXOL prevents damage by perspiration or mildew, increases pliability. After LEXOL shoes take polish or whitener.
Leading stores sell LEXOL or remit direct.
Pt. $1. Qt. $1.75 Gal. $4.
LEXOL
855 SUMMER AVENUE, NEWARK, N. J.

Give to the WAR RELIEF FUND of the AMERICAN RED CROSS
+
Give through your Local Chapter

"*Gangway,* please...
we've got a war to win"

AMERICANS are still the best nourished people on Earth—and there's a reason. Our food may be stretched out these days to share with the peoples of the United Nations, but thanks to new scientific developments in animal feeding, our feathered and four-legged armies are being greatly improved in quality and propagation.



To tiny yeast cells goes much of the credit for the improved quality of America's Meat, because brewer's yeast is the source of the vitamins used to fortify feed mixtures. Now, when you eat meat raised on vitamin-fortified feeds, you're getting nutrition plus.

* * *

Anheuser-Busch is America's biggest supplier of yeast vitamins for cattle and poultry feeds. Our large-scale production of natural vitamins is another achievement that resulted from years of research and laboratory work in producing the world's most popular beer.

Budweiser TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: B Complex Vitamins Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and Other Bakery Products • Batteries • Paper • Soap and Textiles—to name a few.

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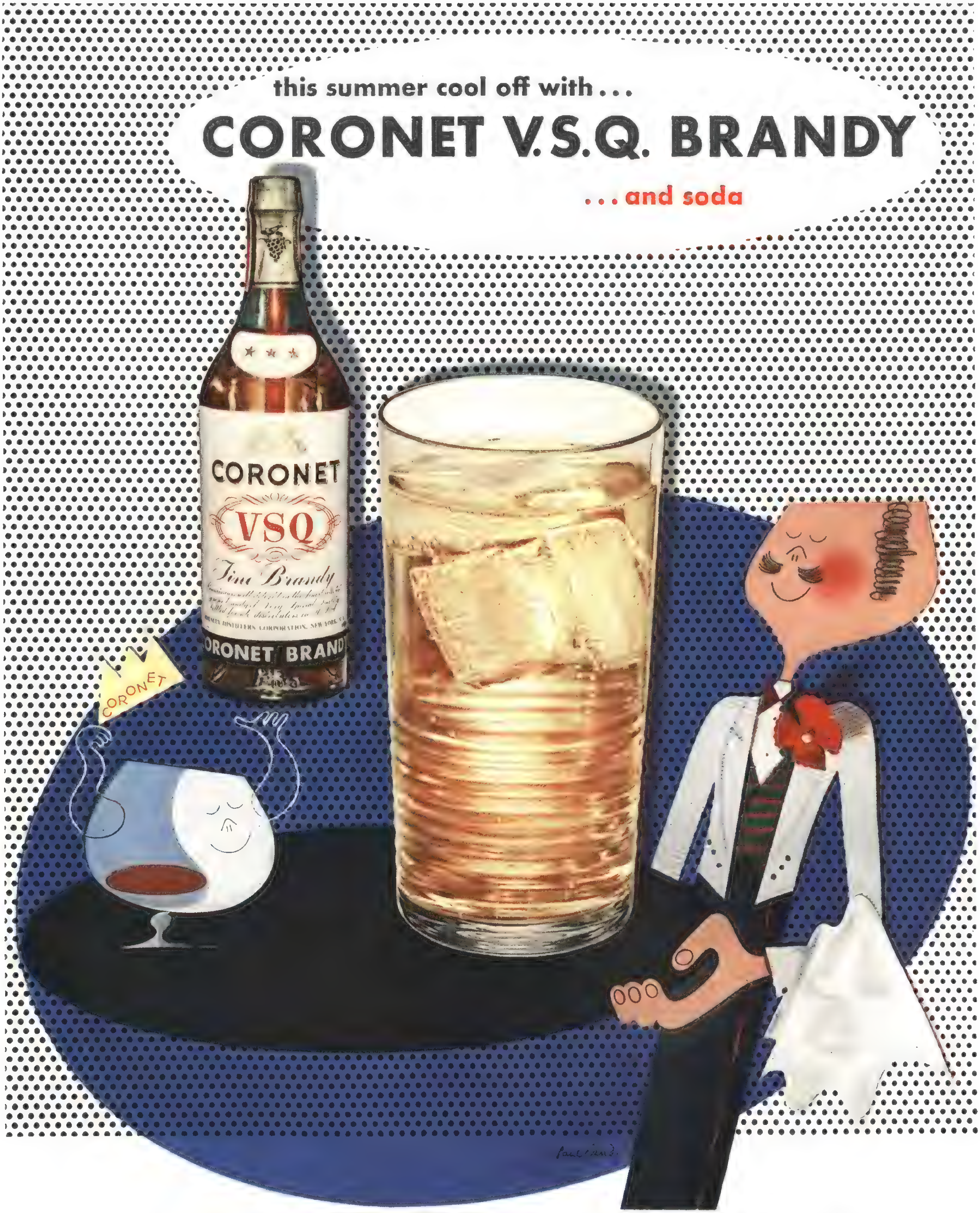
this summer cool off with . . .
CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY
. . . and soda
CORONET
VSQ
Fine Brandy
CORONET BRANDY
CORONET

Ah! Coronet Brandy and Soda on a summer's day! Cooling . . . refreshing . . . as you sip . . . and after. Coronet Brandy gives you everything you enjoy in a delicious tall drink . . . plus the rich aroma of a distinguished brandy. Try it . . . now! The torch of liberty, don't dim it. Buy U. S. War Bonds to your limit.

Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wednesday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System.

California grape brandy 84 proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y.

Painting the Town with Esquire

CAREFUL, hermits, this wartime informality is contagious, turning recluses into ringsiders. Cheer facilities are so numerous, so variegated, it's next to impossible to stay morose.

NEAT NEST for not so early birds: The Blue Angel, 152 East 55th, hosted by that expert nocturnalist Herbert Jacoby, who personally masters the ceremonies that occur, casually enough, within the small proscenium, alias show window without a pane. A piano is performed upon by Stuart Ross and perched upon by de Gaulliste Mme. Claude Alphand, magnetizer in *chansons d'amour*, and other appearers—rhythmic, exotic or comic—knock sizable holes in the gab. Mme. Romaine of omelet fame is on hand, playing games of skillet for the chow-minded.

CRYSTAL-BALLING his Diamond Horseshoe, Billy Rose has flung a "Post-War Preview" showing the shape of things to come, and, boy, they're shapely! . . . Rather than pare its perfections, Jack and Charlie's exclusive "21" is now shuttered Sundays—which alas only increases the jam on weekdays . . . The military and naval invasion of Sherman Billingsley's Stork Club has assumed the proportions of a gold braid rush . . . Applause has been coming in salvos for glibly silent Jimmy Savo at Café Society Uptown . . . Anybody's palate is a soft touch for the soft-shelled crustaceans at Billy the Oysterman's, 10 West 47th . . . Frank Case's Hotel Algonquin now has a woman *sommelier* dangling the cellar keys so learnedly it alarms us. Are we men going to be outwisdomed in wines?

CORN—native and unashamed—has its happy headquarters at the Village Barn (52 West 8th) where rustic revelry strains ribs already replete with good food. Sophisticates who came to snoot are the loudest guffawers . . . Because of bronze shortage, host Anthony Mele of Theodore's Restaurant, 4 East 56th, has had to postpone the tablet commemorating the birth of the ESQUIRE Cocktail (3 parts American dry vermouth, 1 part gin, zest of lemon peel) at his bar, with W. T. Long as obstetrical consultant . . . Compulsory for jive connoisseurs: mob-scened, charcoal-broiled, cozy-stalled Enduro's in Brooklyn (right at DeKalb Ave. subway depot) where The Toppers, sepian quintet, installed amid a huge serpentine bar, are dementing nightly like 50 droll demons.

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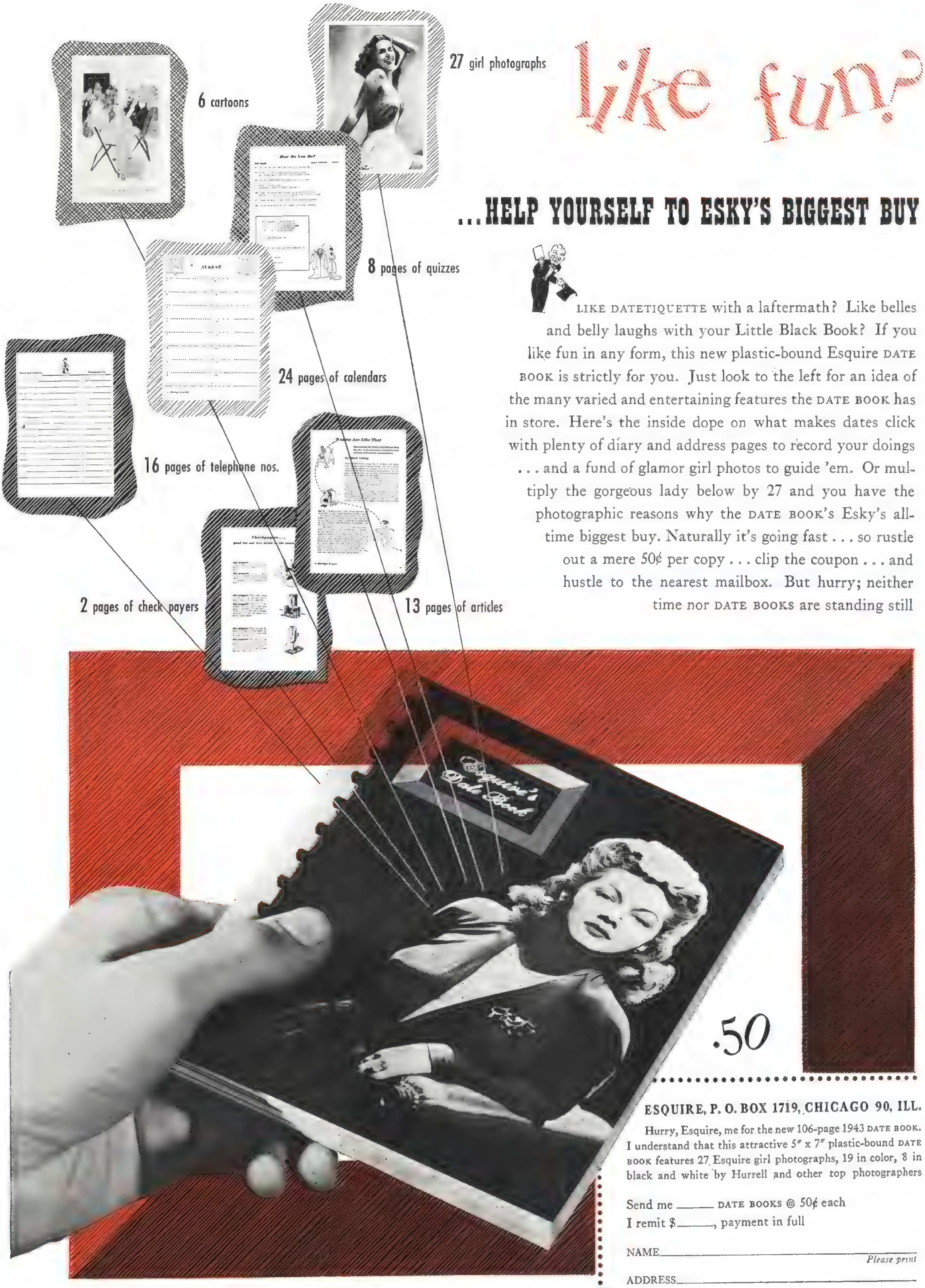
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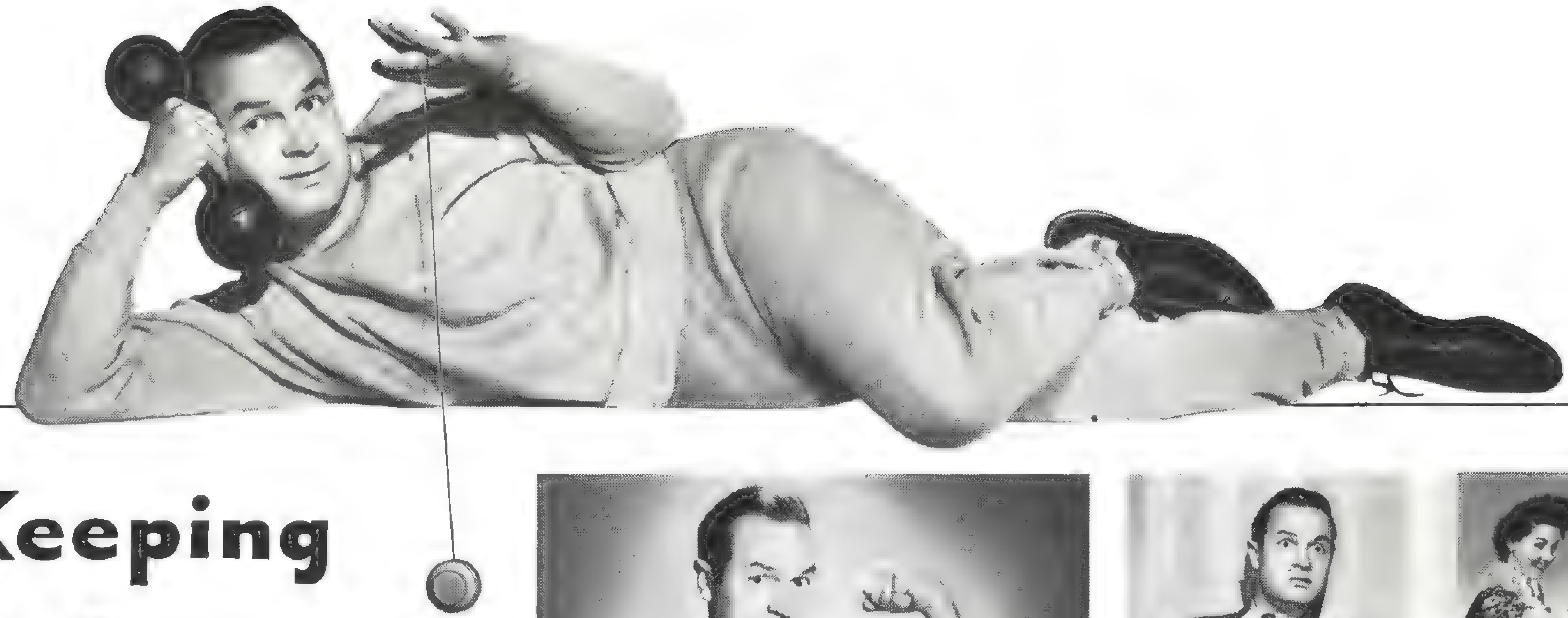


Keeping in Condition

by Bob Hope

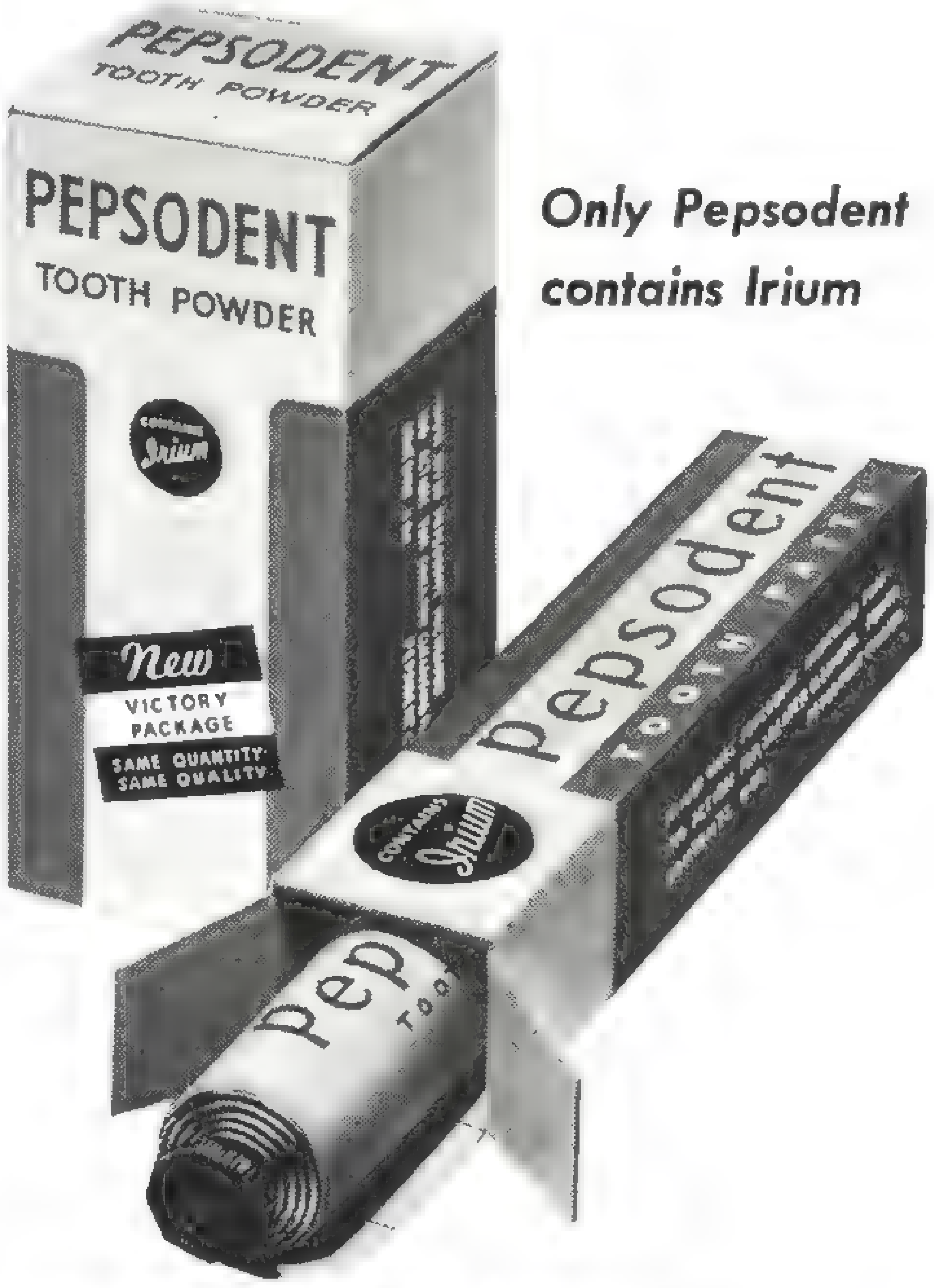
1. A few simple home exercises will help you to keep fit. First, the minute you wake up, throw the covers off, jump out of bed and run to the wide open window. Then fill your lungs with that fresh morning air, touch your toes briskly ten times . . . say . . . this sounds kind of interesting . . . I must remember to try it sometime!

2. Maybe you won't believe it, but I once posed for health magazines. Remember the ads that said "Before" and "After"? Well, I posed for one that said "Heaven forbid." But you don't need bulging muscles to make you look fit. Pepsodent . . . that cool-tasting Pepsodent . . . does that by making your teeth and smile look like a million.

3. I'm the only guy who ever gets thin from overeating. Every time I come home my relatives are over, eating! Of course, that wouldn't be so bad, but they use up all my Pepsodent, too! Imagine them in front of the theaters, picketing my previews, yelling: "Remember, folks, nothing beats Irium for removing the film!"

4. It's a good idea to exercise. One good way is to grasp your tooth brush firmly in your right hand, squirt a little Pepsodent on it and brush your teeth vigorously. This develops the "saluting" muscles in your arm in case your draft board makes you class 1-A. It also gives your teeth plenty of class and makes your smile A-1.

5. Above all, don't worry. I once thought I had high blood pressure. But my doctor cured it in two minutes. He sent the nurse out of the room. Of course, I was a good deal luckier with my dentist's nurse. She gladly gave me a couple of dates . . . you know how it is . . . Use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year!



Only Pepsodent contains Irium

How Irium in Pepsodent uncovers your bright smile

Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dull and dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.

This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles are clouded when commonplace methods don't clean film away.

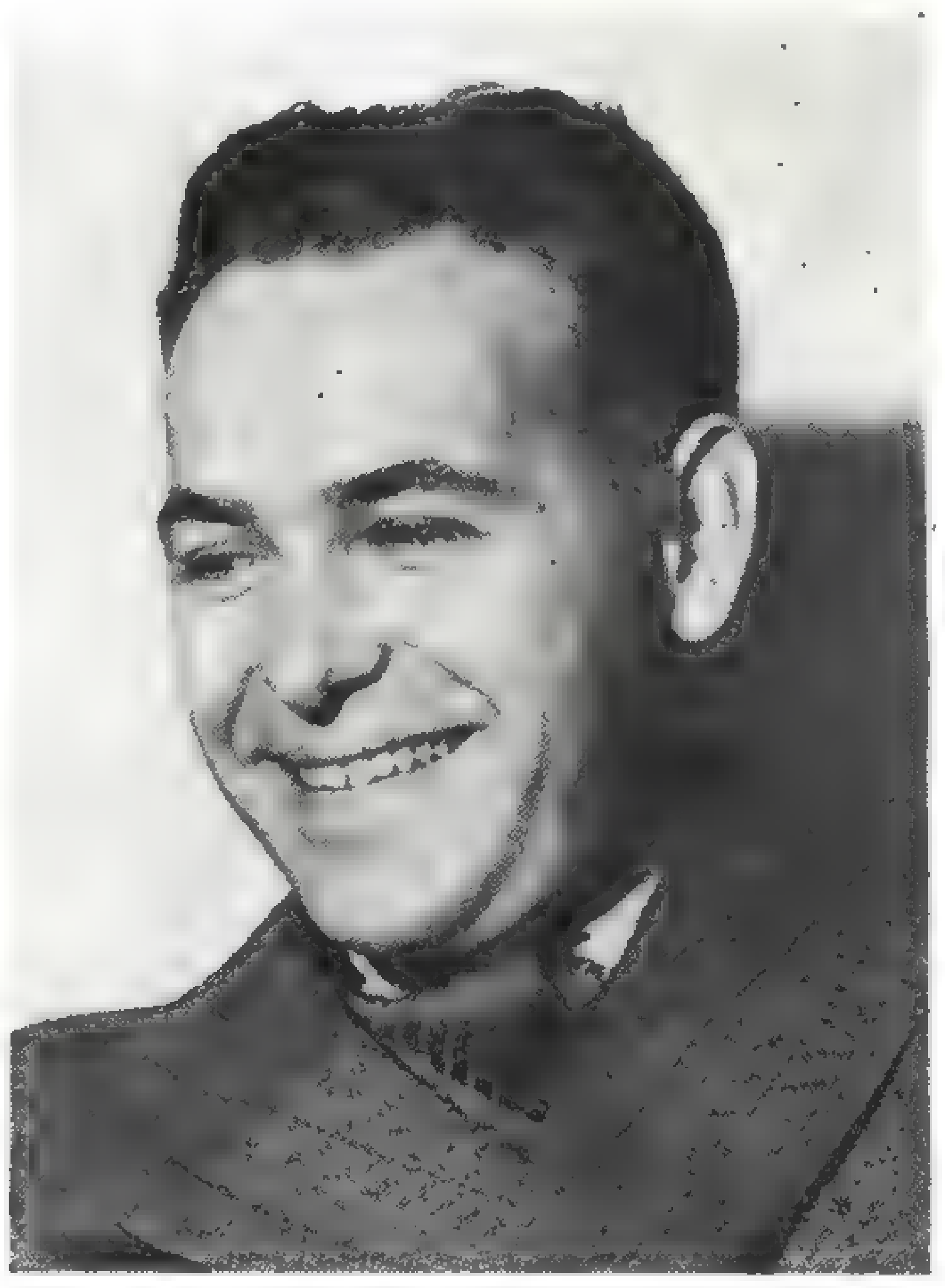
But look what Irium does to that film! It loosens and floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural, cheery brightness of your smile . . . safely, gently.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Paul Zimmerman

Clement J. Wyle


Edwin Lanham

Willard H. Temple

Paul Zimmerman's fishing experience started early in life along muddy creeks of the Midwest and he never graduated from garden tackle angling. He says this may account for his interest in Dick Miller, whose skill he depicts in *How to Case a Trout Stream.* After graduating from the University of Nebraska, he got a job with the *Nebraska State Journal* and, after a couple of intermittent stops, wound up as sports editor of the *Los Angeles Times* for several years. Now he's a captain in the U. S. Army.

•

D. D. Beauchamp remembers three high spots from his Montana childhood: He skipped from first to third grade at seven; his brother broke his nose with a baseball bat when he was nine; he shot himself with a .38 pistol when he was eleven. Besides an interrupted sojourn at De Pauw University, he worked at sundry jobs. He has driven a truck, a caterpillar tractor and a cab, has been a painter's helper, a bricklayer's helper, timekeeper and scaffold boss; played a sax in a dance band, mucked in a mine, hustled pool, jerked sodas, surveyed, worked in a gambling joint, run a jackhammer in a pipeline crew. He gave all this up for writing, married in '33 and has lived on Cape Cod, New York City, Florida, Montana, Hollywood and parts in between. He finds this program baffles his creditors.

•

Upon graduating from law school Clement J. Wyle began hunting for true crime stories with trick endings. *The Twelve Who Weren't Hanged* contains some of the cases thus unearthed. Later he went to New York University to get a Ph.D., and in a sociology course gave a report on marriage. Helen Price, the girl next to him, disagreed with everything he said, so they got married to settle the discussion. Now she writes crime stories too. Attacked by an old music germ in 1932 he wrote *Here Is My Heart*, the worst music he ever composed but the most successful.

•

Concerning *The Bloody Banner Is Raised*, page 27, Theodore Pratt says "I knew the Vieux Port section of Marseilles well and visited it often. I even once visited it with my wife; we wore our old clothes and kept our mouths shut except for such French as we were positive would pass for French." He is the author of ten novels, a play and three movie scenarios, most recent being *Mr. Winkle Goes to War.*

•

Brought up on a Texas ranch, Edwin Lanham attended an eastern college, lived four years in France "as an aimless student of painting," and since 1930 has been in newspaper work in New York, where he is now "deposited in the rewrite bank of the *Herald Tribune.*" His sixth novel, *Thunder in the Earth,* was published by Harcourt Brace in '41. He is thirty-eight, married, with a small daughter.

•

Woodrow Wirsig entered a teacher's college in Kearney, Nebraska in '33 and says he's darn near been going to college ever since. At the Columbia School of Journalism his radio instructor was Paul White, the subject of *Reporter to the Nation.* Wirsig is now a news and feature writer in the Short Wave Department of CBS. He and his wife, Jane, who won a Pulitzer Traveling Fellowship, are bound for Mexico to do some looking around, learning of languages and a lot of writing.

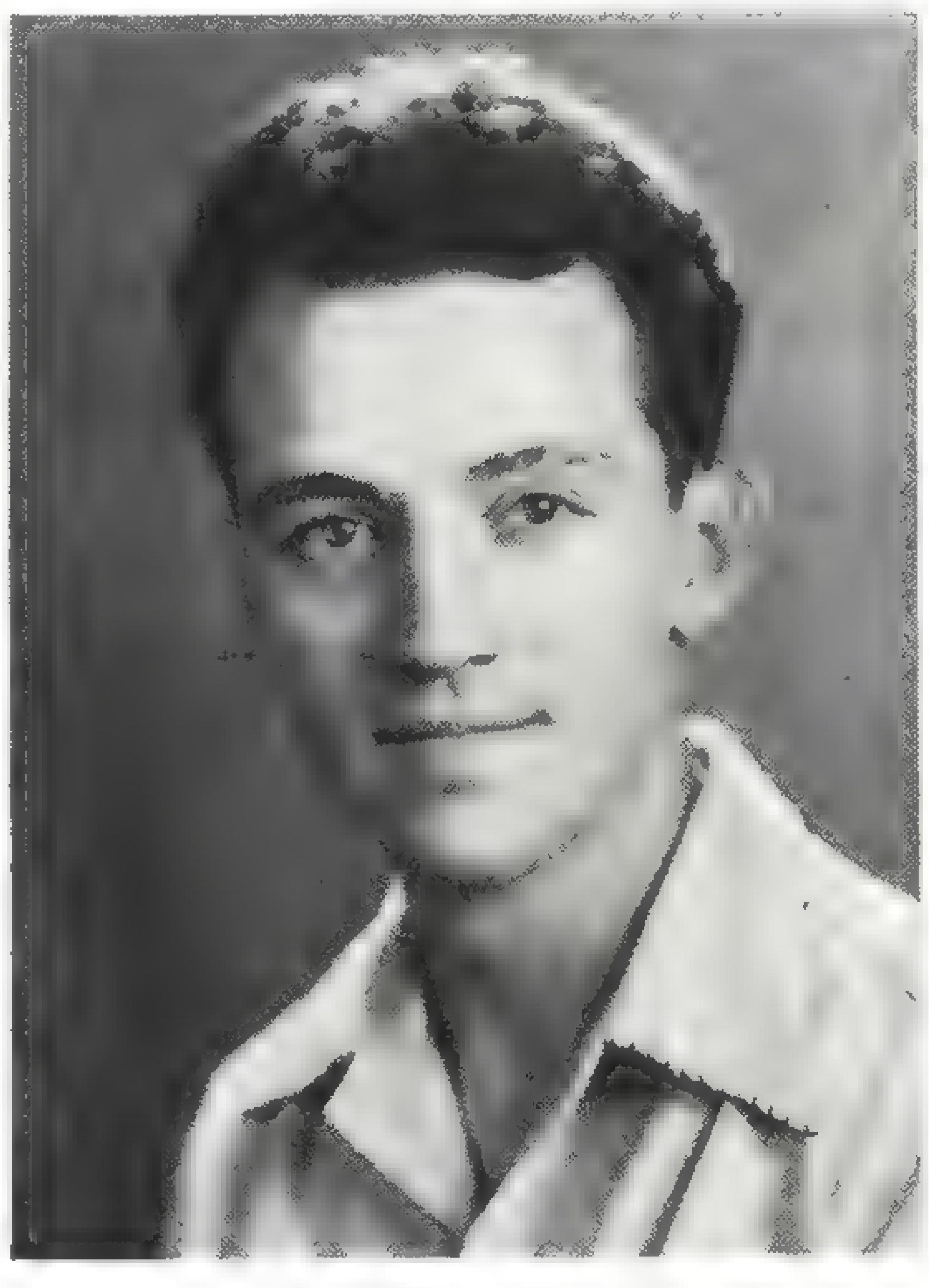
A native of Minnesota, Willard H. Temple attended various high and preparatory schools in the East, went on to the Universities of Virginia and Michigan. During his senior year at the latter, he cajoled a coed into sharing the precarious existence of a writer on the strength of his first sale for a total of fourteen bucks. His sales have since been larger and increases in the family include a cocker spaniel, Mr. Bundy, and a daughter, Bonnie.

•

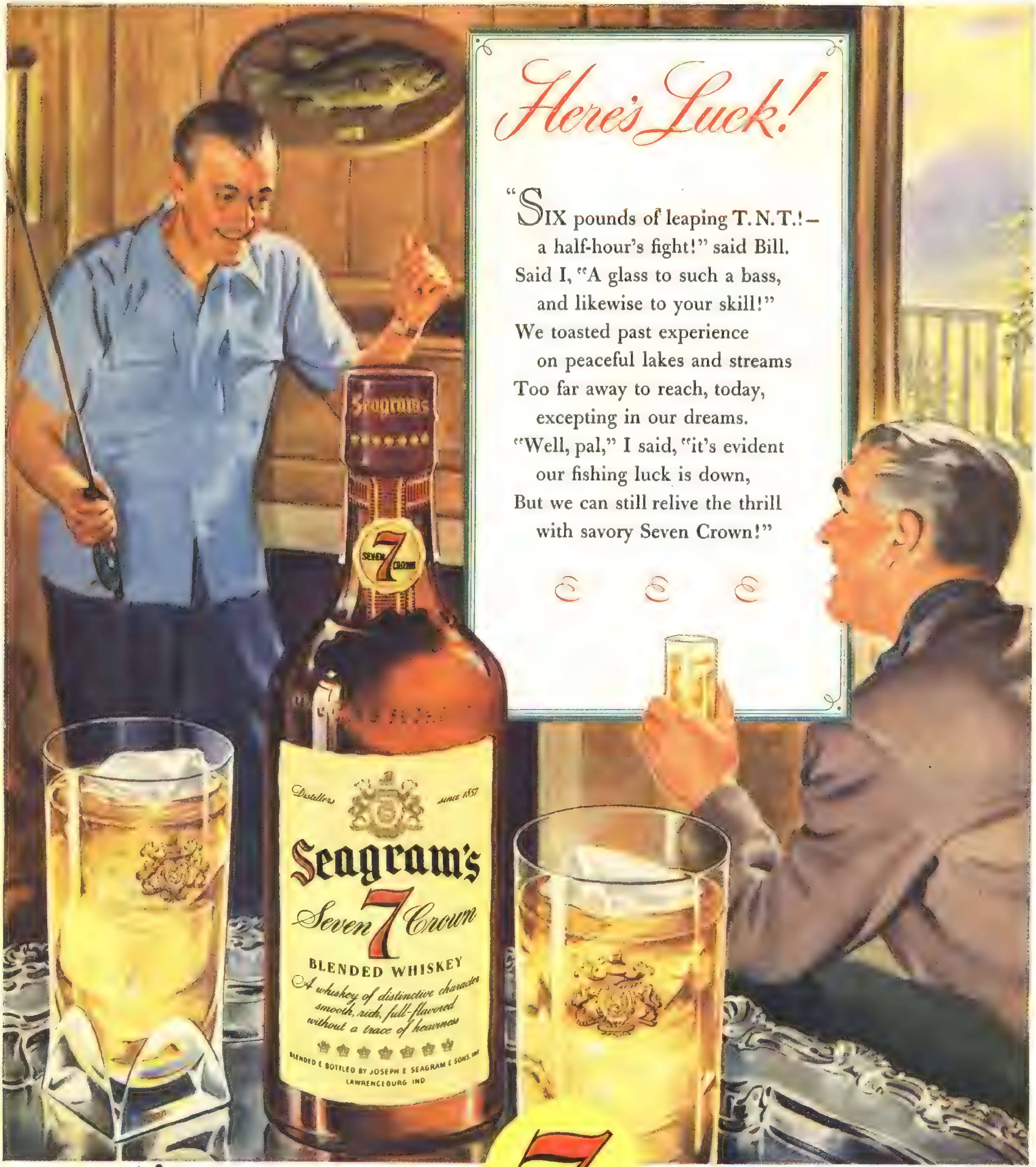
After his story, *To the Kitchen, Private Jones!* had been accepted, Howard W. Turtle wrote us that his days of K.P. were over, since he had been made a staff sergeant. He said "This is a misfortune in many ways because I made a pretty good thing out of the kitchen detail. Once when we were down in the desert and I was a private first class, the first cook sent me over to clear away some plates and cups from the officers' tent. This was a welcome assignment as against washing pots and pans in the hot sun. I began to pick up the utensils and under the edge of a cup I found an object that brightened the day—a ten-cent tip!" #

D. D. Beauchamp

Theodore Pratt


Woodrow Wirsig

S-Sgt. Howard W. Turtle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Painting the Town with Esquire

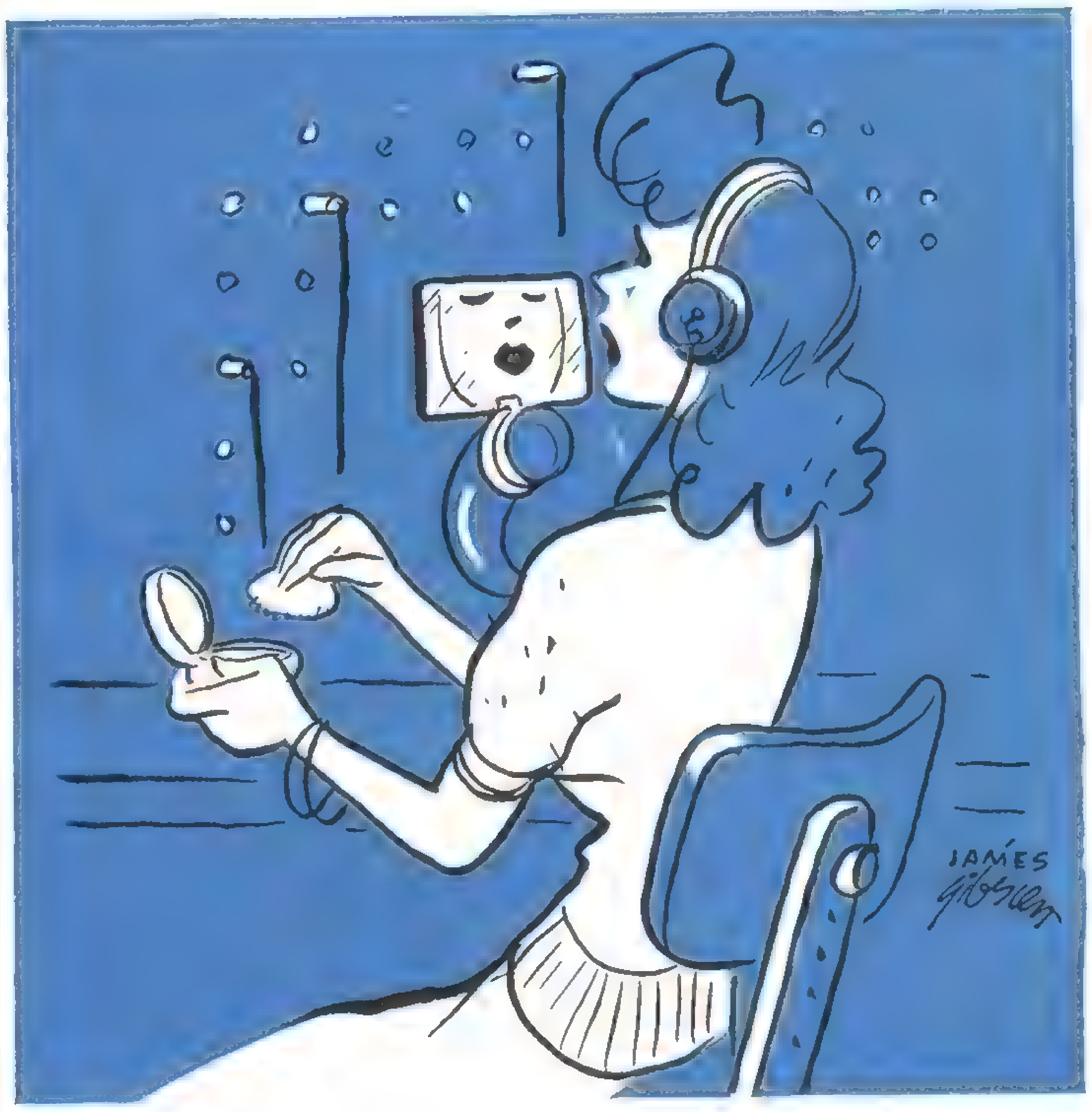
SPITE of kitchen-help shortages and larder stringencies, Manhattan is still a worthwhile isle to be cast away on. Our hotelmen and restaurateurs see to that, dauntless fellows that they are—all headached, yet all smiles to uniform wearers or civilians. They may wince a bit if you demand filet mignon but if they've got it, it's yours, you despoiler!

CERTAINLY there's goodsome trove for trenchermen at the snug, smart Café St. Denis (11 East 53rd) of Marcel Perret, aviator in the last war and thereafter chief steward of the *S. S. Paris*. Here the kitchen is ruled by chefess Anna, under whose ministrations fresh mussels snap up white wine sauce in the marinière manner, and plump fowl simmers succulently in claret. If the struggle of choosing from a menu of many allures is too onerous, just put your fate into the hands of mine host, or of veteran headwaiter Yvon, and commune with a Vermouth Cassis, served in the traditional goblet, till the parade arrives.

REMEMBER the French Casino of six years ago and the opulent pulchritude-pageantry thereof? Well, Monsieur Clifford Fischer was merely tossing an advance hint of the sweet swelldom he's now serving up under the title of Folies Bergère, with Arthur Lesser of La Vie Parisienne as his co-entrepreneur. Located at street level at 232 West 47th, this newly unveiled institution, hue-schemed by Franklin Hughes, is a full-fledged theatre restaurant with revolving stage; the balcony doesn't revolve until after the fourth drink. The 62 performers, mostly of the interesting gender, include sepians and celestials. Ballet is boogie-woogous. Alternating orchestras are led by Irvine Orton (at the piano) and the Terry Sisters (with the hips).

OUTDOORSMEN, scornful of any roof over their heads unless it's a striped awning, are to be found encamped at sidewalk tables of the Hotel St. Moritz, where Central Park air is moochable and Dubonnet highballs match the sunset. Or amid the deep-dish shrubbery in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, fragrant with Crême de Menthe Frappées. As for the victory-horticultured Promenade Café in Rockefeller Center, canopied with bright umbrellas, its pooled Prometheus is its least busy pourer.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



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"I acquired the Sun habit from my father, who was a newspaper man. Since then I've discovered that no other paper has as readable and informative an amusement page, or a columnist to equal Ward Morehouse. I also consider The Sun's editorials and special features outstanding."

PEGGY WOOD—"Blithe Spirit"

"The obvious sincerity of The Sun's news reporting gives it a character that appeals strongly to my taste. Naturally, my interest centers around your amusement pages and Ward Morehouse, whose 'Broadway After Dark' column and play reviews are 'must' reading. John Kieran is another Sun favorite."

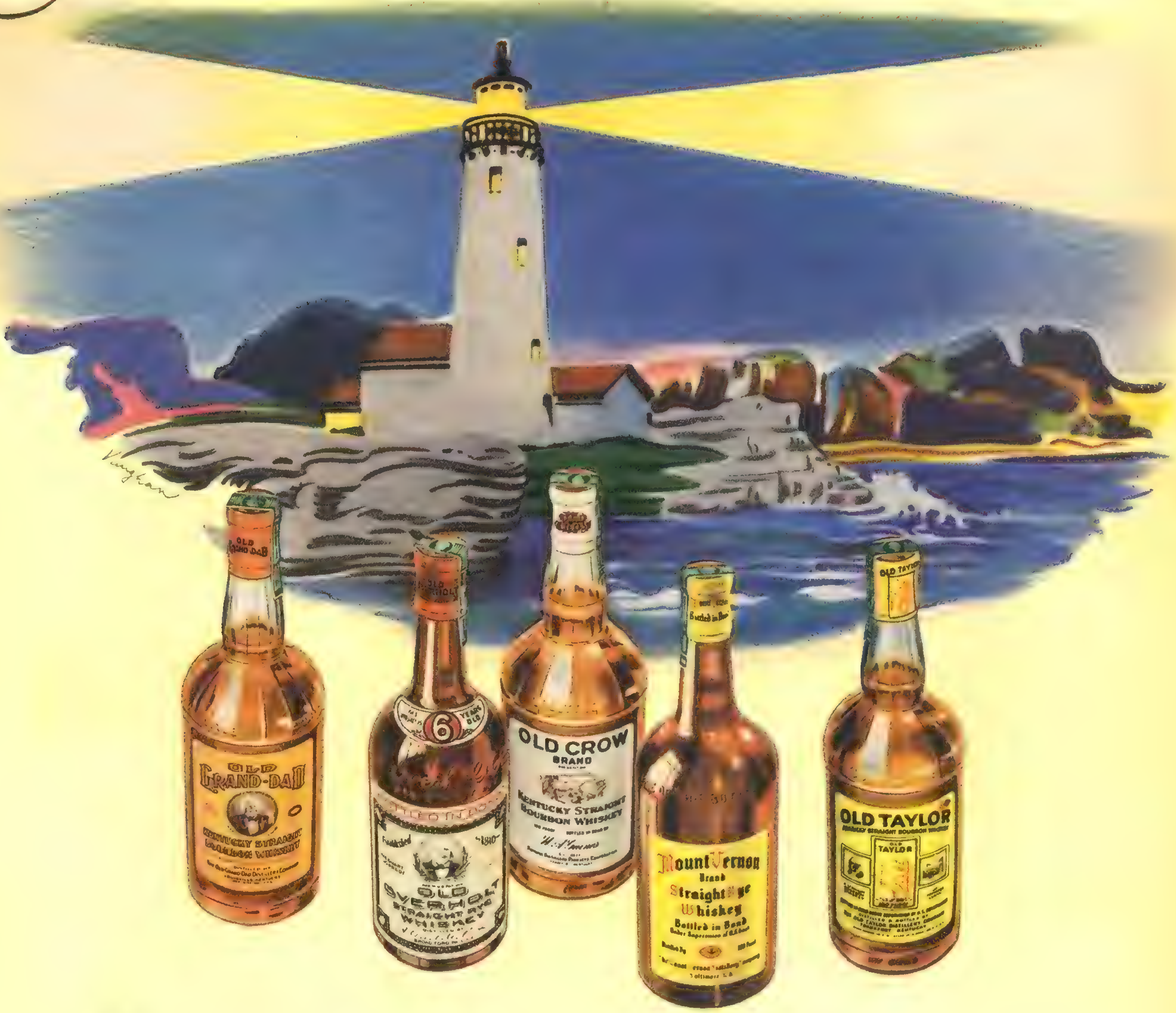
JOAN WETMORE—"Counselor-At-Law"

"The Sun has plenty of 'box office' for my money—a lively amusement page, lots of good sports features and all the news I can digest in my daily bout with the headlines. Also, it's 'easy reading' from front page to funnies—and that rates a curtain call."

ALLEN JENKINS—"Something For The Boys"

THE SUN COUNTS WHERE OPINION COUNTS

STILL ON THE COURSE OF QUALITY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The Bloody Banner Is Raised

People of the sinister Vieux Port in Marseilles were the first to revolt in organized battle against Nazi rule

by THEODORE PRATT

• ARTICLE •

Last January the first open French riots against German occupation burst and spread like prairie fire through the cobblestone streets of Marseilles. The Germans quelled the riots with artillery and tanks, and then razed to the ground that entire section of the city where French patriots had dared to oppose them. The newspapers carried the story—or at least part of it.

But the rest of the story could not be told in the clipped and factual sentences of a straight news report. It is about the curious character of the people who revolted. The strange nature of the place where it happened. The shadowy, now almost legendary, things that went on there, both before and during the battles in the old streets of Marseilles . . .

The riots broke out in the Vieux Port, or Old Port, section of Marseilles. Few Americans have been there. They were always advised to stay away. It was a section of narrow streets and grimy buildings reaching away on three sides from a marine basin where ships from all over the world docked. The streets were not much more than busy cobblestone alleys with a few inches of sidewalk on either side for passersby.

The left-hand side and center of the port, as you looked out to sea, were comparatively innocent and could be visited without much danger. In fact it was only at the restaurants there that you could taste real *bouillabaisse.* But the right side of the Vieux Port was known far and wide as perhaps the toughest place on earth.

It contained the largest, most notorious red-light district in the world. However, it was not for moral reasons that the Germans burned and dynamited the Vieux Port to the ground.

In its winding dark alleys were hidden leaders of the underground anti-Nazi movement. They were secreted by the Madams and other unlisted citizens. Through that labyrinth of streets, through houses where erotic exhibitions were given unknown even to the local police, the Gestapo never penetrated.

It was an ideal location for underground printing shops, for hide-outs of the Fighting French.

Dark doorways hardly more than holes in the wall lined the streets, doors to houses of prostitution, crude wine cellars, small gambling halls, or downright *bouges*—rooms whose female occupants grabbed at passers-by. The wine cellars looked a good deal like phony Greenwich Village dives—but they were real. The damp smoky walls became that way naturally. The candles stuck into bottles were not there for atmosphere, but because the places had no other lighting facilities. The operators usually made you pay five or ten times the proper cost of a drink. If you objected, you could pay with your life.

Occupying the district were French dockwallopers, huge black Senegalese, lower-class Arabs in turbans, Egyptian workmen in fezzes, spahi and Foreign Legion troops from Africa, Greek, Japanese, Russian, Syrian, Chinese and other sailors. And always, the *cocottes.* A custom of the sector was to have a *cocotte* playfully snatch your hat off as you wandered along, and then dart into a *bistro* with it. When you followed, you were expected to buy a drink for everybody in the place.

If you didn't it was unfortunate. The boy friend of the *cocotte,* usually a *nervi*—or strong-arm man—would teach you manners. The *nervi* wore a dirty red handkerchief tied about his neck in place of a collar and tie. For a shirt he had a blue- or red-striped fisherman's pull-on sweater. A classy vest, a good deal like an evening waistcoat, gave this number full play. A coat, often with satin lapels, was sometimes worn. In one hand or in his slash of a mouth there always dangled a cigarette. The other hand was in the pocket of his bedraggled trousers, quite busy there, fingering what was referred to as "Seigneur Browning," a Browning automatic. It would be a rare *nervi* who didn't carry a few packets of cocaine around with him.

"Who is it?"

On the morning of January 24th, the Vichy Berlin-controlled radio broadcast the proclamation by Pierre Laval that the Vieux Port section would be evacuated of all citizens. The *nervis* and other denizens of the district didn't listen to this with stunned silence. They went to work as soon as they heard the proclamation.

They barricaded the streets, hoisted their "Seigneur Brownings" and began to pick off German patrols from behind the barricades or from the windows of buildings. Their women, not chaste ladies of France, but bitter and proud ones, fought at their side, and fought well.

All that day and for the rest of the night street-fighting went on, with many being killed on both sides. In the morning, the Germans appeared with artillery and tanks. Erecting their guns on the wide quay, they began to bombard the section with shells. When the weak return-fire from automatics and a few rifles began to diminish, the Germans sent their tanks through the streets, cannonading and machine-gunning buildings from which resistance still came, effectively silencing it.

By noon no more shots came from the grimy windows of the Vieux Port. Three hundred men and women were dead, many more wounded. Six thousand were arrested, and forty thousand marched off to "evacuation centers," most of which were no more than concentration camps.

The next day they burned the Vieux Port. What wasn't leveled by fire was dynamited. Rubble and charred ruins—perhaps new fortifications—now occupy the place where people lived who had no time for morals, but all the time in the world for patriotism.

The Germans may have had another reason for blasting the Vieux Port out of existence. For 151 years ago a band of men marched through its streets to aid in the French revolution and furnish the spirit that led to its success. They were singing a new song. It was *The Marseillaise.* ⧺

The Rider in the Red Coat

The girl with the forty-five decided this English hunter was crazy as did everyone else in the Indian territory

by EDWIN LANHAM

• FICTION •

An Englishman rode alone through the Indian Territory long before Oklahoma was a state.

At every settlement he passed, he stopped and asked one question, "Have you seen a rider in a red coat?"

Cowboys riding herd on Cherokee grass saw him and listened to his question and shook their heads, and he rode on again. Farmers who had staked their homesteads and started a new life would lean on their hoes in the prairie and say, "Rider in a red coat? Can't say I have."

The Englishman camped where nightfall found him and foraged food with his rifle. His beard grew and his clothes became soiled and worn, and men stared at him in the new towns of the Oklahoma country when he turned in the saloons to ask that question, but never to buy a drink. At last in Guthrie he got an answer.

A United States marshal working out of Fort Smith, Arkansas, heard him and glanced up and asked, "What's that about a red coat?"

"I'm looking for a rider in a red coat," the Englishman said.

The marshal looked him up and down. He was one of those brave men old Judge Parker sent out to administer the law in the Territory who did their utmost to fill the gallows built in Fort Smith to hang twelve men at one spring of the trap.

"I heard tell about a feller in a red coat," the marshal said. "There was a hotel hold-up in Leoti and afterwards people seen a feller in a red coat streaking out of town."

The Englishman gave the marshal a steady, careful look, then he asked quietly, "Where is Leoti?"

"Up by the Kansas line."

The Englishman bowed his head slightly and walked out of the saloon. The marshal watched him go, and paused to toss off his drink, then went out to his horse and followed the Englishman out of town.

The marshal, too, had been looking for the rider in the red coat, and he hoped that the Englishman would lead him to his quarry.

A month before, John Chester had worn the red coat as he raced across a treeless Texas plain on the thoroughbred hunter he had brought from England. He was alive that day in the excitement of the chase, forgetting failure and disappointment as he spurred the fine horse after a coyote.

The coyote ran belly-down in the gray-green sweep of grass, with sudden anxious changes of direction, but it could not shake the horse and rider. John Chester smiled, and one hand caressed the hunter's glistening neck as it raced across the prairie.

Off to the right was a gully with a high, shelving bank, and the coyote turned that way. The long ears streaked through the grass ahead. The coyote was tiring, but the strong horse did not lag. Its chest was flecked with foam, but its breath came full and free. John Chester's hand slipped down to the coil of the lariat on the saddle-skirt.

It was a race now for the gully, and John had the lariat ready, but it was too late. The gully was so near that the hunter had to swerve along its bank and the coyote scrambled down the slope. John Chester smiled and slowed the hunter, looking for a place to descend.

Where the bank sloped evenly he turned the horse down, and in the airless bed of the gully he looked along its channel. He did not see the coyote, but a hundred feet away a small black mustang was staked. Foam had dried in patches on the mustang's hide and it stood with head down, a spent horse. John Chester rode slowly forward.

"Stop where you be," a voice said.

The words were sharp and clear, but the quality of the tone startled the Englishman. It was a woman's voice. He turned and saw her standing at the mouth of a shallow cave in the limestone bank of the gully. She wore pants and a man's hat, and a hickory shirt was loose over her slender shoulders. In her hand was a forty-five revolver, and the muzzle was pointed at him.

"I say!" John reined in the hunter. "Don't you think that gun might go off?"

"It's liable to," the girl said. The precise, cutting emphasis of her words was not reassuring.

He swung down from his horse and stood looking at her. The bulk of her hair was tucked under the hat, but a few blonde wisps protruded. She had blue eyes and a lean, brown face. She was almost pretty, he thought, and then his eyes returned to the small, capable hand holding the forty-five.

"Now see here," he said. "You have nothing to be afraid of, young lady."

The girl barely smiled. "What's the idea of that getup?"

"Getup?"

"That red coat."

"Oh." He scratched his chin thoughtfully, looking at the girl. "It's a hunting coat."

"A special coat for hunting?"

"Yes."

"You mean you can't hunt in what you happen to have on?"

"It's for sport, don't you see?" said John. "I'm speaking of hunting as a sport, and, you know, the pink coat goes with it. —Now, please, why don't you put that gun away?"

"I don't follow," the girl said. "You mean you're away out here, all alone, just chasing coyotes?"

"I live a few miles back there." He looked at her blue eyes, a fine contrast to her brown skin. "You seem to be alone out here yourself."

She nodded. "I'm out looking for strays. My Pop and me run a herd east of here, and I started out this morning looking for strays. You seen any?"

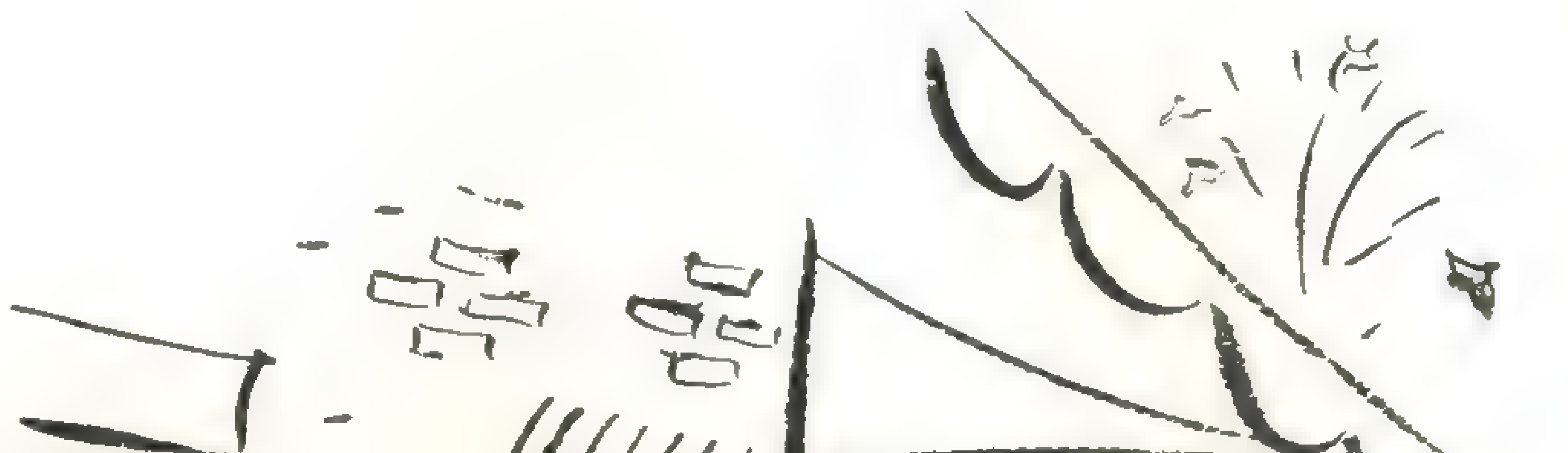
John Chester still watched her eyes. "That isn't true, you know," he said.

The blue eyes narrowed, and her lips drew to a firm line. The gun still was pointed unwaveringly at him.

"You see," he said, "if you lived in this neighborhood you wouldn't have been surprised at my pink coat."

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Because even if you hadn't seen it before you'd have heard about it. You'd have heard about



"But don't you see the poetry in it—the tired leaves nestling against Mother Earth's breast?"

those crazy Englishmen, as you Texans call us."

"Why would I?"

"Because of our pink coats, of course."

"You mean there's a bunch of you that get yourself up in them coats and just chase coyotes?"

"Well, there aren't any foxes this side of Virginia, I understand." He smiled. "Suppose you put that gun away."

The girl hesitated a moment, then slid the forty-five into its holster. A heavy cartridge belt sagged at her waist.

"All right, Mister," she said. "I reckon you're harmless. You can set there on that rock."

John Chester sat down, holding the hunter's reins in one hand, and the girl sank down cross-legged at the mouth of the cave.

"I don't follow you," she said. "Don't you have nothing else to do but chase coyotes in a red coat?"

"As a matter of fact, I came here to raise cattle."

"Came here from where?"

"From England."

She considered a moment. "Do you punch cows in that red coat, too?"

"I'm afraid I don't have any cows to punch."

The girl's eyes narrowed. "I don't make you out, Mister, and you better start talking sense."

He saw her nervous hand lingering near the butt of the forty-five. "I thought I had been talking sense," he said. "You see, a group of friends and I came over here from England to raise cattle. We pooled our resources and leased some land and bought two thousand head of cattle."

"You said you didn't have none."

"I don't now."

"Sold out?"

"No." He shrugged his shoulders. "Frozen out."

"Mister, you still don't make sense."

"Now listen here, young lady." He sat erect. "Must you continually finger the handle of that gun? You ask me questions and I answer them as best I can."

"Well, go ahead," she said. "Tell me some more about them red coats."

"In England fox-hunting is one of our principal sports," he said in careful exposition. "We have fine hounds to trail the foxes and we ride along after them, across country, you see. The pink coat is the correct costume to wear."

"What do you call it a pink coat for? It's red."

"We call it pink. We always have."

"All right, but it ain't. Anybody can see it's red."

He smiled. "When we came over here, a dozen of us, we brought along some thoroughbred horses and our hunting costumes . . ."

"That's a damn fine horse you got there," the girl interrupted. "What do you want for him, Mister?"

"He's not for sale."

"I'd hate to just take him off you. Maybe you better set a price, Mister. I can pay it."

John Chester's mouth opened slightly. "This is fantastic," he said. "What sort of woman *are* you?"

He saw that her lips had tightened and her palm had fallen to the revolver butt. He grinned. "Never mind. Let's see, I was telling you about our hunting. Well, we leased a ranch and we built a drift fence of barbed wire twenty miles long at the south end, and we understood that all we had to do was to sit and wait for the increase. Statistics show, you know, that a herd of cattle will increase one-third in a year. We liked hunting better than ranching, so we decided to hunt and let the cattle increase away."

"Well, say," the girl said. "Didn't you never brand your calves?"

"No."

"And didn't you never round up the strays?"

"Yes, occasionally."

"Mister, I can't make you out." The girl shook her head thoughtfully. "I believe you're plain crazy."

"Yes, I'm afraid that's the general opinion."

"But didn't you *never* ride herd on your cows?"

"Not much. You see, we thought that barbed wire drift fence we built would keep them in bounds."

"So you-all just went out and chased coyotes?"

He smiled and spread his hands. "We loved hunting and we formed the Panhandle Hounds, although the dogs we had were really disgraceful. However, we had our horses, and there's nothing in the world I love so much as a fine horse."

"Same here, Mister. I sure like that 'un you got there."

The Englishman changed the subject. "Maybe we would have come out of it all right if it hadn't been for that blue blizzard last winter. Do you remember that blizzard?"

"I sure do. I was camped up

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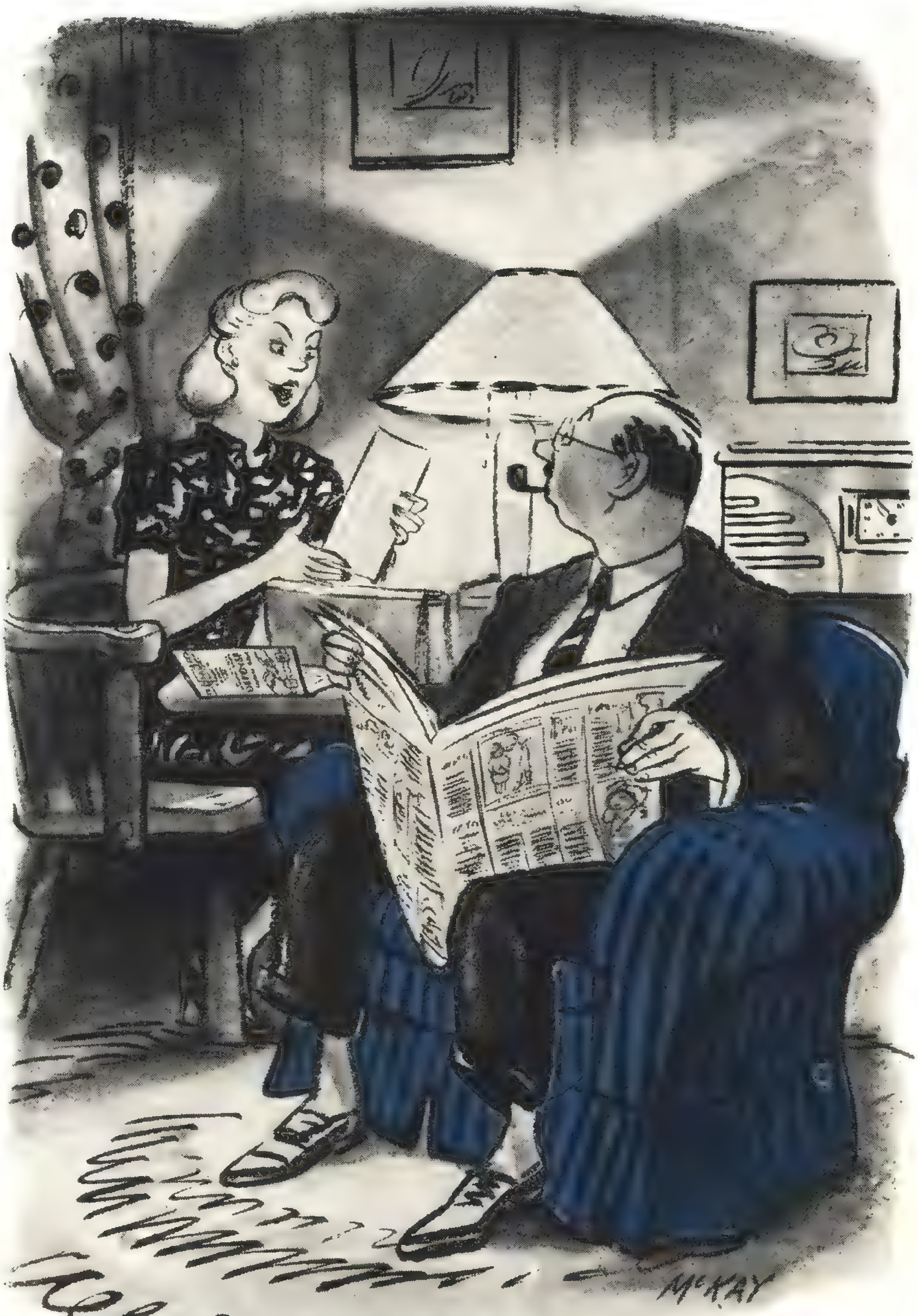

"Let's buy on credit and put __all__ your salary in war bonds!"

Many Wives Too Many

Showing some of the pitfalls to that sporting but foolhardy professor who advocates plural marriage in England

by DAVID EMORY

• ARTICLE •

King David and King Solomon
Led merry, merry lives,
With many, many lady friends
And many, many wives;
But when old age crept over them—
With many, many qualms,
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs
And King David wrote the Psalms.
—*James Ball Naylor*

DR. CYRIL EDWIN MITCHINSON JOAD, of the London, not the Oklahoma Joads, has come out with a terrifying idea. If Dr. Joad's theory ever is generally applied, it will give men an urge to go to war to get some peace. Those then too old for duty overseas will sneak off to the corner of a dark quiet bar and knock off a few in solitude dreaming of those happy days in dear old Bataan, Guadalcanal, Africa and other points now not regarded as being places to remember fondly.

Dr. Joad, identified in a United Press Dispatch as "philosopher, author and professor at the University of London," has proposed that Britain's marriage laws be altered to allow men to take a number of mates.

Dr. Joad is quoted: "I, for instance, like the company of different women for different purposes—one to go out to dinner with, another to go to church with, another to cook for me, another to mother me, another to play games with and another to make love to."

That makes the odds six to one against Dr. Joad. Dr. Joad, if he's been around much, must know that very few men get to paying surtaxes on six to one shots.

In figuring out a schedule for a six wife batting order—which is something that should be done before it's too late—the team probably would go on a weekly timetable about like this:

Amaryllis, the wife to go out to dinner with—Four times a week. Unless Amaryllis knows the places that have made arrangements with the Black Market and unless Dr. Joad is lush with shillings, she can count on one of the four sessions being at a fish and chip coop where she will have to perch her fanny on a peg or stool. She will have to try to turn on her charm where there are no soft, flattering lights. A great risk in one of those places is that Amaryllis may see in them a soldier, sailor, marine or shipbuilder who looks like he would be good to go out with after going out to dinner. That would leave Dr. Joad with the check for a souvenir.

Priscilla, the wife to go to church with—Twice a week. Sunday and prayer meeting night. Every time the parson referred to the seventh commandment, Priscilla probably would nudge her gentleman friend and whisper: "What are you, a man or a louse; letting him make that crack at us?" The gentleman friend would get dirty looks when the plate was passed, and he only tossed a tuppence in. The tuppence would be about all he could spare after feeding Amaryllis out four nights a week.

Liza, the wife to cook for him—The three dinners he doesn't eat with Amaryllis, seven lunches and seven breakfasts. That's the starting schedule, but the chances are that with six wives the gentleman will develop nervous indigestion to the extent that Liza's job probably would slump off to soft-boiling an egg, fixing a thin slice of toast and whipping up a batch of the ulcer remedy. Liza, whose mad passion is stirred by the valves on a cookstove, would become untrue and share her ration card and her talent with the air-raid warden, the meter reader and the janitor.

Chloe, the wife to mother him—Once a month to sign his report card from school. He would have no need of mothering in the cookie-baking line, because Liza, the cook-wife could take care of that. Say the guy is weaned, and would not need mothering of matronly sweater-girl specifications; and would wash well behind his ears, and say his prayers without being reminded. Well, what else would he need a mother for, except to sign his report card and write excuses to teacher?

Daphne, the wife to play games with—Here is the one who really would have to be a busy girl. *Who's Who* lists Dr. Joad's recreations as "tennis, hockey, walking, chess, bridge, looking at maps of the Lake district." It should not be difficult to get a candidate for a six-wife covey who could play tennis, chess and bridge. But what of a wife who would respond to an invitation to "shake it up, babe, Daddy wants to play hockey?" In the first place, a gentleman should only play hockey with lady hockey players after the gentleman has been conditioned by six months in a Ranger training camp.

Lady hockey players usually are very sturdy and virile specimens who would bat the bejezis and send rolling head over hams any gentleman who kidded himself he could get into condition by training with six wives.

And as for getting a wife who has Daddy's slippers ready waiting for him to come home and play looking at maps of the Lake district; well just about the time a man discovered such a jewel after a long search, a man in white would intrude and take the lady back to the institution. The bereft spouse would be left with a bunch of Lake district maps on his hands and nobody to play them with.

Rosamund—The wife to make love to. Something seems to indicate that when the roster includes five other wives, Rosamund will have plenty of time for keeping up with the latest books and movies. It is chivalrous, however, of Dr. Joad, who was born in 1891, to have the assortment include a wife for loving. This can be on a high spiritual plane if both of the loving couple get in that mood at the same time.

Experience of many who have run some test heats on the six-wife idea is that each woman is apt to get the notion she is the wife to make love to. The cook stove wife may consider as part of the deal, her loving six-time papa giving her at least an adoring pat on the sunny south as she's bending over the cookstove and letting her pores drip onto the skillet. The game-playing wife, when gazing at a map of the Lake district in deep study and thinking of the jolly times Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth spent in that territory, might get in the frame of mind for a little loving herself.

In fact about the only wife of the stable who might not rate herself as a competitor of the wife-to-be-made-love-to possibly would be the wife-to-go-out-to-dinner-with. That woman would be no dummy in calling her shots on the menu and elsewhere. When it came time for the over-sexed spouse to get around to his loving assignment, the feeding female might also have other arrangements in mind, and out of the entire sextette she might be the one least inclined to cause any loving trouble. As long as the six-timing boy chum would show up in time for her to tuck her bib up, she would be easy to get along with.

Dr. Joad, in telling about the interesting possibilities of six wives per gent, quoted George Bernard Shaw as saying that any woman worth her salt would prefer a fifth share of a first-rate man to a whole share of a fifth-rate man. That may be O.K. as far as salty women are concerned, but salt is a dime a bag and such a bag as Shaw had in mind probably could not get a better break than a fifth of a first-rate man.

If you read Mr. Shaw's biography by Hesketh Pearson, and check back on the references to Mr. Shaw's unrapturous clinical ventures with women, you may be disinclined to regard Shaw as complete authority. He can be dismissed from the stand when it comes to taking testimony about an enthusiastic unvegetarian lady who would take a bite out of a sweetheart's near ear by way of registering hearty endorsement of the prevailing circumstances.

This merry-go-round Dr. Joad proposes as a putative improvement on matrimony has been tried by numerous historical characters whose experiences were by no means idyllic. Solomon, reputedly the wisest of men, "loved many strange women," and he had 700 wives and 300 concubines. He could play looking at maps of lake districts until the maps ran out of lakes. Profound students of scriptural and secular history have found that Solomon's lot was not a happy one, notwithstanding the tradition. Although his income for one year of his reign was more than 20,000,000 dollars, he wound up having to sell part of his kingdom to get out of hock. He had to sweat his subjects until civil war broke out. And, as a result of alliances with various wives of various religions, in his old age, instead of having just one special wife to go to church with, per the Joad line-up, Solomon had to drop dimes into so many different plates he was condemned as being guilty of apostasy from Yahweh.

It doesn't take many wives to go through 20,000,000 dollars a year if the ladies have real talent and are spurred by the competitive spirit which is bound to develop in such harems as Dr. Joad suggests. With all the talk there is about a 25,000 dollar annual income ceiling, it doesn't seem that Joad has picked the best of all times to propose polygamy.

The daring David left in history a record which luminously revealed that wives and trouble are practically one word. The fracas with Goliath wasn't even a warm-up compared with the jams David got into when he added the late Saul's harem to his menage and acquired an additional hundred headaches per wife per day as a minimum.

Brigham Young, who had twenty-seven wives during his life, was not a sensual person, according to valid evidence. The Prophet took a plurality of wives as a burden to be assumed only by the strongest of the chosen, rather than as companions for his different moods. In making the great trek west with a multitude of wives as backseat drivers of a prairie schooner, the Prophet, Seer and Revelator certainly must have looked forward to the appalling task of making the Utah desert bloom as a relief he had richly earned by his suffering during the migration.

Back of Dr. Joad's proposal of polygamy is his expressed belief it might absorb Britain's preponderance of women.

The latest peacetime census (1931) of England, Scotland and Wales registered as single or widowed—10,672,841 men and 13,844-227 women. That would make it necessary for a British gentleman to have only one wife and a twenty-nine per cent interest in another one to balance the matrimonial status of the sexes. It would be just the luck of a lot of men to draw the twenty-ninth per cent of a woman that wanted to play looking at maps of the Lake District.

But the strange feature of the British census figures for 1931 is that they record 9,363,983 married men in England, Scotland and Wales and 9,492,062 married women in the same countries. There being 129,079 more married women than married men in England, Scotland and Wales, according to the official count, the surplus must be married to the census takers, on the Joad plan. With Dr. Joad recommending six wives per gent, that arrangement would require 21,514 5/6 census takers. The 5/6ths of a census taker would have to tie up with the lady who isn't worth her salt, otherwise George Bernard Shaw would be wrong, and that, old chap, simply can't be permitted.

Leaving the five-sixths of a man with the woman who isn't worth her salt, the other 21,514 guys would be kept busy—and happy, we hope—with the 129,079 mar-

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Last Raid of the *H-for-'arry*

Doomed for the boneyard the creaking old bomber carried her superstitious crew on one final flip over Germany

by ARCH WHITEHOUSE

• FICTION •

THE air crew of H-for-'Arry was glum when it walked from the WINC's office and piled into the tender outside. Flight Lieut. Harvey, Sgt. MacRae the wireless operator, Sgt. Hackett the first pilot, Corporal Tait the amidships gunner, Massey the navigator—and not a word or a smile among them.

"Well," said Jinker Bosworth, the WAAF driver, "Well, what did he say?"

"'Arry's for the boneyard," said Tait.

Jinker searched the eyes of Harvey who sat disconsolate beside her in the front seat.

"It's true," said Harvey. "The WINC says fifty-nine operational flights are too much. We'll take her up tonight and that will be her last."

Anger broke through Corporal Tait's gloom. "'Sentiment and superstition', he called it. He said we couldn't keep 'Arry in the air just because we thought you brought us luck. I said, 'When we take orf, we allus tells Jinker we'll be back, and 'Arry allus brings us back.' And he said Harvey should stop fraternizing with non-com ranks of the WAAF . . ."

Hackett and Massey had the faces of pallbearers.

"Run us over to the dispersal bay. I want to make sure they're bombing up for tonight," said Harvey. "This is 'Arry's chance to make it sixty."

H-for-'Arry was nuzzling contentedly amid the gnarled trunks of an apple orchard. Gaunt and ponderous he stood like a straining hippo, his gigantic muzzle peering over the branches where possibly the fodder was greener.

A gargoyle of a man with knees like a cab-horse stood beside 'Arry. Before him in glistening white paint ranged H-for-'Arry's war history. Five rows of ten white bombs each and the sixth needed but one more symbol to fill it out.

"Hello, sir!" the artist greeted, jabbing his forehead with the handle of the brush. "If you're going again tonight, I might as well put the other one up. That would balance it up like."

"Not likely. We'll wait until we get back," Harvey said and then caught the eyes of the others who were questioning his obvious pessimism.

Harvey went back to the tender: "You needn't hang around, Jinker," he said avoiding her eyes. "We can get back on one of the lorries."

"All right," she answered cheerfully. "I'll see you for tea—as usual, eh?"

Harvey was rubbing his chin uncertainly and looking back over the oval entrance to H-for-'Arry's booming interior: "I'm beginning to wonder whether the Winco might not be right. It's pushing your luck a bit. There *is* a law of averages."

"Law of averages, bosh!" she said bravely. "You might just as well say that if we didn't have tea together this afternoon—as we always do before you go off; you'd come a cropper. You're just letting figures and symbols strain you. What does it matter whether tonight will be the sixtieth or the tenth? If you engineers didn't keep such ridiculous figures and daub those silly things on the aircraft, you wouldn't even think about it."

"But darling," Harvey began again and then caught his breath and waited until the bomb artist had moved off. "We have to keep records."

"All right," she smiled, glorying in his embarrassment. "What about our thumbs-up tea this afternoon? We can at least keep up that little ceremony."

He looked disconsolate: "It's hardly playing the game with the rest of them you know. They all feel they have a share in you. You should have heard Tait read off his bit about you to Joscylyn."

"Don't be silly. It's only sentiment with the rest of them. With us, it's different," she parried defensively.

"You never know," Harvey murmured. "Maybe we ought to take the Winco's advice . . ."

"And stop taking WAAF drivers to Yardley Gobian for tea?" she demanded.

"No, I mean about letting them put Harry on the obsolescent list."

Jinker sensed the slippage in Harvey's resistance. It wasn't that he was betraying a trust. If he relaxed on one principle now, it would only be a matter of time . . .

"Never mind the tea," she said suddenly, her hand trembling as she gripped his wrist. "You've got a lot to attend to. But Darling—see that 'H' gets back tonight. This will be the one that really counts."

He nodded dubiously, because he was never the real Harvey until he was on the flight engineer's platform: "We'll get him back all right. He's in wizard shape."

"Of course he is. I'll pick you up for briefing and I'll see if I can wangle an extra jar of coffee from our Mess. You might need that—on the way back."

* * *

Jinker was on hand with the tender promptly at 7:30 outside the Plough Inn where the air crew of H-for-'Arry was quartered. It was still light and the activity brought the villagers to open doorways. Corporal Tait brushed three youngsters off the running board and sat next to the girl driver.

The moppets fluttered their pinafores and danced around the tender singing in guttersnipe derision:

"Poor Old Hitler's dead!
He died larst night in bed.
Cut his throat with Sunlight
Soap,
Poor old Hitler's dead!"

"Where do they get 'em?" Tait said with a bewildered air. "We used to sing that about the Kaiser!"

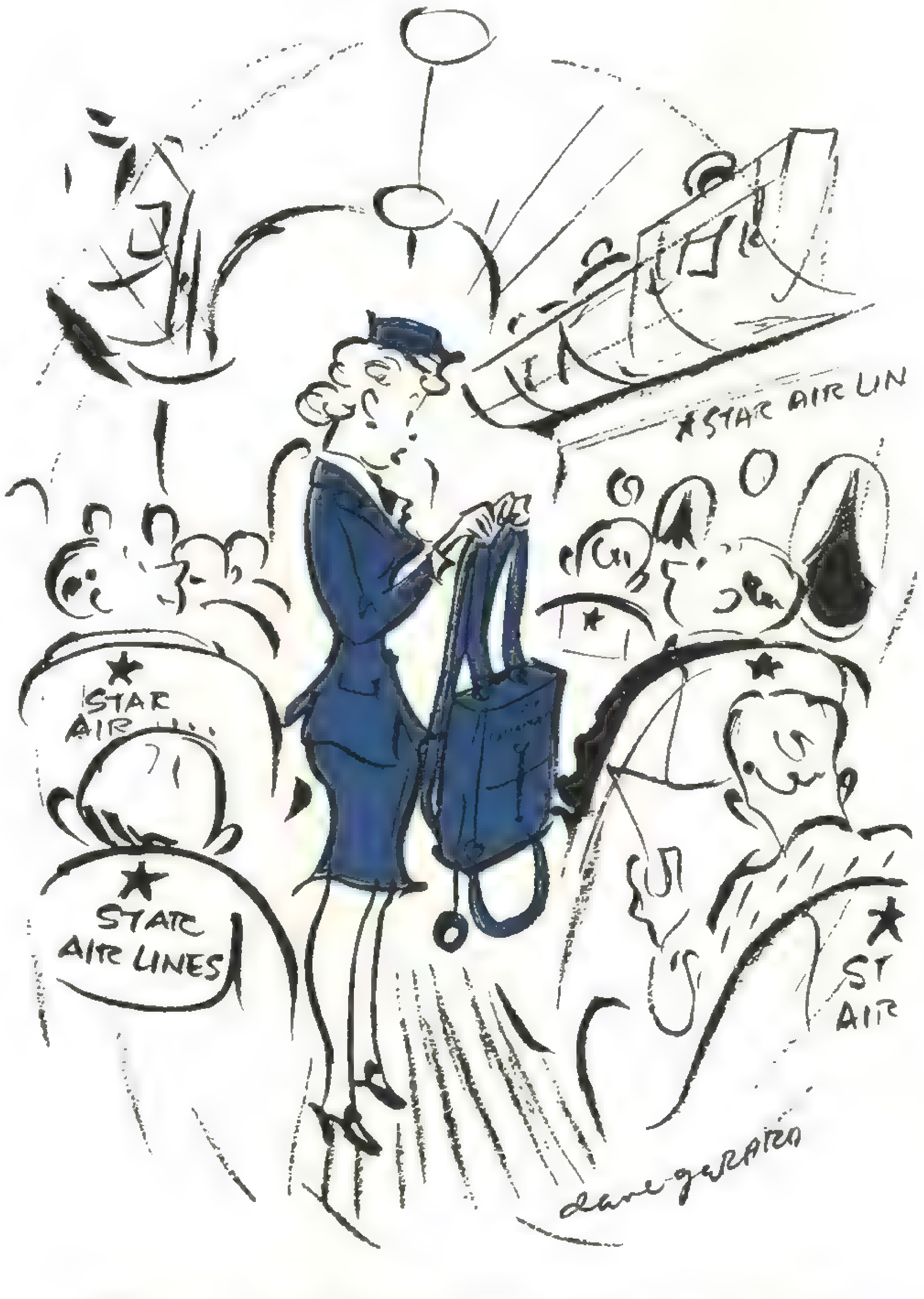
Jinker laughed: "You mean the Boer war, don't you Corporal?"

"None of that now. What did you pinch for us tonight?"

"An extra gallon of hot coffee. That ought to see you home all right."

"Just as long as you're on 'and . . . to bring us in, everything will be all right," Corporal Tait agreed with a warped Whitechapel grin.

Hackett came out with Massey and Symes. As first pilot, Sergeant Hackett was actually captain of the aircraft, but this evening he seemed none too delighted with the prospects. He was grim and



"We are a little behind schedule so we're going non-stop into Washington—do you want to get off at Pittsburgh?"

his command was weighing heavily. Kent, the co-pilot shuffled out completely dressed and dabbed absently at a razor nick on his chin. MacRae and Harvey appeared drawing eagerly on stubs of cigarettes and then flipped them in an arc toward the gutter.

"Shove off," Harvey said slipping in beside Tait. He didn't look at Jinker but twisted and glanced over the seat to make sure they were all there.

"Did you say it would be a long show?" Jinker inquired as she swung the tender around and shot down the hill past the old corn exchange.

"It will be a decent flip, but we should be back by five at the latest —if we get off on time," Harvey explained. "They'll roust you out in time."

MacRae leaned forward from the side seat in the rear: "Did ye no hae tea wie Muster Haarvey this afternoon, lass?"

Harvey reddened.

"No thumbs-up tea today?" demanded Tait aghast.

"There wasn't time," the girl tried to explain. "I had a . . . a kit inspection."

"Then ye'd better orrange tae hae a cup o' tea and a wee pastie wie me lass—thot is, *tomorror* afternoon. Woould ye like thot?" Sergeant MacRae inquired casually.

"Never been known to turn one down," Jinker answered cheerfully.

Harvey sat and listened but made no objection. He sensed that Mac was trying to blot out the fact that another superstition had been ignored.

"We certainly ought to get back from this one," Tait said without moving a muscle. "When Mac offers to stand a tea, anything can happen."

"It probably will," muttered Sergeant Hackett.

"If you can do fifty-nine, you can do sixty," Jinker stated with emphasis as she swung through the old gates of the station and winked at the sentry. "At any rate, I've brought you an extra jug of hot coffee—so you'll have to come back, or I shall get a stripe torn off when they miss the container."

"It'll probably be a quiet show," Harvey said gathering up his gear from the floor.

"I'll be waiting for you. Best of luck," said Jinker trying to produce a smile.

* * *

The take-off was normal and H-for-'Arry slipped into position long before they had roared over Bedford. By the time they were blending with the night purple over Lowestoft, 'Arry had managed to scramble to 8,000 with the rest of them. From there they settled down to a long dreary trek across the North Sea.

At half-hour intervals Hackett contacted Tait in the amidships turret and Symes in the tail. Both gunners had responded with alacrity and by the time they were over Antwerp the Berlin radio went off and MacRae glanced across to where Harvey was standing guard over his flight engineers' panel.

"Just as they were gettin' alang nicely wie *The Blue Danube*," the Scot called across the catwalk.

A battery of searchlights flicked up and combed the sky, crossing and criss-crossing until they caught the glint of the Stirlings. Ack-Ack snarled and crumped about them and Harvey moved up and peered out the astro hatch.

Hackett came aft leaving Kent in charge of the wheel: "It's going to be bad," he grumbled. "Two of the pathfinders have been nailed already!"

"By flak or night fighters?"

"Flak. . . . Good shooting near Essen."

Hackett sat down heavily on Harvey's seat and cupped his face in his gloved hands: "It always happens like this," he complained bitterly. He got up and raged at Harvey: "Why do they always try for these records? Wasn't fifty-nine enough?"

"What are you worrying about?" Harvey bellowed back," you wanted to keep 'H' as much as any of us. We would have had to do this show, anyway."

"All right, but I don't like this one."

"How about a spot of coffee?"

"Not now! Not now! Let's get over the blasted target. This bloody kite creaks like a wicker basket. And shake those gunners up, will you?"

"I'll take care of the gunners. You get back up front—and take over. That's where you belong."

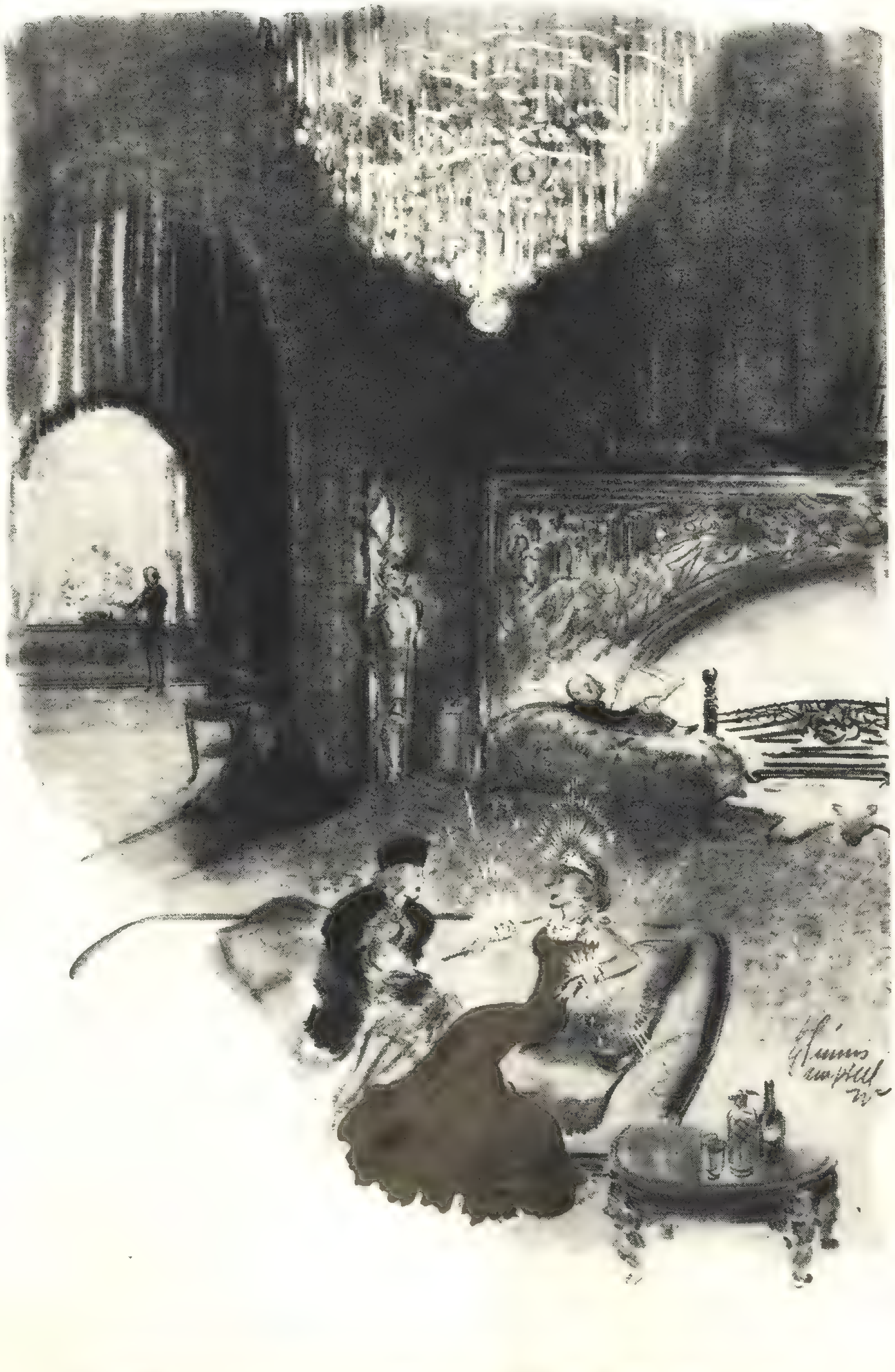
Hackett waved his arms ineffectually and blundered back.

"Ought tae be a fighter pilot," MacRae said pointing after Hackett. "These lods canna take these long shows. They blaw oop!"

"He'll be all right when things begin to hum," Harvey said.

Mac turned back to his set, listened carefully and began to jot down a message: "We're tae slip into line-astern. A signal fra the squadron leader," he explained holding the message up in front of

Continued on page 159



"I never have to worry about why I ever married him"

Bombardier's Last Breath

by JOHN FALTER

The Exploit of the Bombardier

Mortally wounded, through sheer will power Lt. Jack Mathis made Death wait while he fulfilled his mission

by PAUL GALLICO

THE mystery about First Lieutenant Jack Mathis, bombardier of the Flying Fortress, *The Dutchess*, is not how he died, but when he died. The "How" is answered simply; in the performance of his duty. It is the "When" that takes us into the wonderful, unfathomable realm of the spirit of man.

Texas Jack Mathis had earned the title "hero" long before his last ride over Germany, depicted in this second canvas of the epic series of the men of America at war. He had already flown fourteen missions over enemy territory. It was on the fifteenth that he achieved immortality.

When *The Dutchess* smoked the English runway with her big wheels after the punishing raid on the U-boat works at Vegesack, near Bremen Germany, the body of Bombardier Lieutenant Mathis was taken from the shattered nose of the huge battle bird. A burst from a "*Flieger-Abwehr-Kanone*," the dreaded "Flak," had knocked him away from his bombsight just as Pilot Captain Harold Stouse guided the ship in the steady bombing run over the sprawling target below.

The doctor who examined the dreadful wounds in chest, side and back, of which he had died, said that they must have killed him instantly, that he could not have survived the impact of the metal that struck him down. The boy, he deduced, never knew what hit him. One moment he was bent over his bombsight weaving the cross hairs into the target; the next, a black burst, a searing blow and eternal darkness.

Medically, and perhaps factually, the diagnosis was correct. But spiritually and equally factually there is another story, and the story has a witness, First Lieutenant Jesse H. Elliott, the navigator of the Flying Fortress, who occupied the nose compartment with Lieutenant Mathis.

And there were still other witnesses. There was Pilot Captain Stouse who heard a word sing through his ears on the interphone. And there was the crew of the Fortress next in formation who saw the deadly spawn come tumbling out of the belly of Mathis's ship to split the target and send it heaving in chunks up into the smoky air.

And that was seconds after Bombardier Mathis had been struck and knocked backwards out of his shattered bombing seat.

During those seconds, Navigator Elliott watched Mathis roll himself over onto his hands and knees and crawl forward again to his unharmed bombsight. His movements were slow, almost reflective, and had about them a kind of irritated, dogged stubbornness, the resentful movements of a man who has been unreasonably interfered with in the performance of an important and interesting piece of work.

Mathis reached the bombsight. He knelt and squinted through the eyepiece. The navigator thought it was queer that he worked the control and sighting knobs with his left hand until he noticed the right hanging limp.

The target was in line. The navigator glanced at his watch to time the flight of the bombs. The bombardier removed his left hand from his knobs. His fingers reached for and found the solenoid switch. His head took the characteristic little bombardier's hunch forward at the kill as he pressed his eye still tighter to the finder. He touched the switch. *The Dutchess* bucked, freed from the ton load.

"Bombs . . .", said Lieutenant Mathis over the interphone. The pilot and the co-pilot heard him, the navigator at his side, the gunner parked in the tail and the gunner in the belly blister, the engineer and the radio operator. "Bombs . . ." but not "Bombs away!" which is Air Force and Regulation.

Only the navigator at that juncture knew what had become of the missing word and too, what had become of Bombardier Mathis. He looked up in time to see him reach for the lever to close the bomb bay doors, push on it and fall over backwards.

The enemy cannoneers on the ground had killed him. But Bombardier Mathis had also destroyed his target and completed his mission.

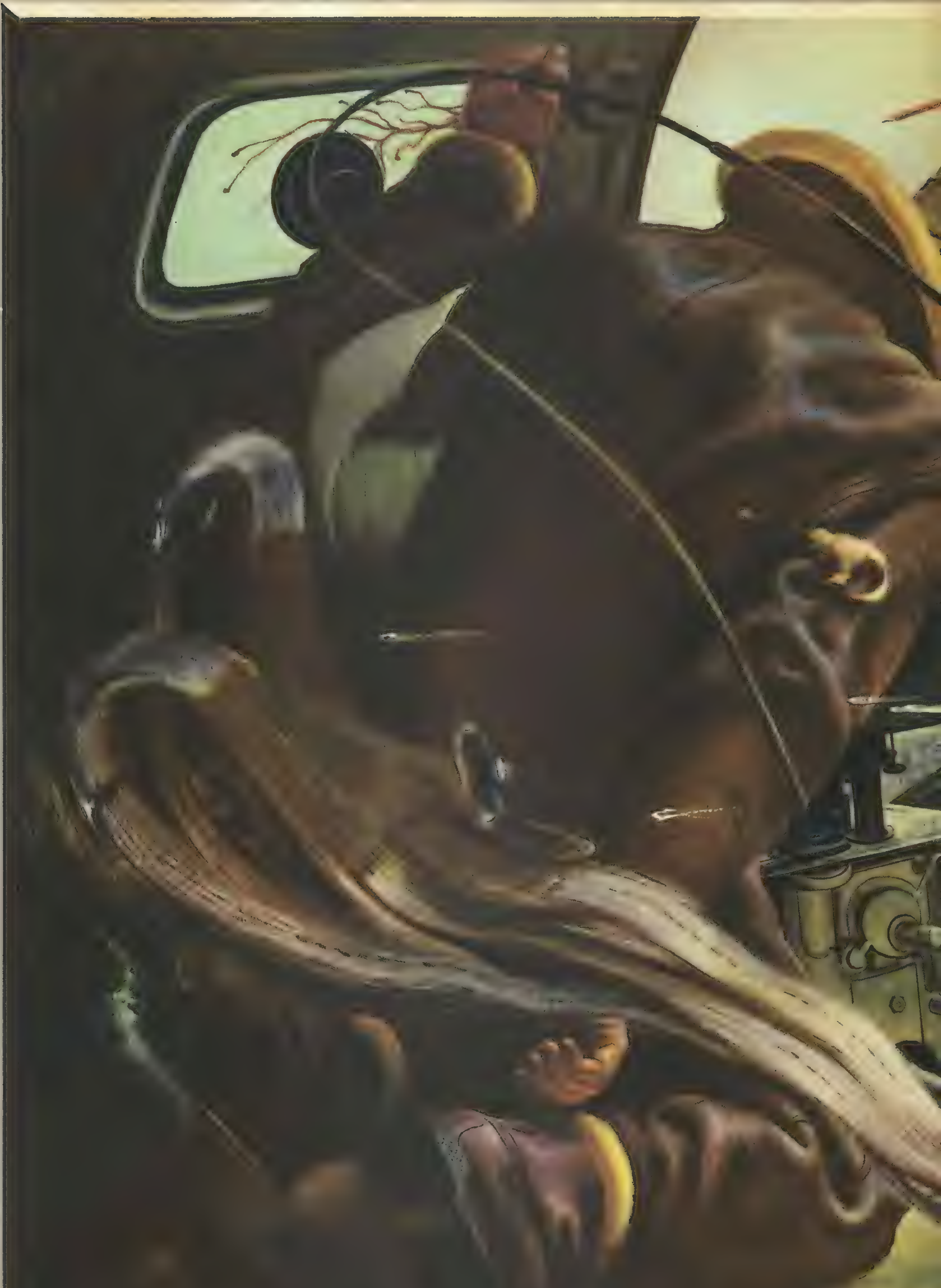
Heroism is natural to war. During those mysterious seconds from the time that he was struck his mortal blow until his dead or dying finger pressed the switch, this twenty-two year old boy transcended heroism, for in what he did was no longer heroism, but only the purest manifestation of the indomitable will and spirit of an American.

Into the broken nose-cubicle of the bomber swept not only the winds from enemy skies, but the divine breath that animates the youth of our country.

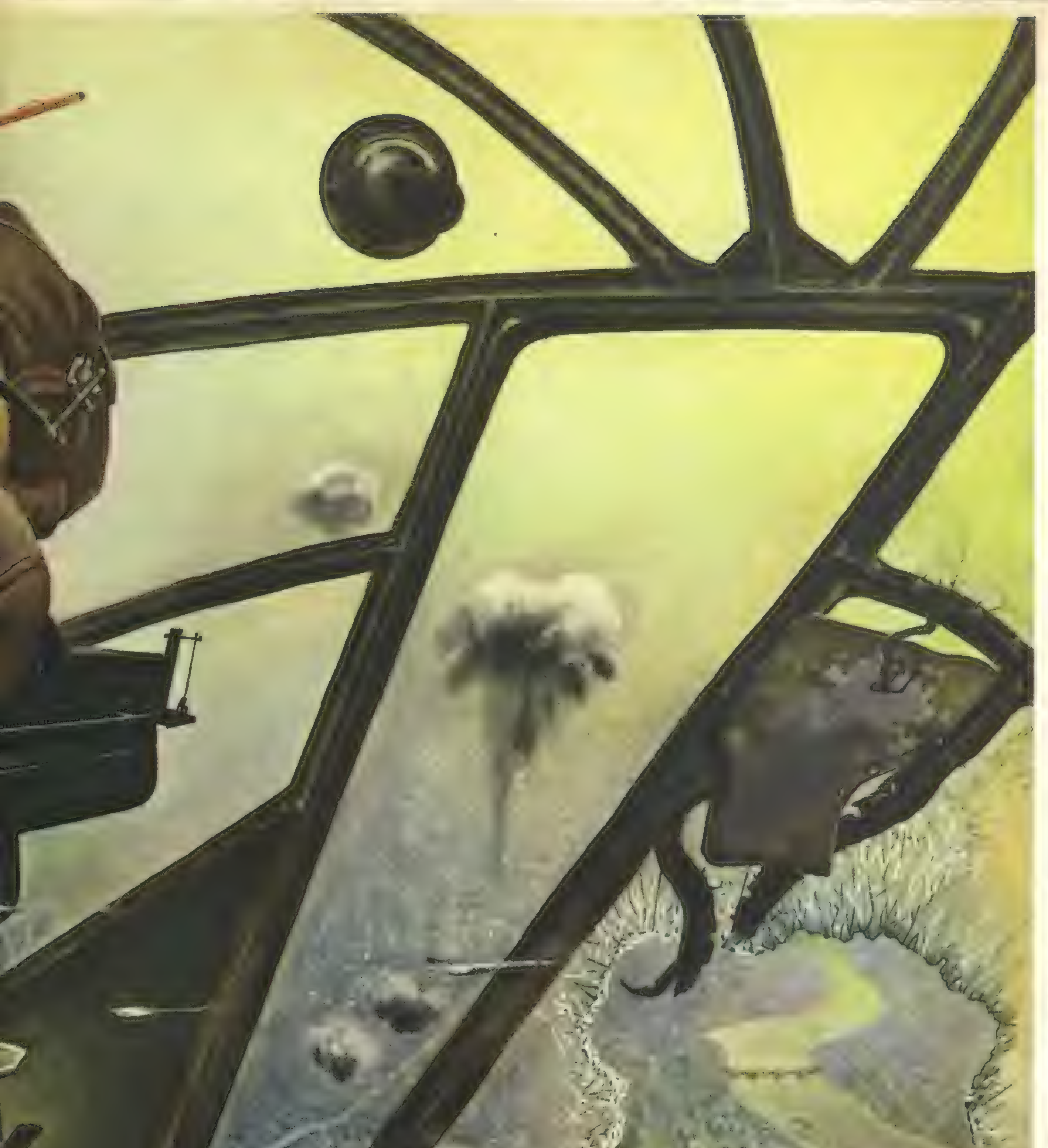
No man can tell the thoughts of young Mathis in the greatest and most beautiful moment of his brief life, but one may guess that perhaps there were no thoughts at all, but only that rising gorge at being balked at the moment of accomplishment and victory, the instinctive reaction to the inextinguishable flame of competition, the same unconquerable will to win that brings a fighter up from the floor, that hurls an exhausted, fatigue-blinded runner five more strides to the tape, that sees the downed ball carrier fight for that last forward inch of ground.

In the slow, agonizing progress he made back to his post, in the will to deny the death that had come to him until he had rung up the score for his team, Mathis was speaking for his kind, the millions upon millions like him, the men of this country.

The "How" and the "When" of his passing in the light of this story somehow becomes less important, or what the doctor said, or where he lies today, for perhaps the truth might well be that young Mathis did not die at all, nor ever will . . . #



BOMBARDIER'S LAST BREATH, *painted especially for Esquire by John Falter*



39117
JOHN FALTER

VACATION REVERIE

It seems so strange to be here all alone,
And yet I dream that you are by my side . . .
I'm really proud, Sweetheart, the way I've grown
To think of all you do with so much pride . . .
You know the way I used to be at first—
All fears because our plans had gone astray,
All tears because a shining bubble burst—
But now I see things clearer ev'ry day;

You're making sure that we will hold this land
And keep the simple things that mean so much . . .
Vacation days . . . love letters in the sand . . .
And summer nights when hands and hearts can touch . . .
And we can watch a misty moon ride high
And laugh beneath our own star-spangled sky!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

Child's Play for the Experts

Guggenheim is fun for parties, an amusing way to test your powers of association and general knowledge

by **MARK ASHLEY**

▪ ARTICLE ▪

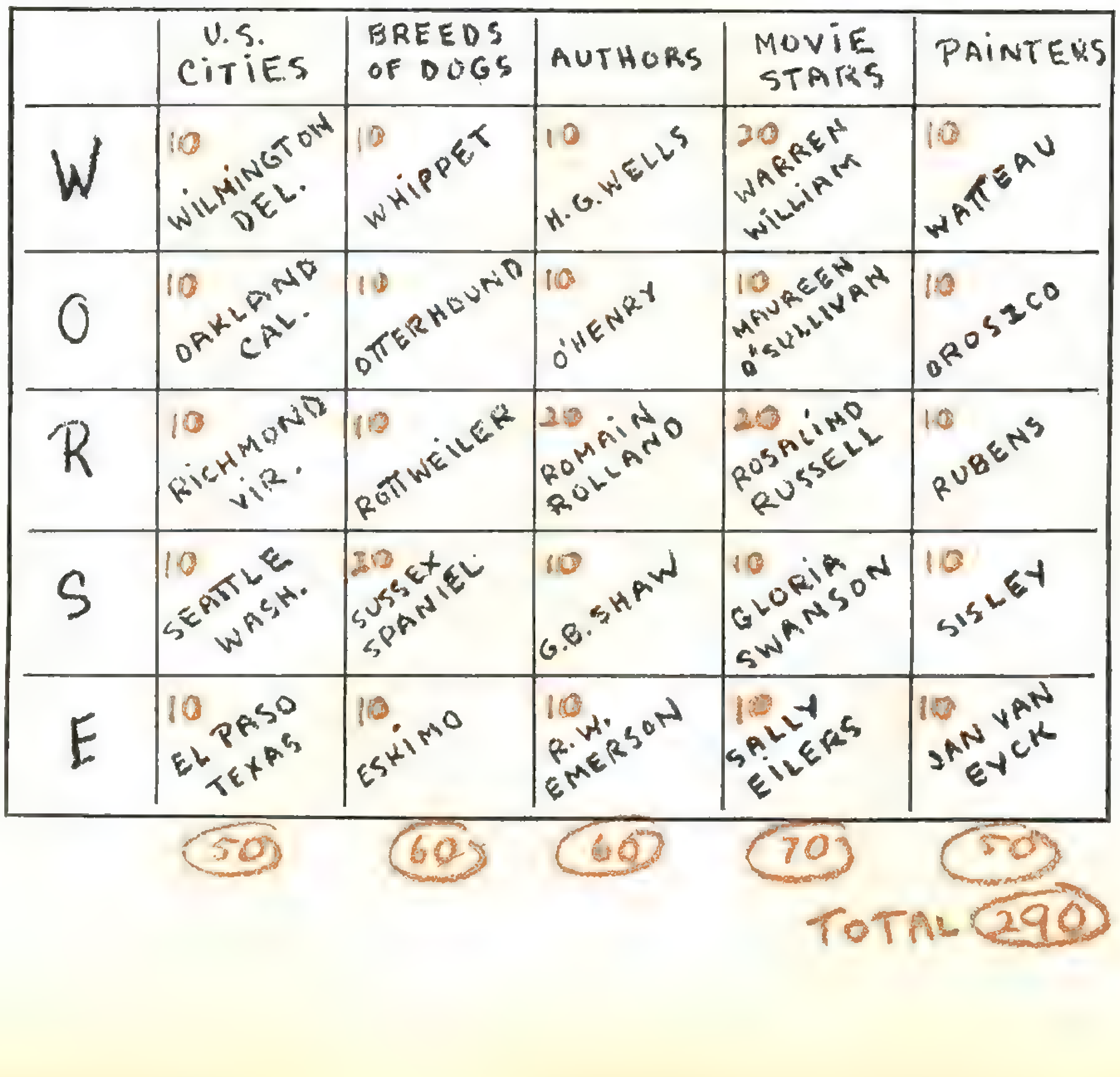
PERHAPS the most exciting intellectual and gambling game of recent years is Guggenheim—a test of memory agility and general information.

The game has a strange fascination: it is a subtle challenge to your powers of association, and to your store of useless information. We guarantee that once you start playing it, you will keep at it until the pencil drops from your hands as a result of organic fatigue or premature palsy.

Guggenheim is a game based on the rapid association of names and objects. It can be played by any number of persons, and can be made as easy or as difficult as the background of the players warrants. The primary object is to list a series of items in each of five previously agreed-on categories within a given time limit. Five letters are chosen; and it is necessary to find a name in each of the categories beginning with each of the five letters. Scoring is based on the number of words put down within the official time, subject to certain bonuses and penalties.

Procedure

On a plain sheet of paper—one for each player—rule off twenty-five boxes by drawing six horizontal lines, and six vertical lines, as shown below, right. The names of the categories are to be listed, from left to right, above each vertical column. Each of the five letters of a five-letter word is to be written at the left, at the beginning of each horizontal column.



	U.S. CITIES	BREEDS OF DOGS	AUTHORS	MOVIE STARS	PAINTERS
W	10 WILMINGTON DEL.	10 WHIPPET	10 H.G.WELLS	20 WARREN WILLIAM	10 WATTEAU
O	10 OAKLAND CAL.	10 OTTERHOUND	10 O'HENRY	10 MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN	10 OROSZCO
R	10 RICHMOND VIR.	10 ROTTWEILER	20 ROMAIN ROLLAND	20 ROSALIND RUSSELL	10 RUBENS
S	10 SEATTLE WASH.	20 SUSSEX SPANIEL	10 G.B.SHAW	10 GLORIA SWANSON	10 SISLEY
E	10 EL PASO TEXAS	10 ESKIMO	10 R.W. EMERSON	10 SALLY EILERS	10 JAN VAN EYCK
	50	60	60	70	50

TOTAL 290

Selecting the Categories

Each player in turn names one of the categories until five have been selected. Players speak up, in order, from left to right. Categories must be of a general nature, and agreed to by all. Possible categories include the following:

Authors, animals, architects, actors and actresses (1. Stage, 2. Screen, 3. Radio).

Cocktails, Capitals of Countries, Capitals of States, Countries, Cities of the U. S., Cities of the World, Colors, Comedians, Commentators, Cigarettes.

Dances, Types of Drinks, Dogs.

Flowers, Furs.

Gems, Geniuses, Games.

Hobbies, Hotels of New York, Hotels of the World, Historical Personalities.

Inventors, Instruments (mechanical), Instruments (surgical), Instruments (musical), Insects.

Names of Movies, Materials (fabrics), Materials (industrial), Musical Compositions, Musicians, Mathematicians, Meats, Monuments, Mountains (peaks), Mountains (ranges), Types of Money.

Operas.

Poets, Poems (first lines), Poems (titles), Professions, Philosophers, Painters, Famous Paintings.

Rivers (of the U. S.), Rivers (of the World), Religions.

Singers, Sports, Statesmen (living), Statesmen (general), Stars (astronomical), Songs, Sculptors.

Selecting the Letters

The letters to be used will be given by any five-letter word, written vertically. The players at the left of the room select the first five-letter word to be used by picking up a book or magazine, opening it at random, and finding the first five-letter word on the page that is turned up. After each game, the task of picking the word is rotated, clockwise, to the next player.

Time

The game begins, automatically, as soon as the five-letter word has been named. The official duration of a game is ten minutes.

Permissible listings

All proper names must be listed under the alphabetic classification of the last name. Von Tirpitz, is classified under T; de Koven under K, Fra Filippo Lippi under L. In case of dispute, the listing of a biographical dictionary or gazetteer can be taken as authority.

Where a pen name exists, as in the case of "Mark Twain" for Samuel Clemens, either last name is acceptable.

No liberties are allowed with the classification given a personality by the standard biographical dictionaries. Michaelangelo, for example, is listed as poet, painter, architect, and sculptor. He can logically be listed under any of these headings. It is not permissible, however, by stretching terminology, to classify him as author or philosopher.

The names of amateurs, or not-yet recognized figures, are not allowed. A friend who paints is not to be classified as a painter; the local literary lion is not necessarily an author. Listing in some nationally-accepted catalog, index, or survey is required.

Scoring

10 points for a name or word not listed by any other player.

5 points for a name or word not listed by any two participants.

3 points for a name or word not listed by three players.

1 point if the same name or word is used by more than three.

Doubles and Triples for Alliteration

If a player can list a name in which the first and last words begin with the same letter, as "Addis Abbaba," or "Mary Martin," his score for that box is doubled. If he has triple alliteration, as "Wee Willie Winkie," or "Mary Miles Minter," his score for that box is tripled.

Totalling

At the conclusion of the game, each player passes his paper to the man on his right for scoring. The player who names the five-letter words reads off, and each other player, in clockwise order, reads the answer listed on the paper given him for scoring, and notes in each box the score for that item. When all boxes have been read, he adds up the total.

MULTIPLE GUGGENHEIM

This is a variation for experts, a severe test of association, mental agility, and strategy in the division of effort.

Instead of one item in each box, the player is allowed to include as many listings as possible. Example: for cities under R, instead of listing simply "Rome," or "Rochester," the player could have: "Rabat, Radnor, Ragusa (in Dalmatia), Ragusa (in Sicily), Rangoon, Ratisbon, Reading (in England), Reading (in Pennsylvania), Reading (in Massachusetts), Rome (in Italy), Rome (in Georgia), Rome (in N.Y.)., etc.

Time

Fifteen minutes, instead of ten.

Scoring

As in ordinary Guggenheim, except that a penalty of twenty-five points is applied for every box left blank. The player will thus have to decide whether to concentrate his time on categories which will multiply his score by reason of the wealth of material, or whether to avoid penalties by finding items to fill in every division of every category. ⵌ

How to Case a Trout Stream

Dick Miller, winner of many fly casting titles, has a formula for trout fishing which includes the home life of nymphs

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

• SPORTS •

There was ill-concealed sniggering along the bank of the Madison river near the town of West Yellowstone, Montana, that evening when Dick Miller, fly rod in hand, stepped into the stream.

It was just a little joke the guides of the region were going to have at the expense of the icthyologist, entomologist and world's record holding fly caster.

You see, he had been up there the year before as plain Richard Miller of Huntington Beach, California, a small-town gas company superintendent out for a vacation and some casual fishing. The trouble was, that Miller had outguided the guides by locating for his party of friends the best spots and the biggest fish.

So, when Dick and his party put in an appearance, the guides decided they would have a little fun. They got word to him that trout were striking insanely at this spot in the river. Actually, the stream had been hard fished; the water was high and roily and the number of trout caught all season wouldn't make one good mess.

It was around noon when Miller walked down to "case" the stream. From his mass of equipment he took a thermometer and checked surface and depth temperatures. He gave light conditions the once-over with a meter. He studied the current, took water samples, made a minute study of insect life and otherwise explored the stream while the giggling guides, surrounded by a knot of citizens looked on.

Along about two hours before sundown Miller returned, armed for action. The spectators followed him to the bank just to see the fun, because the man who fished by test tube, meter and thermometer was about to feel very foolish.

Miller waded out into the stream. With careful, quartering casts he flipped a fly in long sweeps only a few inches over the water. Thirty or forty times the fly actionized back and forth in ever-lengthening loops.

The silence was deafening.

Then the fly dropped lightly on the rippling surface. At the same instant the stream became alive. The line tightened like a string on a fiddle. The rod bent in a beautiful arc and in no time at all Dick had landed a beautiful Loch Leven trout, weight four pounds.

The fish didn't jump. He just sucked the fly under and immediately started down stream with it.

There wasn't a laugh left in that knot of onlookers. Their eyes were bulging. Mouths were wide open.

Miller added insult to injury. Within the hour he had landed seven fish with a weight limit of fifteen pounds.

One of the citizens was heard to mumble something about "that guy" being able to catch trout in a dusty street. Which Dick denies. He knows it isn't ichthyologically possible.

"How did I know fish were there?" asked Miller. "Well, my studies showed May flies in a subaquatic state on the bottom of the stream. Temperature tests indicated that when the stream warmed later in the afternoon these would start hatching.

"Anytime there is a surface hatch, trout are bound to come out to feed."

It was simple, like that. And Miller had one more laugh coming at the expense of those guides. He told them there would be a similar hatch in August; sent some friends back up there at that time and they also caught weight limits.

"My water samples did that. When I got back home I figured out the alchemistry from the water, and with my knowledge of the May fly I knew a hatch could be expected at that time."

That's what you call putting a scientific twist to the famous expression that you have to be smarter than the fish to catch 'em. Miller's studies have convinced him of certain things which blast many fishing foibles. He says:

1—The light or dark of the moon has nothing whatever to do with whether fish are biting.

"Just think, Cleopatra probably bathed in this pool—I wonder where she left the soap"

2—Direction of the wind has no effect on where and when trout strike.

3—Air temperatures have no bearing. Some of his best catches have been made during snow flurries.

4—Trout definitely are color conscious.

5—Wet fly fishing is a misnomer.

6—Dry fly fishing is the least likely to succeed of all artificial lures.

Boiled down, his formula for trout fishing is to find out where trout are, what they are feeding on and present these insects in reasonably accurate facsimile.

And he has some pet theories about fishing tackle that will not make the manufacturer happy. Although he has 8,000 dollars' worth of equipment, obtained for experimental purposes, he personally uses a fifty dollar set of rod, reel and line. This business of spending two or three hundred dollars for equipment isn't going to impress the fish. Most of the lures, he contends, are made to attract the eye of the fisherman and not the fish.

If you don't know (1) the habits of the trout, (2) the most intimate love and family life of lake and stream insects, and (3) proper mechanics of casting, the best equipment in the world won't help you catch trout.

Although Dick has been fishing all his life, his experience in tournament fly casting is of recent vintage. In fact, he didn't realize he owned superior talent in this until he happened to run into Zane Grey, the late author and sportsman, while fishing for steelhead on the north fork of the Umqua river, in Oregon.

Dick did not recognize the famous writer and fisherman when he happened onto him that day. The author complained that he wasn't able quite to reach a riffle in the river where he knew the fish were feeding.

Miller offered to show him how he could lengthen his cast with a double pull on the line during the back cast. Grey tried it. The fly reached out to the desired spot and the fun was on.

Dick had read of the national tournament being held in Portland at the time and he began to wonder if perhaps he didn't have some knowledge not common in the game if he could help Zane Grey. So he went to the tournament—as a spectator.

When he returned home, he started a series of experiments on a training program that pointed for the national championships the next year at Buffalo.

As a dark-horse starter, he whipped a No. 12 trout fly out 183 feet with a rod restricted in weight to five and three-quarters ounces. And he came up with three world's records including one of 1,058 feet for a total of six casts with a salmon and distance fly.

Since that time he never has failed to come home with one title or another, and currently holds the Western salmon fly mark of 209 feet which also is better than existing world records.

"My catching ability promptly improved seventy-five per cent after I went into tournament casting," said Dick.

To give you an idea of his ability, he can flick the ashes off a cigarette at fifty feet and can cast a five-ounce plug between the goal posts the length of a regulation football field with a light bait casting rod.

In casting, he considers accuracy the first item of importance but only a fraction above distance. They go hand in hand, he insists.

"There is one fundamental rule in casting," he explains. "The rod is a spring. The line is the weight that propels the leader and fly to its objective.

"In order to get rod spring there is only one arc, whether applied horizontally or vertically. The power application in fly casting is with the forearm swinging from the elbow, not the wrist. It starts at 10 o'clock on the watch with 12 pointed straight up. You swing the rod back to 12, hesitate long enough to permit the line to unfold back of you; let the rod tip go back to 1 o'clock and then whip the rod back to 10.

"Casting a line with a narrow loop enables you to drop the fly on the water before the leader and line alight."

For all practical purposes, the fisherman who masters this technique can cast accurately with as much as 120 feet of line in the air.

"Keep the fly in the air, sweeping it back and forth as close to the spot of placement as possible. If you do this in dry fly fishing, you never need to use oil to dry the lure. It dries out in the air. And there is still another advantage. That fly in flight tantalizes the trout.

"You determine the proper time to let the fly drop in the water by the ripples on the surface, caused by the movement of the fish."

Presentation of the fly, he insists, is the most important element to dry fly fishing, because the trout has no time to study the insect in flight. Entirely secondary is the type of fly used; its color and its makeup.

"And don't let anyone tell you a trout is color-blind," he cautions. "In fact, I am firmly convinced that it is very conscious of color. I have made numerous tests in casting tanks to prove the point for my own satisfaction.

"A number of years ago the late Art Neu of Newark, New Jersey visited me. A foremost bait fisherman and staunch believer in the theory that trout cannot detect color, he made a series of tests with me on fishing trips into the High Sierras of California. He too, was convinced, when he departed."

The filtration of light through the hackles of a fly gives it the resemblance to insect types and Miller always goes fishing equipped to tie any fly conditions may dictate. In this, his study of refracted light gives him a lot of help and not a few of his fly patterns are revolutionary.

Wet fly fishing, he contends, is largely a misnomer. A wet fly, as such, says he, is a dead female insect and a very small source of food supply for trout.

By the same token, the dry fly fishing is limited, due to the fact that the actual hours when insects are hatching is small by comparison.

Aquatic fly fishing, on the other hand, is a bug of a different wing.

"Unfortunately," says our expert, "only a few of the hundreds of thousands of trout fishermen in this country are conversant with the fishing by aquatic or 'nymph' fly, although the facts of the case are that your chances of good catches are greatest with these.

"Any entomologist will tell you that stream and lake insects spend the greater share of their lives in the sub-aquatic stage. Since there are few hatches of the dry fly stage taking place, it stands to reason that a fisherman, to be successful, must acquire the skill of fishing with the aquatic fly.

"The casting of this lure is much the same as that of the dry fly, except that you drop it delicately in 'dead' water in the current and let it float naturally to the fish."

Each type of aquatic fly, Miller

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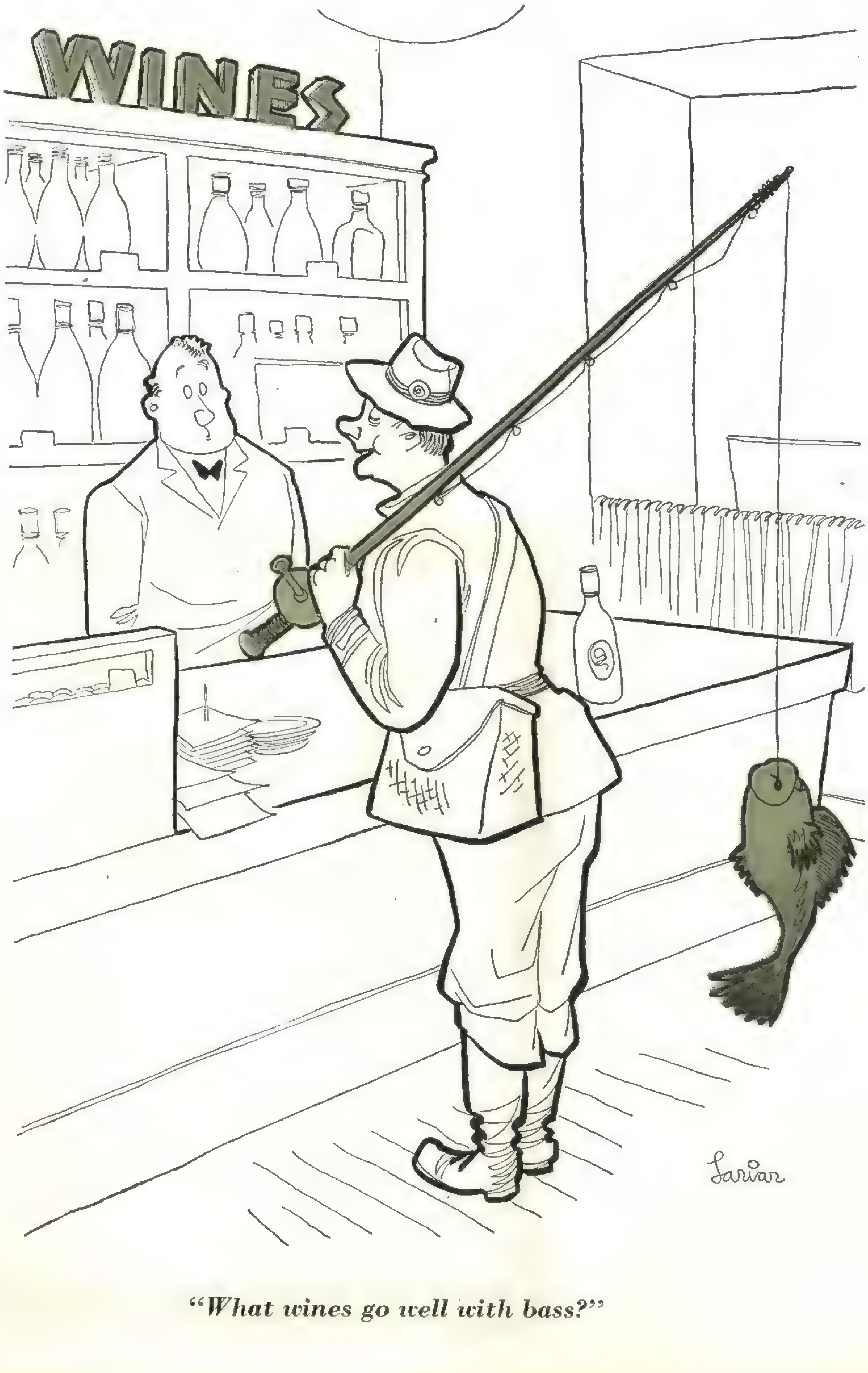


"What wines go well with bass?"

Carry On, Mr. Barnes

The third mate was only twenty, and a first-trip officer, so he was sure to have trouble with the shipwrecked crew

by ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

• FICTION •

There were fifteen of them in the boat. Watson, the little steward, was unconscious, with a shell splinter somewhere inside him and half of his face in shreds. Mr. Chalmers, the first mate, was already dying, his flannel shirt wet with blood. Saunders, the bosun, was standing up midships, swearing thickly, and shaking his great fists at the submarine submerging in the moonlit sea, while young Mr. Barnes, the third mate, had taken over the tiller aft. Everyone was dazed. It had all been so sudden. The first torpedo at eight bells, midnight. The second a minute later. And then the little freighter *Chloris*, San Francisco to Callao, was sliding under with a broken back: One life boat cleared away, and the sub surfacing to shell that. Mr. Chalmers, the mate, plucked at the third mate's sleeve.

"Never mind trying to fix me," he whispered. "This is 'it' for me. . . . You'll take over, Barnes. Keep her heading east for the coast if you can. You'll maybe have trouble. Some of the men . . . aren't too sound. The bosun's good, but an old timer. He won't like . . . you . . . being a first-trip officer and trying to handle things. . . . Got to show 'em, son. Remember to ration everything. . . . Be firm. . . . Especially ration the water. . . . And keep her heading east. . . . You'll strike the coast. . . ."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Barnes and swallowed hard. The mate had collapsed on the bottom boards and it was scarcely necessary to fumble under his shirt to feel his heart. Mr. Barnes swallowed again and looked over his first command, tossing there on the oily sea and with the debris of the *Chloris* all around. "All right," he said, hardly recognizing his own voice. "We'll get the mast stepped and make sail. But we'd better fish around a bit first. There's stuff floating we can maybe use."

Saunders, the bosun, stopped swearing abruptly and looked at him. He looked at him for a long time. "Aye," he said slowly. "Aye! We can maybe use some of the stuff."

Mr. Barnes shook his head, to clear the daze away. He saw the bosun take hold of the dead mate's shoulders and lift him to the gunwale. He closed his eyes quickly so he wouldn't see the splash. . . . Perhaps, he thought, I will get used to these things. When you're just twenty and the ink is hardly dry on your license, it's hard. He licked his parched lips.

"There doesn't seem much more good stuff around," he told the bosun. "We'd better make sail."

"With this wind she'll be lucky to make half a knot an hour." The bosun was staring at him with narrowed eyes, his hands on his hips. He was a big, blocky man with iron-gray hair and a square face seamed by the suns and sins of fifty years.

The third mate was big, too. Big, broad and blond, and acutely aware of his youth. So they stared at each other in the moonlight and the fact he was holding the tiller gave the third mate confidence. He remembered again the dead mate's words. *Take over, son.* He said through dry lips, "Bosun, even half a knot an hour will help. Step the mast and make sail!"

The bosun hitched at his belt and spat overside. He said shortly, "Yes, it'll help," and turned to get some of the men to action. He turned back when they had the sail hoisted and added, "Full up, sir?" and Mr. Barnes said, "Full up," and he knew the "sir" was involuntary and not from any respect.

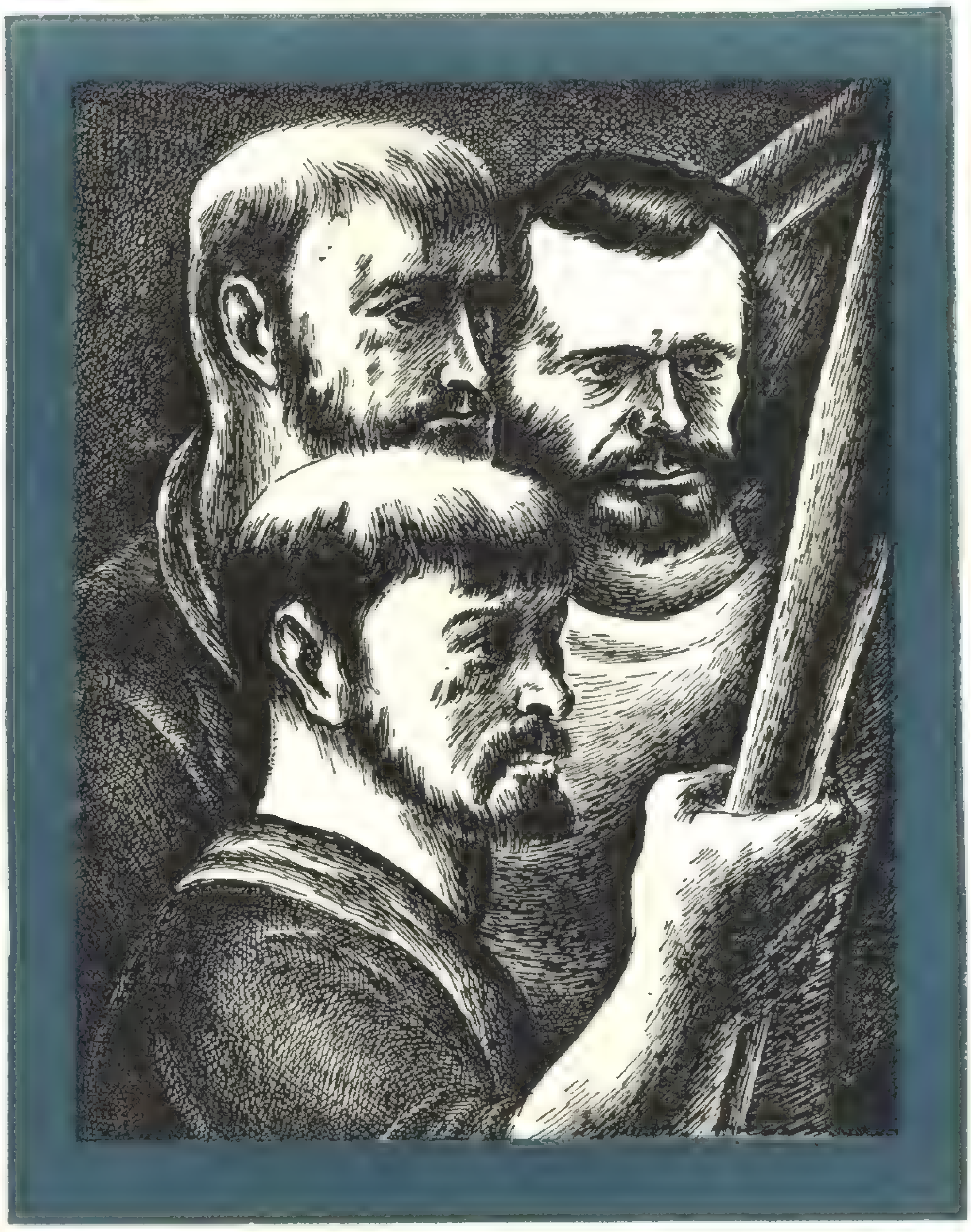
How did you get an old-time bosun to say "sir" and mean it? Mr. Barnes leaned again on the tiller as the hoisted sail filled, and he said, "That's full enough." The bosun said, "She can take more," and let the sheet out a bit. Mr. Barnes felt there was nothing to say. He had to admit to himself he really didn't know enough about small boat sailing to be any authority. But he did know the bosun had corrected him on principle and not from necessity. The sheet had been full enough.

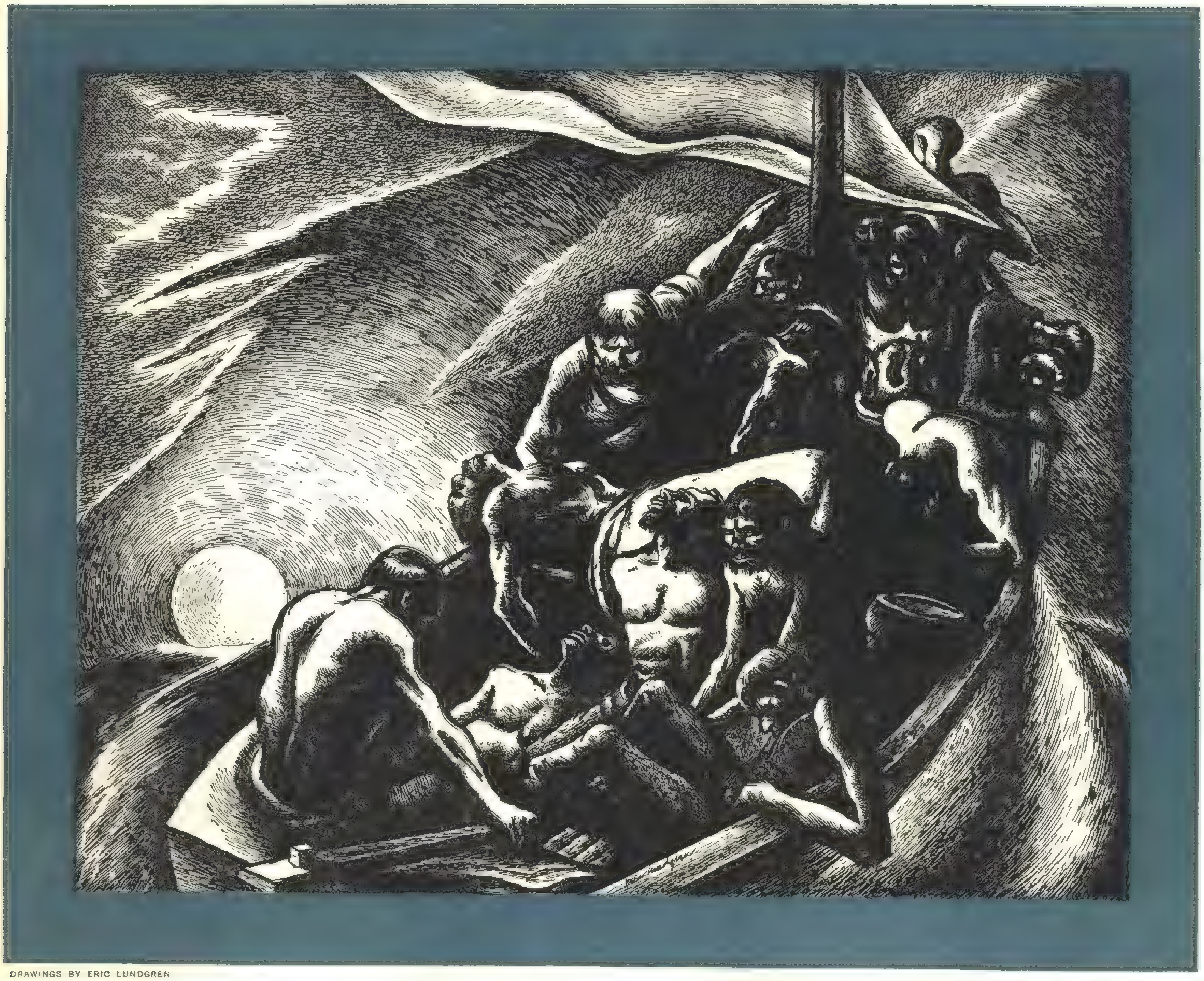
At dawn the boat slogged wearily before an indifferent wind. Mr. Barnes had lashed the tiller so there was not much problem about steering anyway, as the sail and lashed rudder held the heavy boat steady. The men began to wake, cramped and weary, from their hard beds on the bottom boards. They stretched, looked around, and started to get up to stretch their legs. Mr. Barnes said sharply, "Only two of you at a time. The boat's not too steady." He was himself red-eyed, not having slept all night. They looked at him and then looked at the bosun. The bosun nodded and Mr. Barnes bit his lip. He understood that every order he gave had to be approved. He wondered what a young officer had to do to correct that. He didn't know, and couldn't think. Command was something a man had to learn, like seamanship and navigation.

The sun rose and the heat began to beat down. Mr. Barnes said, "Bosun, you'll help me with the water. One dipper for each man." The bosun said nothing but held out a tin cup. Mr. Barnes plunged the tube-like dipper into the water beaker he had uncorked, and filled the cup. The bosun passed it to a man, who drank, and passed the empty cup back. The process went on, orderly, deliberately. At the last Mr. Barnes filled the cup for the bosun who said, "After you," and looked a little amused. Mr. Barnes said quietly, "I handle the boat. I come last, bosun," at which the older man, after a moment's hesitation, nodded and drank.

They broke out the sea-biscuits and some of the canned beef after that. And when that was done, one of the men suggested another drink of water. Mr. Barnes shook his head, although his own mouth was dry again now. "No more water until noon," he stated, and the man cursed. The bosun coughed and lighted a cigarette. "It's a better idea to serve the water after the grub," he said dryly and Mr. Barnes looked at him and bit his lip. "I've learned that much already," he observed. "Haul in the main sheet a bit!" They obeyed him, staring at him all the time now. Wondering. But the main thing was to keep heading east for the coast. Heading east, as the dead mate ordered him.

At noon, by his wristwatch, Mr. Barnes served water again, but cannily only half a dipper until the men had eaten, when he rationed out the other half. He was learning. Even the grim-visaged bosun grunted a sour approval. He had had all the food and water brought to the stern sheets near his feet by now, where he could watch it, and since the bosun had made no comment on this order he thought the older man considered the measure was good. By late afternoon Watson, the stew-





DRAWINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

ard, had come from his unconscious condition and was moaning pitifully. Mr. Barnes had him cooled with sea water, which was warm at best, and placed a bandage about his splinter wound, and allowanced him an extra half-pannikin of water. The injured man had no wish to eat, but Mr. Barnes made something of a thin stew with powdered biscuit and flakes of corned beef and with one of the salvaged onions from the wreck. He had a man hold this concoction, mixed in the bailing bucket, over a hurricane lamp flame until it was reasonably cooked, and then fed the liquid to Watson. There was no comment to all this. The men watched curiously. But the bosun said, "Watson ain't going to live anyhow." He spat overside. "What's the use?"

"We can try," said Mr. Barnes, dry-mouthed. "It's the least anyone can do." He crawled the length of the boat and probed at the wound in the steward's chest, and saw it was inflamed. "We've got to get that sliver out," he said, perplexed, and some of the men laughed. "Dr. Barnes, eh?" The bosun said. "You might kill him," and the young mate said, "If I don't, the fester will. It'll turn to gangrene." The men fell silent. The bosun fell silent. Mr. Barnes took out his pocket knife and, ordering two men to hold the patient, he began to dig into the flesh. He was sweating when it was done, and not altogether from the heat, and the steward was a whimpering wreck again. Mr. Barnes adjusted a sea-water compress and then crawling back along the boat all but collapsed in the stern sheets again. The men said nothing. The bosun said nothing. Mr. Barnes felt he had achieved something of a conquest and relaxed. And the boat held on before the wind.

That night the wind fell away and the boat drifted. Dawn found them swinging uneasily to a greasy sea, and, looking at the sky, Mr. Barnes had some misgivings. The clouds were gathering and from what direction a storm might strike was anyone's guess. Mr. Barnes ordered two oars raised and lashed to the bottom boards and gunwales, so the sail could be turned into an awning. The men had scarcely finished when a torrential rain came down and they had to unship everything, holding the canvas at an angle until the salt was washed out of it, and then catching the fresh water into a small funnel that was held in one of the almost empty water beakers. At last everything capable of holding water in the boat was filled. The sun broke through as the squall passed and the men's soaked clothing began to steam.

A small wind came up after the rain squall, but from the east—not the wind Mr. Barnes wished. It grew steadily, and by night the boat was pitching at her sea-anchor and hove-to. The bosun spat and said roughly, "This ain't getting us anywhere. We'd better lay her close to the wind an' try and make the Galapagos."

Mr. Barnes looked at him and felt his own stomach tighten. This was his first real and personal decision. "We steer east," he said grimly. "Steady east! The Galapagos are too far."

The bosun spat again and hitched his belt. "I think I'd better take this boat over," he stated. The men murmured agreement. One man said, "Hell, the ink ain't dry on his ticket yet. What does 'e know." Mr. Barnes stood up, and knocked the tiller free so he could use it as a club. He was pale.

"You'll obey orders, bosun." His throat felt dry. This was a crisis. "The mate left me to carry on!"

The bosun laughed and some of the men laughed with him. He said, "What're you giving us, kid? I been in boats and I can handle 'em."

Mr. Barnes said, "You'll take the orders, bosun!" The bosun laughed again and came aft.

"You ain't got the guts, kid, even if you knew what you were doing. Quit, and let a man handle the job. We gotta figure on our own lives. We gotta make the Galapagos Islands."

"Sit down," said Mr. Barnes. His face was white and his body rigid. "We head east," he repeated. "Steady east. The Galapagos are too far."

The bosun spat again. "Sit down," said Mr. Barnes. He braced himself with spread feet and hefted the tiller. The bosun still came aft, his great hands outstretched. The young mate hit him and he went to his knees. "Why you . . ." he started, dazed, and came to his feet with a rush that made the boat rock. Mr. Barnes hit him again, and this time with full force, and the bosun went down with a crash.

"Pour some sea water on him,"

Continued on page 153

Reporter to the Nation

Paul W. White, boss of CBS news, plays like a 200-pound kitten but works like a dynamo and builds his men into stars

by WOODROW WIRSIG

• ARTICLE •

If there's anyone more interested in the peace conference to come than the fellows who are going to give up their swords and the ones who are going to take them, it's the men who will tell the rest of the world about it. How prepared the newsmen of the world are to handle this greatest assignment of all, no one knows. But there is at least one reporter who has already blueprinted the way he will handle the job. He is Paul W. (for Welrose) White, of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Taking on the unknown is nothing new for White. He was planning how to cover the war months before it broke. He hovered over the North African invasion like a cook over a legitimate steak.

To different people, White is different things. Newsmen know him as a crack newspaperman who is developing a new field. Many persons know him as a name in best-selling war books. Others never heard of him. Officially, he is Director of News and Special Events for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

He is commander-in-chief for a staff of more than thirty CBS correspondents who broadcast war news on a seven-day, twenty-four-hour schedule.

White is also an ambling 200-pounder who walks as though he practiced carrying a typewriter on his head. At work he is straight and fast, but at play he is a Marx brother gone whimsical. His suggestion for correspondent Bill Dunn's book, written just after he had returned from Australia, was *Dunn Under*. Last Christmas he appropriated a tooth a girl on the New York staff had just had pulled, and sent it to London as a present for Bob Trout, CBS newsman and star announcer.

Once Trout got a telegram solemnly announcing the mean annual rainfall of Ecuador. Another time White drove more than 100 miles just to send Trout a wire from Cuckoo, Virginia.

This habit boomeranged one day in 1936 when Trout received an urgent message while riding through Iowa on a train. It was from White, telling him to get off immediately and cover a personal meeting between the two men running for President—Franklin D. Roosevelt and Alf Landon.

"This guy's a character," laughed Trout, and showed the wire to a porter. "Anything for a gag."

That meeting was no gag. Trout covered it all right, but only after a frantic, night-long plane flight. Since then White always ends his serious wires to Trout with the letters TING—This Is No Gag.

White's serious telegrams and cables to his widely separated men are models of getting to the point. His rebukes are just as pointed as his 500 dollar bonuses for a job well done.

"But you know," White says, "never have I bawled a guy out for missing a story. Why? Because he knows he's missed it. And he knows *I* know he's missed it. If you bawl him out, he wastes the next three weeks digging up details on a dead story."

White is the "Boss" in such books as *Berlin Diary*, *Suez to Singapore*, and *Last Train from Berlin*. Before Elmer Davis became director of the Office of War Information, he was White's chief news analyst. Ed Murrow, Charles Collingwood, Bill Shirer, Cecil Brown, Howard K. Smith—the list of radio reporters White has trained reads like newspaper headlines.

"On the whole," says White in explaining what qualifications are demanded of a radio correspondent, "we're satisfied if a guy can talk English."

White is a star-builder. By suggesting ideas for magazine articles, special features and books, he seeks to build the personal reputation of each of his men. And on the side, White has a star program of his own. He's chief-cook-and-bottle-washer for the fine radio show *Report To The Nation*.

Into this weekly, half-hour roundup of the week's news, White puts every facility radio has to offer. If he thinks *Report* is good, the grin he wears is like a boy's with his first jalopy. When writing time comes around, he pushes everything else off his desk. In shirt sleeves he draws up a typewriter and raps out skits as fast as the machine will take it. At moments, his looks of agony-in-creation remind his staff of their first struggles as cub reporters.

White's domain centers in Studio 9 and his office on the seventeenth floor of Columbia's Madison Avenue Building in New York. When things go smoothly—which is nearly always—peace on seventeen is wonderful. But the place can boil over in a minute. At the approach of tragedy, White looks first at the studio. If it's empty, his roar blasts the very paper out of the teletypes.

White denies sweepingly that anything is yet set in radio news, or that his reputation in that field has any connotations of a finished technique. He entered the radio field as a big-time reporter. Immediately he was faced with the problems of developing an entirely new technique of news writing. White also had to work out broadcast arrangements with many foreign nations so his men could be heard over thousands of miles at a prearranged second.

White says that the fundamental difference between radio and newspaper presentation of the news is that radio has only a "front page."

"The listener must accept our judgment as to what is news," says White. "He can't turn pages and see what's 'inside.' "

Almost any CBS broadcast can be likened to what the newspapers call an "undated lead"—a story that correlates dispatches from many sources.

"We aim," White points out, "at pulling all of the news of the day together. There are few national or international stories today which are not related. We try to present them all—neatly tied up—on the 'front page' that our five minute or fifteen-minute program represents."

For those who view the whole business of radio as something magical, the cue-channel on White's desk is one of the most mysterious devices in the business. It is a two-way shortwave

"Hooray! They just reduced the point value of beefsteak"

hookup with London, over which White and his correspondents talk as though they were on a telephone. This cue-channel is a symbol of White's news foresight. In July of 1939 he went to Europe supposedly "to take a vacation." He rested by persuading the British Broadcasting Corporation to arrange for the two-way cue-channel. His sight-seeing was a series of conferences with the chiefs of his European staff: Ed Murrow in London, Bill Shirer of Berlin, and Thomas B. Grandin of Paris.

"With war practically on top of us," White says, "we set out to get an adequate staff together—and ready for anything."

A month later the Nazis plunged into Poland. Five months later CBS had a full-time staff of fourteen men and women in Europe.

When he launched those first plans, White issued a memorandum to all his news writers and analysts:

"Columbia as an organization," he said, "has no editorial opinions about the war. It has no editorial opinions about what this country or any other country should do."

White knows, as do all his men, that such memoranda are only guides. He usually gives his foreign staff its head in reporting events as it sees them. For example, Ed Murrow in London minced very few words in reporting Britain's attitude toward us. When British and American officialdom were side-stepping the subject of America in the war, Murrow almost blurted "the British want us in this war."

CBS doesn't like the idea of "commentator," for it believes both sides of a question should be presented for each American to form his own decision.

"When I returned from that 1939 trip to Europe," White says, "I dictated a blueprint for war reporting. At the end I added: 'P.S. I don't think it will work either.'"

The highlight of that plan is White's general definition of what constitutes news, and the desirability of labeling the source of such news. He says "we have to label information for what it is." This simple device of specifying where the news emanates, has helped CBS listeners determine what is Axis propaganda and what is news.

In addition, he believes what a people think about something—whether such thoughts are founded in fact or not—is news. He urges his reporters to "make Americans well aware of current opinion which is a fact. For instance, if the British believe the Nazis are committing atrocities, that belief is a fact. Whether these so-called atrocities are real, false, or unproved, is another fact. Broadcasting of properly identified fact, allegation, opinion, rumor will keep the American listener the best-informed in the world. In no other way can he know all he should know."

The way White picks the scene of coming events makes some people wonder what he uses for a crystal ball. Wherever big news breaks he has always had a man on, or traveling toward, that spot.

Actually, White is no crystal ball devotee. He uses new tools to analyze what is coming. One of his chief instruments is the CBS Shortwave Listening Station. This radio receiver minitors Axis propaganda, as well as Allied broadcasts. It was the CBS shortwave listening station in San Francisco that picked up the Tokyo broadcast of General Jimmy Doolittle's bombing raid on Japan a year ago.

White believes one of the most historic radio-casts came June 22, 1940, from the Compiegne forest when William C. Kerker for NBC and Bill Shirer for CBS reported the dramatic story of the French army's surrender to Hitler.

"The German press, the German radio, and the German people, as well as all of France," White says, "didn't get the news of the surrender until two hours and fifteen minutes after Bill Shirer's first words had echoed over the American networks."

CBS was the first to predict, and later to confirm, Belgium's withdrawal from the war when Ed Murrow sent this code message: "Assume you realize unfurther Brussels sprouts."

White lives his job. To look at him one would think all these news crises and correspondents-on-the-spot were made to his order. His sandy hair parts neatly in the middle of a busy head. He smokes a lot and works a hard, seven-day week.

No one knew anything about radio news when he took over CBS World News. Until 1933, announcers merely read wire bulletins. In that year, the news associations and the radio networks clashed. Radio couldn't get wire service, so CBS formed its own news-gathering organization. By 1934, wire news was in again, and White began building up World News.

There are some who suspect White of teething on a typewriter. He was born in Pittsburgh, Kansas, June 9, 1902, and was a reporter before he entered high

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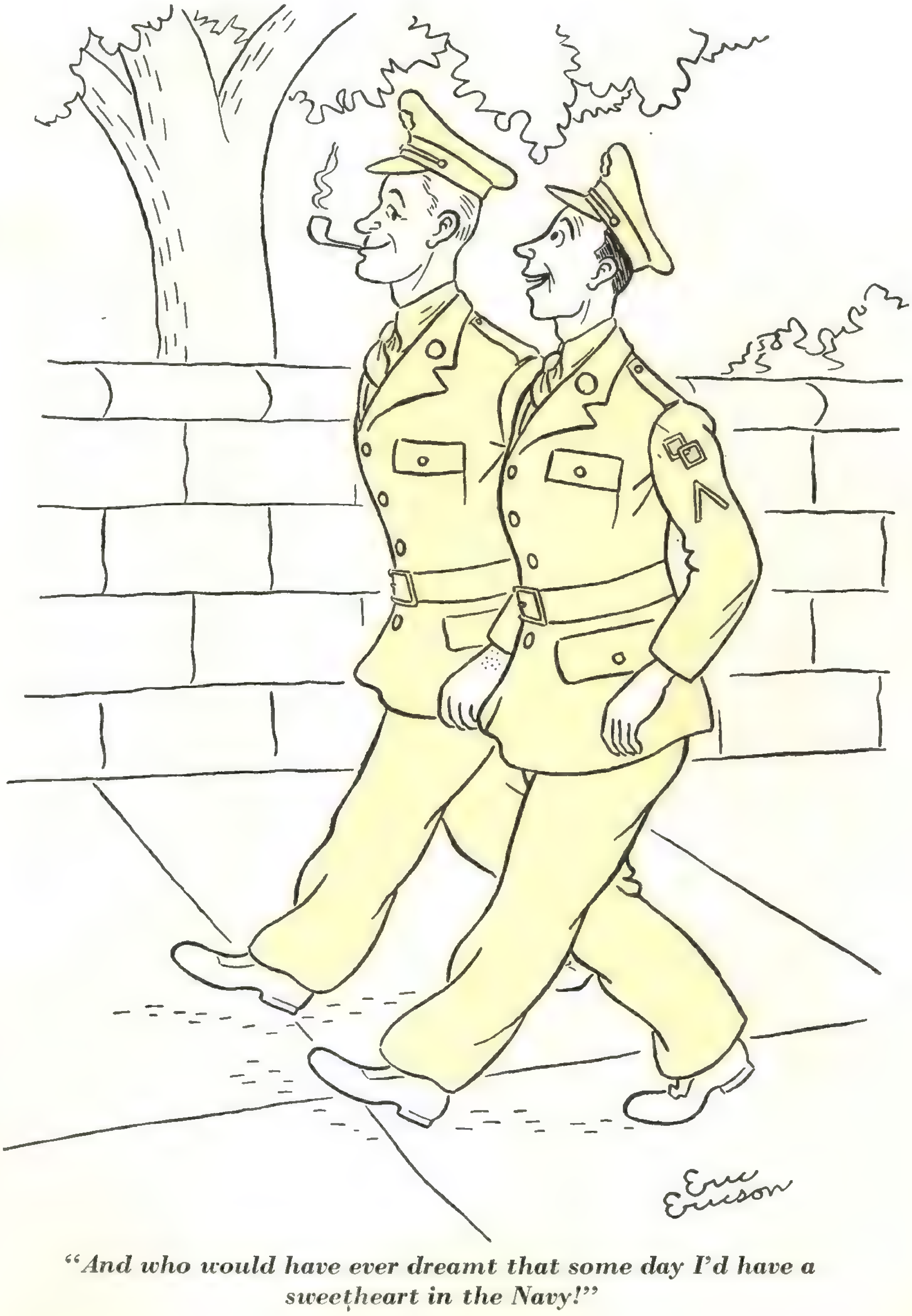

"And who would have ever dreamt that some day I'd have a sweetheart in the Navy!"

Cocked Hat in the Pacific

"Bull" Halsey, Commander of the South Pacific, follows his own formula for victory: "Hit hard, hit fast and often"

by VINCENT GATES, ENSIGN, U.S.N.R.

• ARTICLE •

If task forces and pungent profanity can defeat the Jap navy, Tojo's infamous plans have been knocked into the cocked hat which lists to the port side of "Bull" Halsey's weather-beaten head.

Admiral William Frederick Halsey, Jr. is a masterbuilder of offensive plans and offensive language—both specifically directed toward the Japanese Sons of Heaven who, to date, have found Uncle Sam's Commander of the South Pacific forces as fateful as a secret weapon and as cocky toward the Rising Sun as a character in *Terry and the Pirates.*

Halsey's cocky rhetoric springs from a justifiable confidence *sans* braggadocio; he possesses an inherent belief that anything a Jap can do, an American can *outdo.* His zeal for winning often manifests itself in abbreviated predictions which he hopes to fulfill. This public utterance is typical:

"Our next liberty will be spent in Tokyo and if there's anything left when the men get through with the damned place I'll burn it down." An almost grim smile accompanies his hopeful statement.

Halsey's salty language may not make history but already he has contributed the most important tactical innovation of the current war: the task force. Both his clipped, pointed phraseology and his hit-and-run sea strategy have made a considerable dent in the plans of Hirohito's empire builders as well as in the critics at home who think we have too many brass hats and not enough brass knuckles. Halsey is the answer in both cases.

By-passing the niceties of diplomatic prose, the scrappy Bull of the Pacific fleet makes Sherman's definition of war sound effete. Halsey's answer, for example, on how to win the war is simply, "Kill Japs, kill Japs and keep on killing Japs." Just as rough-hewn is his now popular victory formula, "Hit hard, hit fast, hit often," which sprang from his naval sideswipe at the Marshall-Gilbert islands and later at Wake and Markus.

But phrase-making is at once secondary to the tough, crusty Halsey. Fighting comes first—a type of fighting that springs from his Annapolis football days. Let's take a look at it from the grandstand:

The task force "sleeper" play is a well-designed, long-range operation, encompassing precision teamplay of fast destroyers, cruisers and aircraft carriers, all of which hit quickly at a given point and rely on concentrated power of "hits per gun per minute" plus surprise. It works. The theory is, in modern mode, Lord Nelson's famous notion that a commander who gets his ships close to the enemy can't go far wrong. The follow-up a la Halsey is to slug it out after careful and meticulous planning; a noticeable deviation from the defensive tactics of certain predecessors who since have been relegated to minor chores. Thus far, Halsey has thwarted every Jap effort to retake Guadalcanal by sea, and has [redacted] raised nothing short of panic among the imperious little yellow men whose below-the-belt punch at Pearl Harbor got the Bull fighting mad.

Admiral Halsey's most satisfying feat toward the Asiatic despoilers occurred about one year ago when, aboard the carrier *USS Hornet,* he personally commanded the task force which carried General Jimmy Doolittle's Army flyers within bombing range of Tokyo and left the frenzied Japanese to ponder about "Shangri-la." It took the daring and imaginative Halsey to prove, with Doolittle, that land-based medium bombers could effectively operate from a carrier. The relatively untried task force, as a major weapon, now came into its own by breaking the limited bounds to which "experts" had confined it. Its real birth, however, blossomed three months before that when Halsey made the first down payment on the Pearl Harbor debt by a skilfully-planned "raid" on the Marshall and Gilbert chain. The "raid" turned out to be a conclusive and sustained assault. Here's how it worked:

It was the last day of January, 1942, not two months after our main Pacific fleet was laid low in Hawaii. A black night and heavy, low-screening clouds allied with Halsey's task force after a daring thrust of some 2,000 miles while Mr. Tojo's warriors were resting on their laurels. Halsey's ships slid out of the screen as suddenly as a Pacific storm. Broadsides boomed a terrific bombardment at the shore defenses while planes from the carriers dumped industrial eggs of destruction on the emplacements and fortifications. Halsey's carefully planned and well-executed foray paid off well. His flyers left forty-one Jap planes smoking helplessly on three islands, smashed sixteen ships including a cruiser, a carrier and a destroyer at another base, two subs at another and then polished off the job by wrecking several cargo ships and tenders.

In addition to this historically successful raid, the Halsey-inspired task force movement represented Uncle Sam's first offensive at sea in the present conflict. The victory for the U. S. fleet had more importance than statistics can show, however. It established a definite, and at once effective, *modus operandi* of sea warfare for the broad and broken Pacific areas. The task force, an infant of the destroyer family in World War I, became a prodigy; and Halsey its foster parent.

Stocky, thick-chested Admiral Halsey is a study in human hardwood. His sea tactics may well be related to his personal football style of another day at the Naval Academy. Back in 1904, Halsey was known variously as "Willie" and "Pudge" at Annapolis where he power-housed the football team from the fullback position. Publications then described him as a pile-driving, forceful player who emulated a mad bull. Even then, it seems, he hit hard, fast and often.

"Do the opposite of what the enemy expects," Halsey says. Analytical observers have noticed he has done exactly that in each of his offensive thrusts so far, and point out that his quarter-century experience in commanding destroyers proved to be just a trial-and-error maneuver for the present task force strategies.

Admiral Halsey opposes time's natural restrictions on age. Now a qualified Naval flyer, he won his wings at Pensacola in 1934 when he was fifty-two years young. The story which accompanies his first solo flight demonstrates the caliber of the man who now at sixty, still flies his own plane and shows, furthermore, his proximity to the men with whom he serves in battle. Custom at Pensacola then called for the last member of each class who flew alone to be ducked by his classmates. Halsey was then a four-striper, a captain, and in good story-book style became the eligible anchor man. His fellow students looked puzzled for a minute

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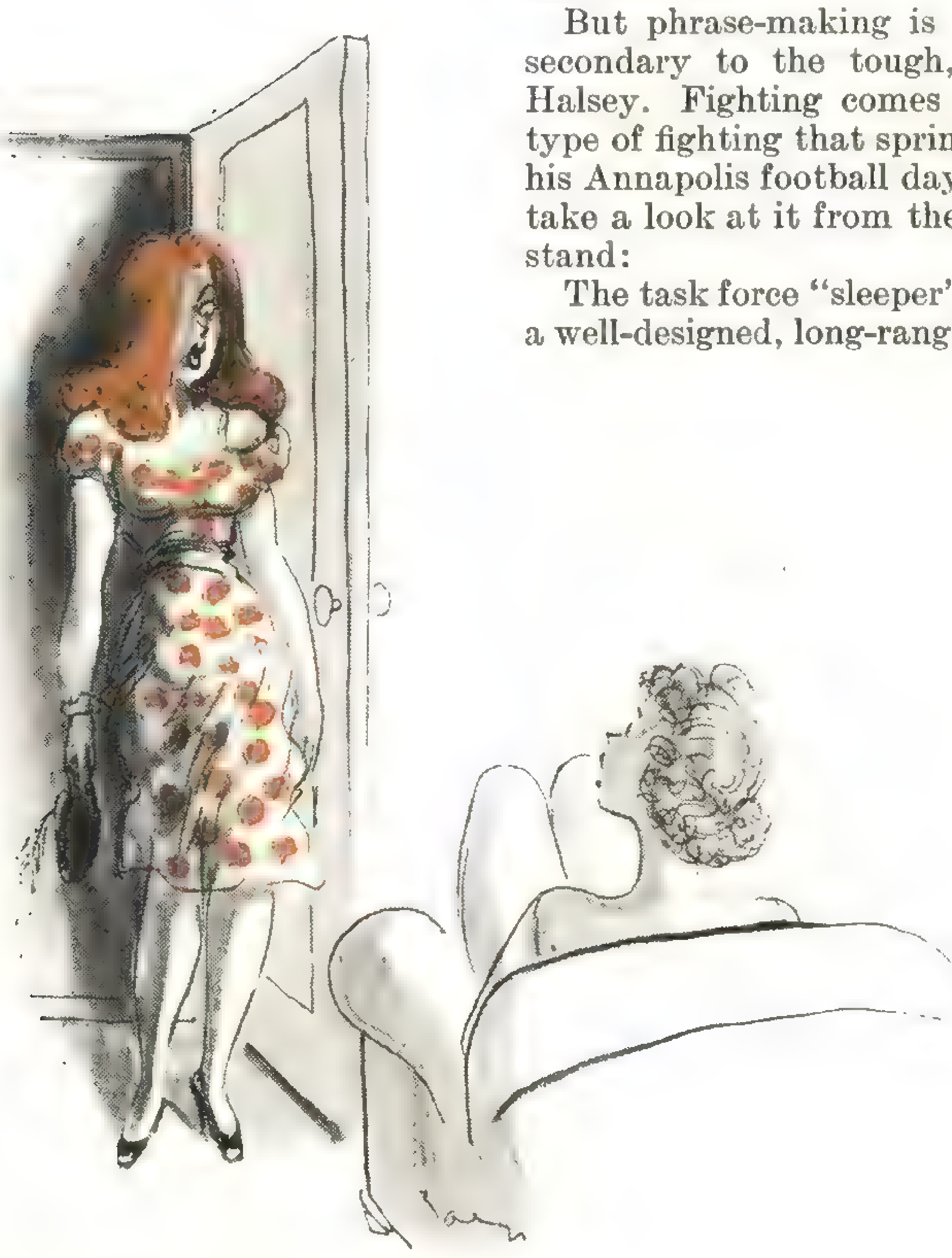
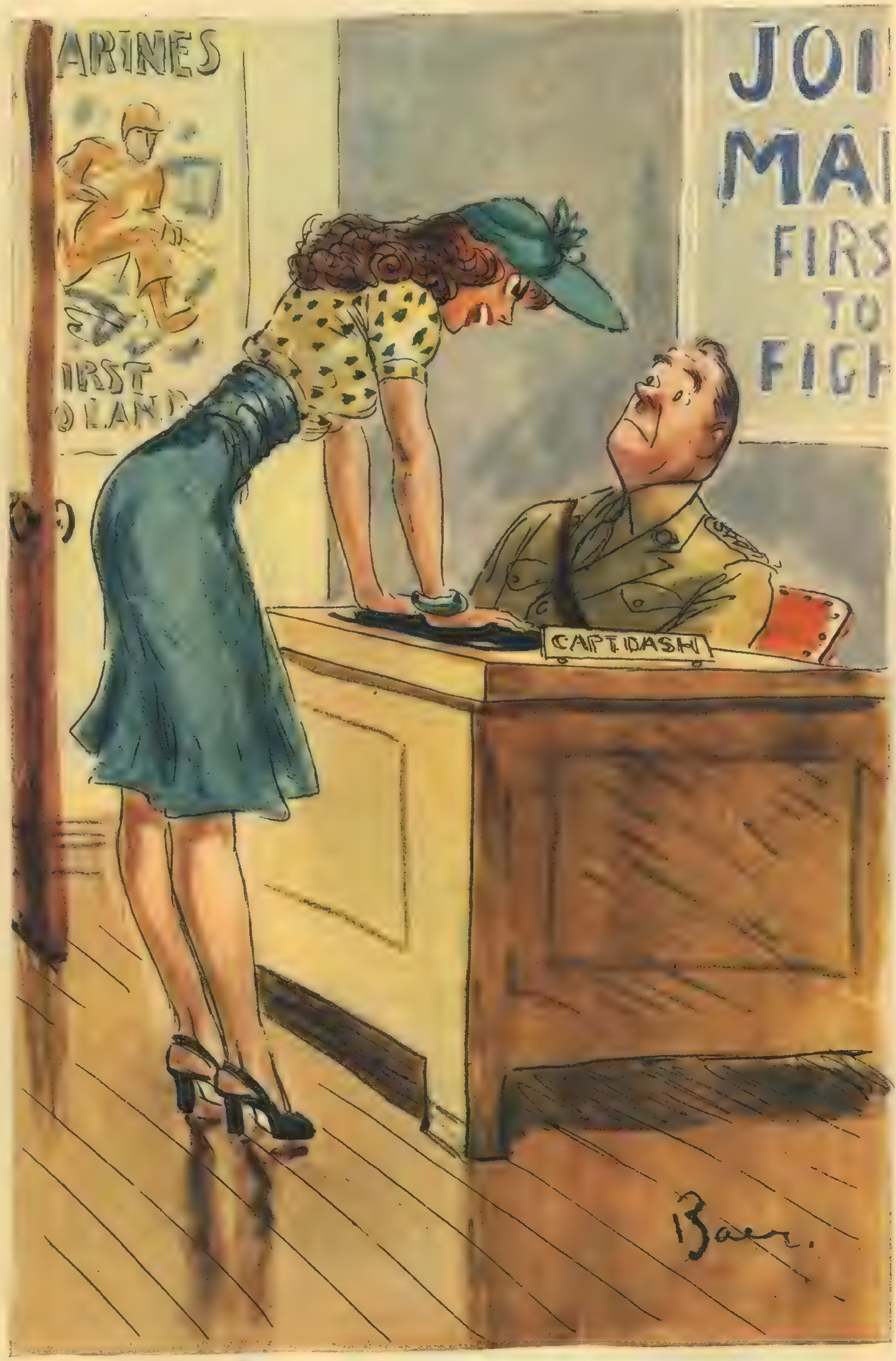


"That's the last time I'll wear this hair style —with a sailor you need both eyes"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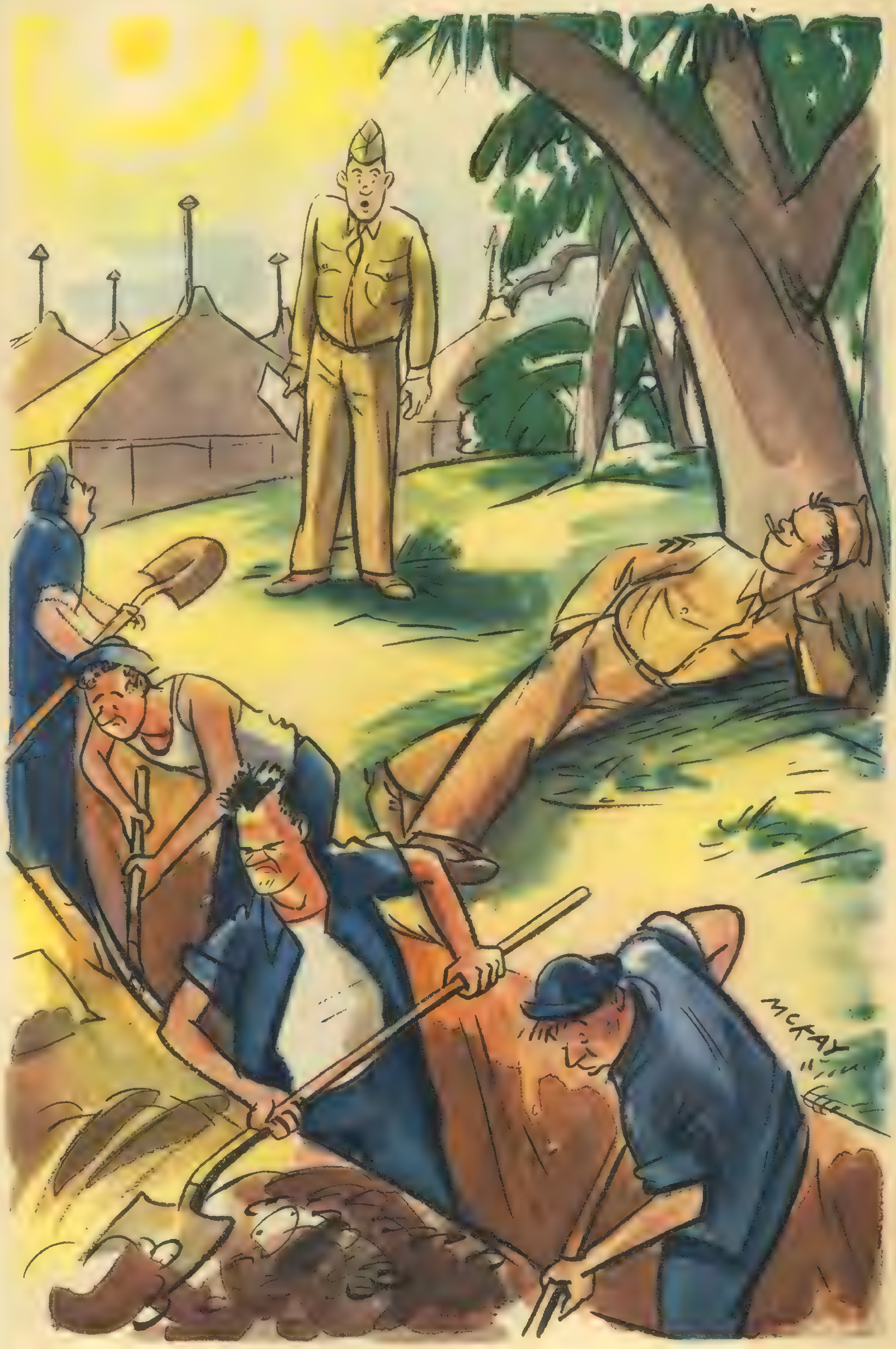
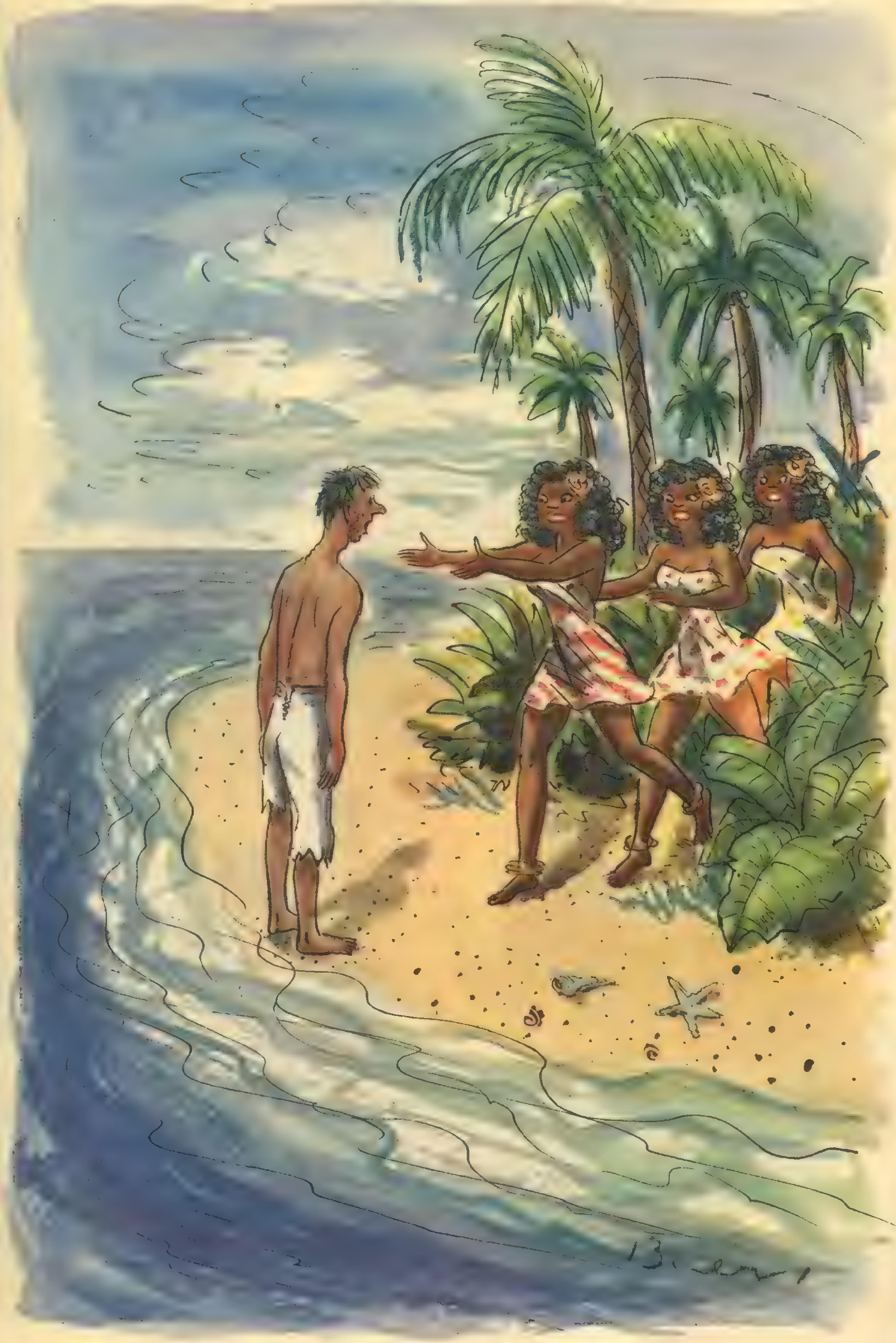
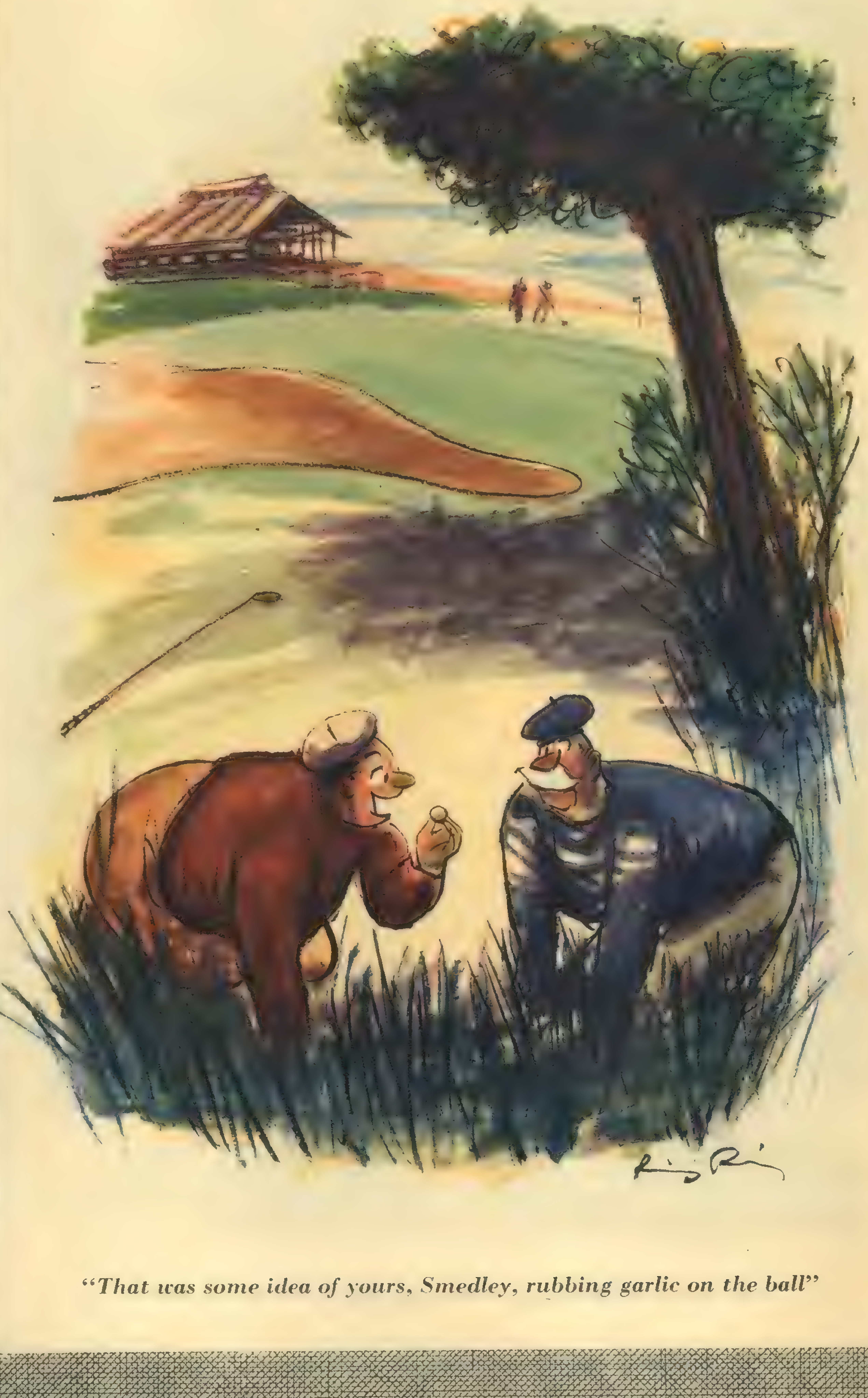
"To hell with the WAACs—I want to join the Marines!"



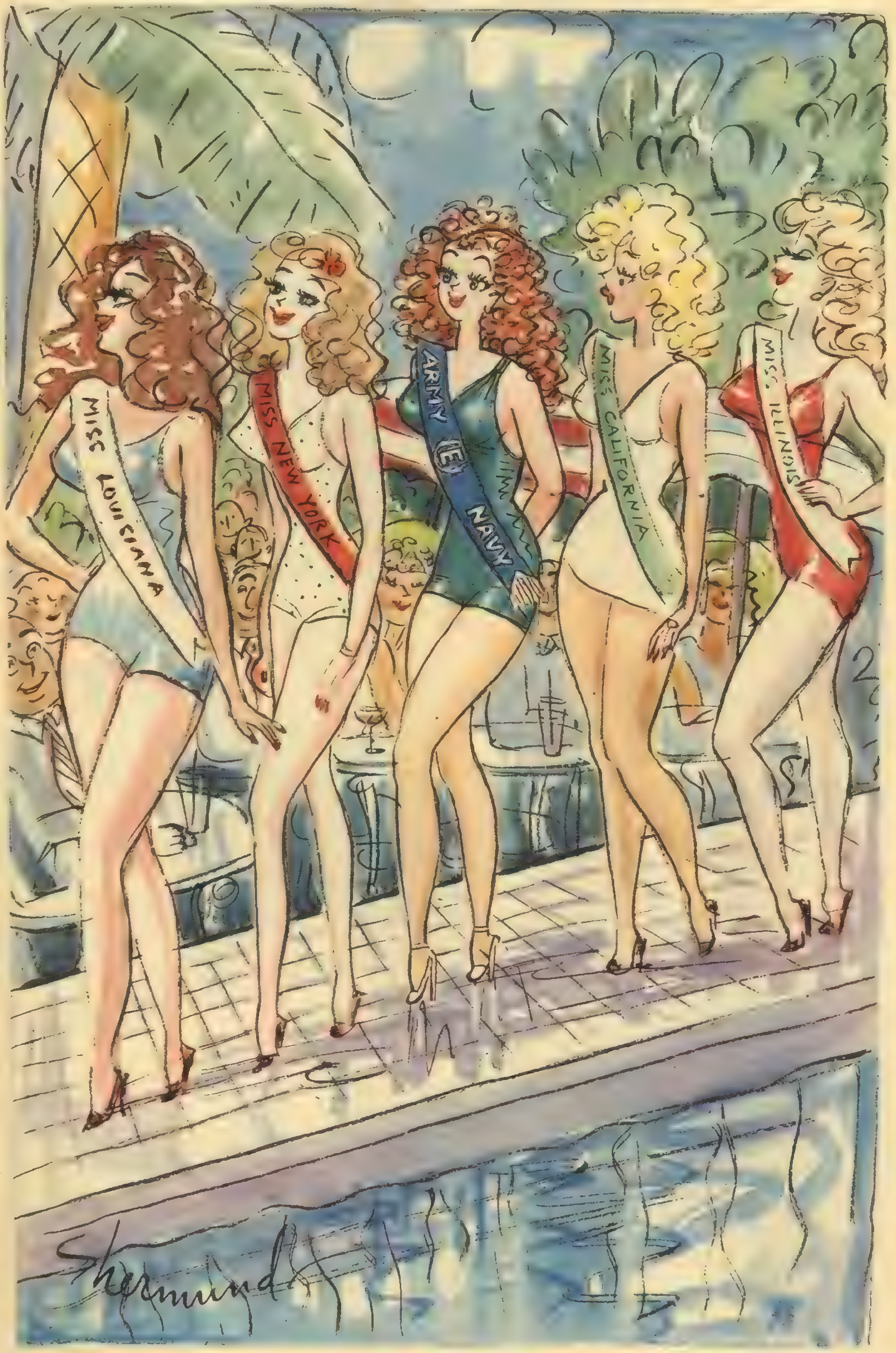
"Who's in charge here?"



"Can you kindly direct me to the nearest Y. M. C. A.?"



"That was some idea of yours, Smedley, rubbing garlic on the ball"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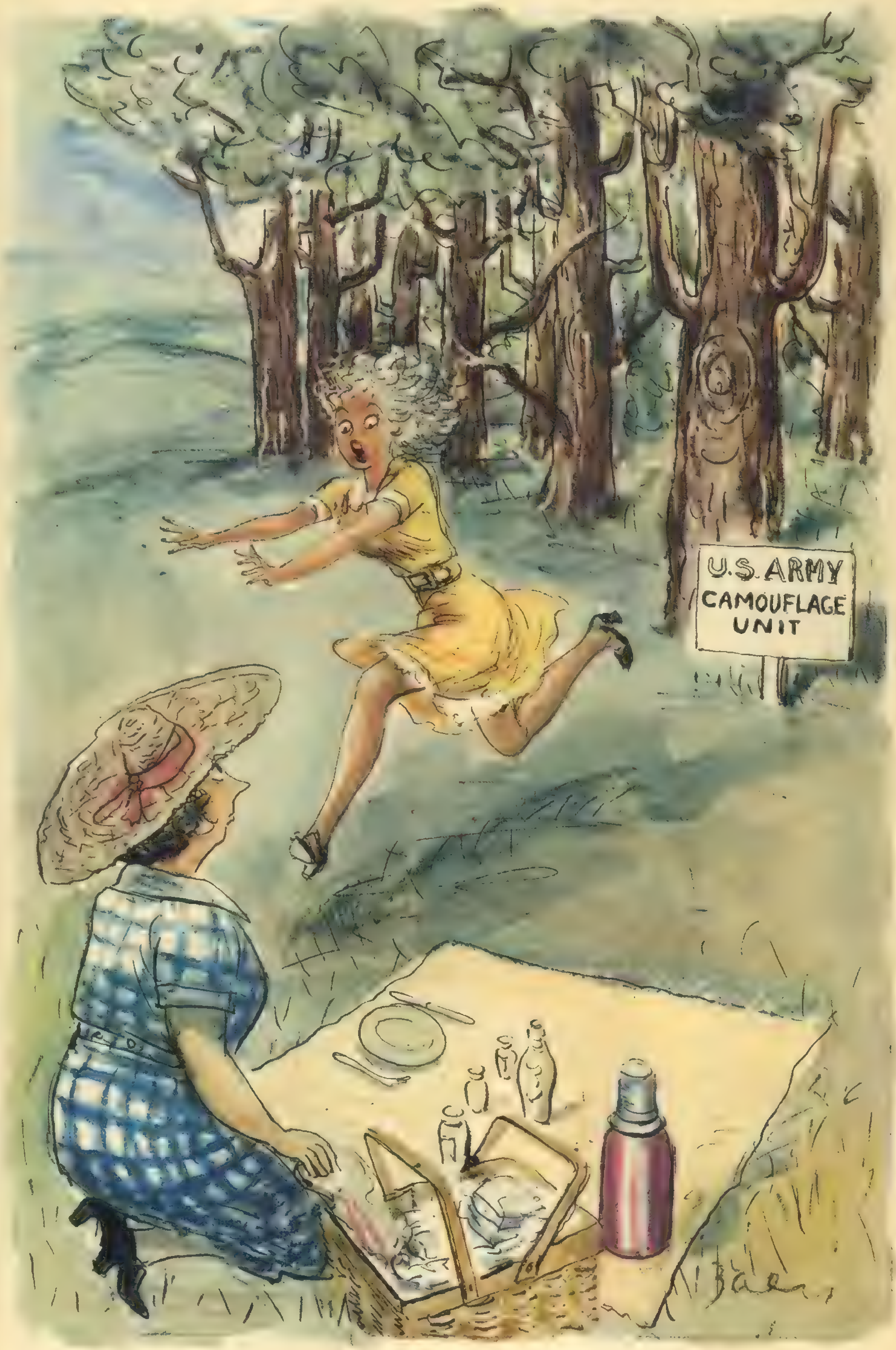
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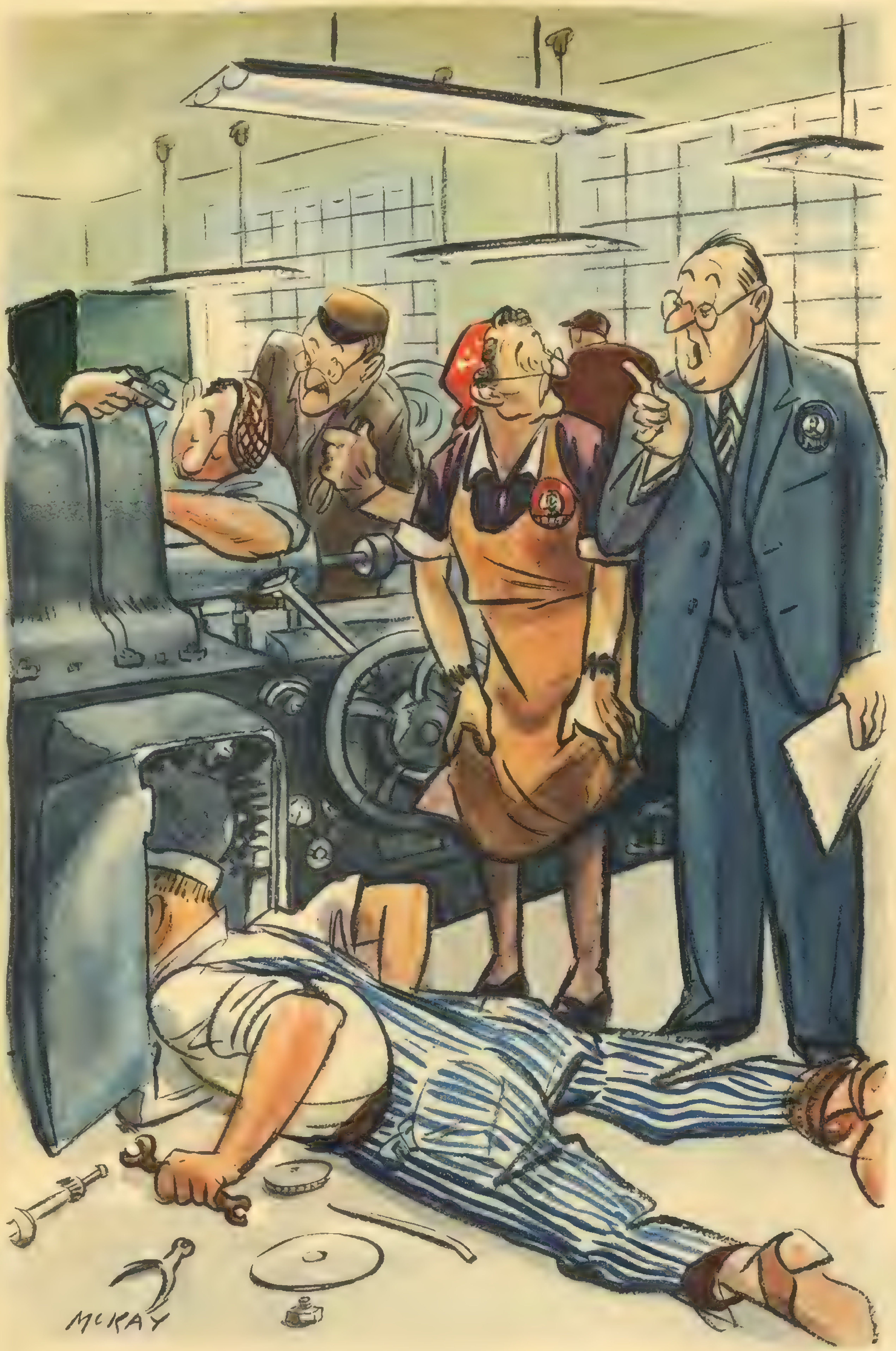
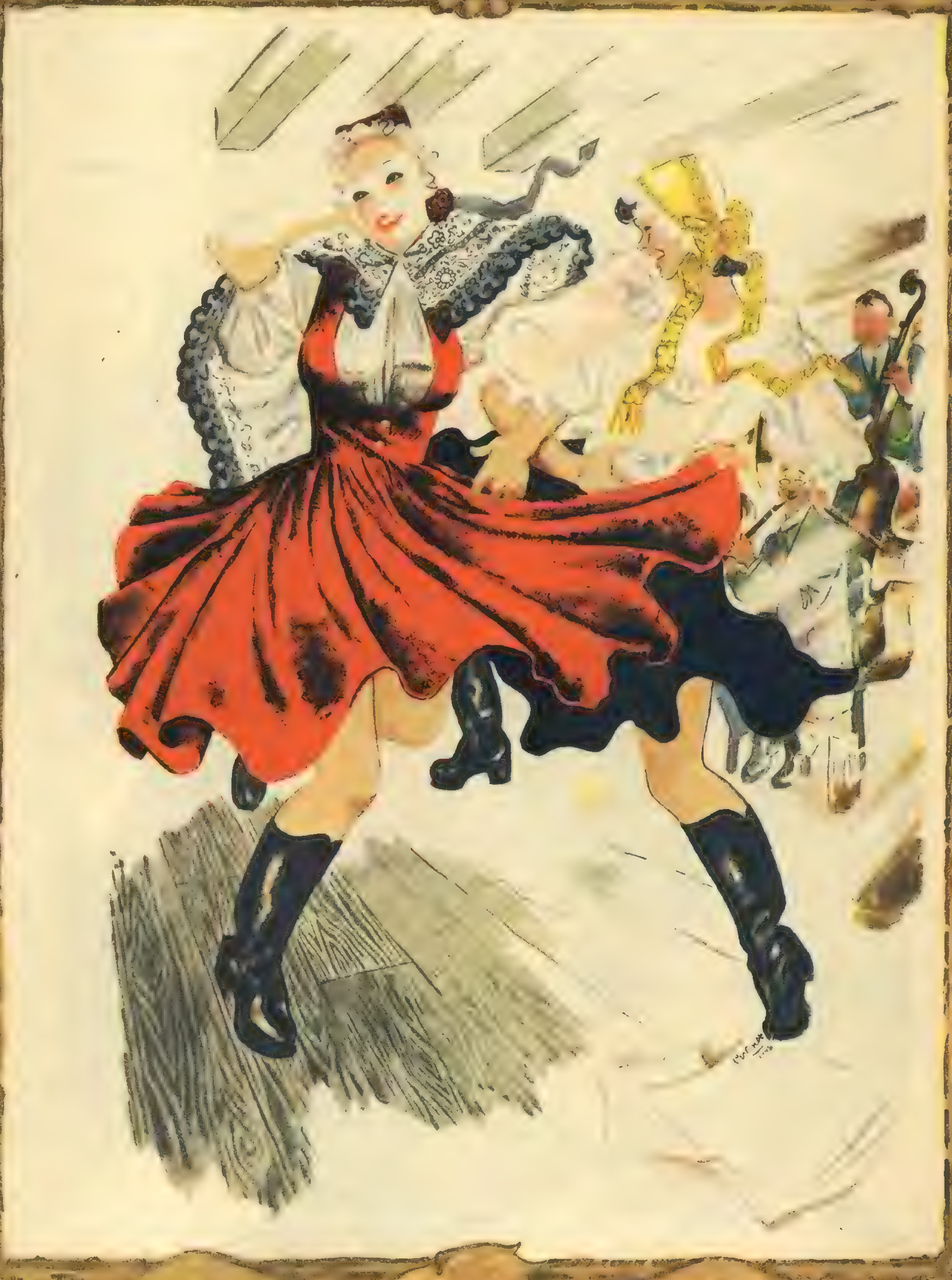
"Mama, a tree pinched me"



"Remember, Mrs. Klotz, we are only helping Hitler when we permit our 'uppers' to fall in the gears"



GLORIES OF THE UNITED NATIONS

. . . music will ring out again, and dancing feet trip lightly, over the plains of Bohemia, the hills of Slovakia, where the iron heel has trod . . .

Bushido Is Bushwa

Authentic stories of Jap brutalities which constitute a kick in the pants to their own vaunted code of chivalry

by WILLIAM COSTELLO

• ARTICLE •

> *"Benevolence to the weak, the downtrodden or the vanquished was ever extolled as peculiarly becoming to a Samurai."*

THE quotation is from the book by Inazo Nitobe, Kyoto professor, whose writings are the best exposition of *bushido*, the Japanese code of chivalry.

In a stockade in Japan—the incident is told by former Ambassador Joseph C. Grew—an interned American was lying tied on the ground. He was brutally kicked in the side. When he was untied and made to get up, he could hardly stand. He said he thought a rib was broken. One of the Japanese police asked where the broken rib was and began to feel the man's body. As the Japanese came to the broken bone he asked, "Is this the place?" When the man answered "Yes," he drove his fist with force into the spot.

> *"Benevolence of the Samurai explains why the Red Cross movement, considered so peculiarly Christian, so readily found a firm footing among us."* —Nitobe.

British and Canadian prisoners were on a prison ship which was torpedoed September 27, 1942 between Hongkong and Shanghai. After the torpedo struck, 1,500 prisoners were crowded below deck and the Japanese closed all hatch covers and battened them down. There were no air inlets. Men, weakened by prison diseases, died. In the morning the stronger men forced open a hatch, found no Japanese and saw that the ship was being towed. They had been left to die like rats.

As the ship began to go down by the stern, the Japanese cast off the tow lines. Weak and without lifebelts, the prisoners began jumping overboard whereupon the Japanese opened fire with machine guns. A survivor who succeeded in reaching Free China reported: "The Japanese picked up groups of men but made no attempt to lower boats. Probably not more than a few hundred were saved."

Bushido, literally translated, is "military-knight-ways." It is the traditional code of honor of the feudal, noble caste of Samurai who lived for honor.

> *"Fair play in fight! What fertile germs of morality lie in this primitive sense of savagery and childhood. Is it not the root of all military and civic virtue?"* —Nitobe.

Private Raymond Nunley of the Marines tells of a flag of truce in the Solomon Islands.

"A Jap officer carrying a white flag came riding into camp and told the commanding officer that a bunch of Japs across the inlet were isolated and wished to surrender.

"Our C.O. took him at his word and thirty marines embarked in a tank lighter and crossed about five miles to where the Japs were waiting. Only two of those marines are alive today. As the lighter approached the beach, a few Japs were observed. One of them was waving a white flag. The marines let down the ramp and started to go ashore. They were met by a burst of fire from machine guns hidden in the underbrush and were mowed down like stalks of corn."

Nitobe wrote fifty years ago. His poetic phrases gave the world its impression of Japanese devotion to honor.

> *"In times when cunning artifice was able to pass for military tact, and downright falsehood for ruse de guerre, this manly virtue, frank and honest, was a jewel that shown the brightest and was most highly praised."*—Nitobe.

A sergeant at Buna led a squad in the destruction of several Japanese pillboxes. After the strong points had been cleaned out, the sergeant heard moaning coming from a Japanese tunnel. He crawled close and called out,

"Whaddya want?"

"Wounded," a weak voice replied. "Water."

The sergeant handed in his canteen and a second later was dead, shot through the head.

Bushido was originally the code of the nobility—the Samurai, who were far above the common people.

Three months after the fall of Hongkong, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden charged in the British House of Commons that eye-witnesses had seen Japanese soldiers bayonet fifty shackled British prisoners to death and rape and murder both English and Asiatic women. He added, "The Japanese claim that their soldiers are actuated by a lofty code of chivalry. *Bushido* is a nauseating hypocrisy."

What does *bushido* mean now to the Japanese private soldier?

> *"In manifold ways has* bushido *filtered down from the social class where it originated and acted as leaven among the masses, furnishing a moral standard for the whole people."*—Nitobe.

On Guadalcanal a group of American soldiers peering from their slit trenches through the jungle mists saw a tattered batch of Japanese soldiers staggering toward them with arms upraised. It was a unique sight, unprecedented in the history of Japan's warrior code. The explanation came from the leader, Private Akihoshi Hasamoto of the crack 224th Japanese Infantry. He told of heavy losses, hunger, lack of support and the broken promises of the officers. "Finally," he said, "my feelings as a true Japanese soldier disappeared."

In a midnight meeting the broken remnants of his company had debated whether to fight on or surrender. The majority voted to fight but Hasamoto and his comrades formed a group and at dawn walked out from the ravine where they were trapped. "I will never return to Japan," he said. "I am disgraced because I surrendered."

In war the law of *bushido* has been whittled down to a code of "no surrender," both for the ranks and for officers.

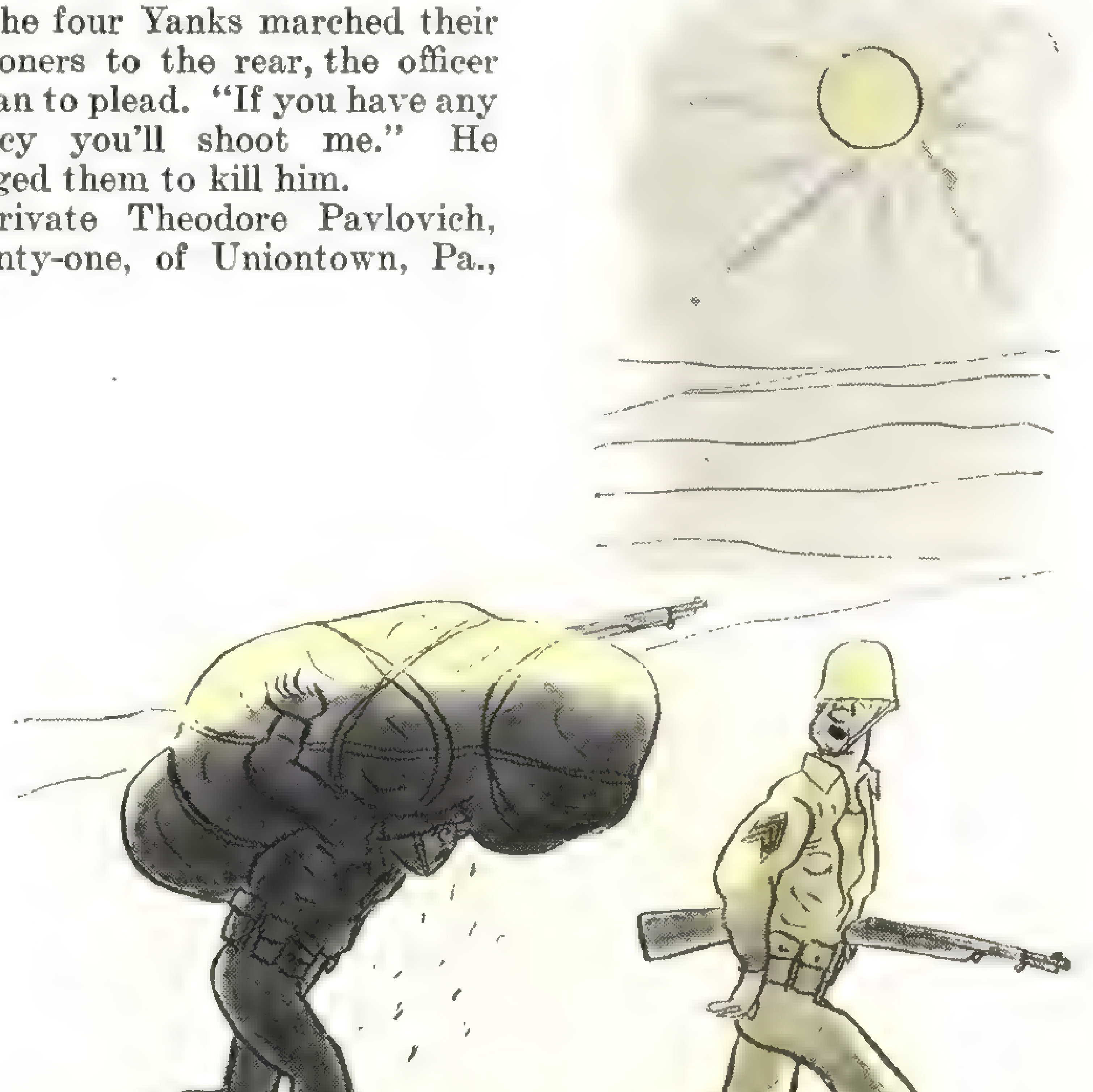
On Guadalcanal four Army privates surprised three of the enemy and captured two. One was an officer. He came toward them, his arms stretched skyward, screaming, "Mercy, Mercy." Then as the four Yanks marched their prisoners to the rear, the officer began to plead. "If you have any mercy you'll shoot me." He begged them to kill him.

Private Theodore Pavlovich, twenty-one, of Uniontown, Pa., describes the scene that followed.

"Jim Hale, a Virginia boy, pulled out his bowie knife and handed it to the Jap, telling him to go ahead and commit hara-kiri. The Jap wasn't interested. We wouldn't have let him do it but we wanted to call his bluff."

> "Bushido *as an independent code of ethics may vanish, but its power will not perish from the earth, its schools of martial prowess or civic honor may be demolished but its light and glory will long survive their ruins."*—Nitobe.

Bushido was accepted by a hopeful world in former days as the soul of Japan. As a code of chivalry it is completely washed out, even to the Japanese—if they ever adhered to it in sincerity. In war they completely disregard its moral precepts. As a fighting incentive it breaks down in a losing war. Symptoms of the crumbling of *bushido* parallel the way in which the "no surrender" code of Sparta crumbled. ##



"Boy, are you lucky you're not out in this hot sun"

Offensive on the Home Front

His world for which young men had died in the other war and were dying now had given him security, a wife and boredom

by ROBERT CARSON

▪ FICTION ▪

THE spotting post was activated, of course. It has been, ever since those Japanese tourists visited Honolulu. The three men sat in the brilliant California sunshine, in the midst of rolling hills sown with beans. Beyond them, hidden from view, was the blue plain of the Pacific. Down the rows of bean plants had formerly moved stooping little yellow men. They were all gone now.

Hap had the phone, which lay in his lap. Jerry had the binoculars. Arthur had found a spot of shade and his eyes were closed. The others thought he was dozing, but he wasn't. He was thinking.

A long-snouted bomber went over, snarling so hard the sound came rolling along the sky like thunder—a Martin. Jerry spoke quietly to Hap, who talked into the phone to the information center filter room, giving bearing, height and description. Arthur opened his eyes and watched the plane fade away. A little line of sweat lay on his upper lip.

Jerry sorted the silhouette cards. "We'll have a sweet time when it starts," he said. "The Mitsubishi 97 looks exactly the same as that baby. And the Mitsubishi 86 is a ringer for a Northrop A-17."

"If they drop bombs," Hap said, "they ain't ours." He yawned. "What time is it?"

Arthur sat up, glanced at his wrist, and told him. His voice was glum.

"You're not very sharp today, Art," Jerry said. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," Arthur said.

"Got a hangover?"

Arthur shook his head.

"We scared him," Hap said, "talking about those Mitsubishis."

That provoked another discussion between Jerry and Hap. The Nakajima 94 was a copy of the Vought Corsair biplane. The Curtiss Hawk looked the same as a Kawasaki 95.

Arthur remembered faraway names—Arras, Vimy Ridge, Caporetto, Loos and the Masurian Lakes. The planes in those days had been called Fokkers and Handley-Pages and Spads. Eight million men had died. It was odd to think he had been young then, and lean, and a warrior. He was heavy now, a husband, and puzzled about the men who had died. The world regretted them, but they had never grown old. They were demi-gods. They had died being right, which few men do. Men were going out again to fight, for a peace the eight million hadn't won. This time he wouldn't go with them.

An echelon of P-38 fighters flitted overhead, climbing toward the sea. The crests of the bean fields were reddening as the sun went down.

Arthur took over and Jerry rested, a newspaper covering his face. Hap eased his belt a notch and lit his pipe. They were all elderly men in the post. There was grey in what hair they had, and Jerry's teeth were removable. They sat and stared at the sky with visions no longer keen, and above them the young men rode the wind in shining thunderbolts poetically named Vengeances, Lightnings and Flying Fortresses.

Arthur was sweating in spite of the evening chill. His mind went racing on, tumbling his thoughts. It held pictures of flyers and destroyers ripping the ocean at night and howitzers blasting in tangled jungles and the sad quiet of hospitals; and it held himself.

The old world, the one that was no more, had been made for him. It might have been constructed to specifications he had drawn. It had made him rich and safe and respected. It had given him a home, a wife, and a full measure of dullness. And then it had suddenly blown up. This was a hell of a thing to happen, and all at once Arthur wondered why he felt rather glad.

The relief came to the post, two men and a woman. Arthur listened to the chaffing and smiled absently. He said good-by to Jerry and Hap. They were going to a bar for a couple of drinks and wanted him to come, but he shook his head. Dorothy didn't like him to drink without her.

Driving home in the dusk didn't take long, but he covered a lot of ground inside his head. Something had gone wrong with him from sitting in those bean fields waiting for Mitsubishi 97's. He was adding himself up, and the total didn't make sense. A man needed more out of life, or death, than regular meals and preferred stocks.

Dorothy was a strict master, but a just one. He didn't have any freedom, but he was well taken care of. He mixed cocktails in the drawing room for a society that would once have made him get very drunk, and on occasion he dressed in a white tie and danced decorously with heavy ladies in hotels where the food was bad. There wasn't much right or wrong in his life, and absolutely no thinking. The world had gone on without him. He wondered if it was too late to catch up.

Gravel crunched under Arthur's tires as he swung up the driveway to the house. The chauffeur had been drafted, so he had to put the car away himself. He walked slowly to the front door. Automatically his head lifted. The sky had become important in the last few months. Stars were shining in the clean blackness. Visibility excellent from on high. A perfect night for picking ground objectives. His throat tightened.

Chris, the Filipino houseman, opened the door for him. His brown face was unhappy. Unobservant citizens frequently took him for a Jap, and a man had hit him in a Redondo beer joint a couple of weeks before. He was thinking of quitting and joining the Navy. The cook and the two maids weren't much happier. They hated living so close to the beach, and every time a police car siren wailed, they assumed the invasion of California had begun.

"Mrs. Belesair isn't home yet, is she?" Arthur asked.

"No, sir," Chris replied.

He followed Arthur into the library. Arthur took off his leather jacket and unwound his muffler. Gathering them up, Chris stopped in the doorway.

"Will you have something, sir?" he said.

"Not now," Arthur said. "I'll wait for Mrs. Belesair."

He looked out the window. A pair of searchlights were poking in the sky, paling the stars. Arthur watched anxiously for the plane. It didn't appear. In this same room Dorothy and he had considered what to do concerning the war. They were quite free to move to Arizona, or as far away as Kansas

Continued on page 144

U.S.
HEIL HITLER!!
HEIL HITLER!
U.S.
U.S.

The Eagle Stirs the Nest

A War Bond Sermon

by ROARK BRADFORD

Members of Sunlight Christian Mission
Af'ican Baptist Church
And visitin' friends amongst us—
Yo' pastor been lazy 'bout preachin' to you.
Mostly, he jest been talkin'—
Talkin' 'bout dis and talkin' 'bout dat—
Naw, I ain't raley been preachin'.

But I'm preachin' today 'bout a bird and a nest,
And, my friends, I'm got me a sermon!

I'm got me a tex' and a subjeck, too,
Cause I'm preachin' about de Eagle!

Amen! Yes!

As de eagle stirreth her nest
So I stirreth up de people!

Dat's hit my friends, Amen!
You hyared my tex' and subjeck!
As de eagle stirreth her nest
So I stirreth up de people.
Dat tex' is straight outn Holy Writ
In de Book er Deuteronomy.

Now, friends, I can't stand hyar and preach
Jest to hyar my own se'f talkin'.
Cause today I'm talkin' 'bout Uncle Sam!
He got to see dat man about de rent,
He owe a bill at de grocery sto'
And his pants is gittin' raggity!

Pass de plate, Deacon!

Now, y'all sisters reach in yo' purse
And kindly he'p yo' Uncle.
You don't want to hyar folks say
"Yonder go Ol' Uncle Sam
Wid run down shoes and raggity coat
And patches all over his breeches."

Naw, don't do him like dat.

Amen.

Now, of all de critters which roam de yearth
Birds is de Lawd's prime favorite.
Dey's de onliest ones dat de Lawd gave wings
To fly around Creation.

Sister Weathers, you h'ist a chune
But keep hit soft and gentle:

Well, I wants two wings to veil my face,
And I wants two wings to fly away!

Sing hit, chilluns, sing hit!

De flyinest bird dat cleaves de air—
Dat's her, my friends—de Eagle!
De crow, de jay bird, de guinea hen
And likewise de dove and sparrer
Kin all git about amongst de clouds
But you can't call dat flyin'.
And when de Eagle spread her mighty wings—
(Don't skip dat member, Deacon!
Make her drap money in de plate
And I mean Eagle money!)

I'm preachin' 'bout de bird de Lawd love best,
I'm preachin' 'bout de ol' bald Eagle!
Not about de high-flyin' Mobile bird,
Nor de ring-tail black swamp buzzard.
My Eagle got a eye in de top er de head
And kin see fo' ways whilst she's flyin'.

Amen.

I'm preachin' 'bout de bird dat Uncle Sam
Spreads on his silver money!

Y'all got de motion, souls?

De Lawd loved Lincoln and dey put him on a cent;
Likewise de buffalo on de nickel,
And a lady's face on a lonesome dime—
And all er dat stuff is money.
But for two-bits, fo'-bits, and de silver wheel
Dey saves special for de Eagle.

Drap a eagle in de plate!

Now, dis Eagle dat I'm talkin' about
Built her nest on a lonesome rock
High up on de distant mountain.
Now wind nor snow nor storm nor rain
Kin change her f'm her business.

Fust come stones to make hit strong,
Den willow reeds to shape hit;
And next comes leaves and sprouts and stuff
To make hit nice and springy.
And next, my friends, she takes some thorns—
And dis is de mighty mystery
Dat makes her de Lawd's own special bird.
Jest wait, I'll 'splain dat later—
She takes dese thorns and spreads 'em down
Amongst de leaves and willows,
And den she spreads down plenty moss
Twell de nest is soft like a blanket.

Den she lays her aigs!

Great God A'mighty!
I saw de Eagle
Fly out on de mountain side,
Wid a can er coal oil on her tail,
Squealin' and squallin' like a yearlin' bull,
Cryin', "Git out'n my way, cause I'm flyin' high
And I aims to light up de world!"

Oh, yes, chilluns,
She done laid her aigs!

And now she's hatchin' out dem aigs—
Sing softly, chilluns, softly.
Drap a little bass around de song
And y'all high sopranos, groan hit.
De mamma Eagle is on de nest
A-hatchin' out her young'ns.

Well, I wants two wings to veil my face,
And I wants two wings to fly away.

And now dem eglets is done hatched out,
And ol' mamma's got to feed 'em
Whilst dey lays back in de mossy nest
And eats and takes hit easy.

You got a baby, too?

Well, purty soon de time gits right
For de young'ns to git busy.
De mamma Eagle fusses about and tries
To learn 'em to be eagles.
She flops her wings and flies away
And den comes back and tells 'em:

"You do's like dat, when you wants to fly:
Jest spread out and shake yo' feathers,
And you'll sail high over de mountain top
And git up close to Glory!"

But naw!

Dem baby eagles jest lays back
And don't try to budge a feather.
"Dis nest is mighty satisfied,
Don't b'lieve I'll take up flyin'.
You fly about and bring us grub
And we'll stay hyar and eat hit."

You see?

You low-down sinners and hippercrits!
You's jest like baby eagles!
You got yo' rent and yo' grocer paid;
Oh, yes, yo' nest is mossy!
Ain't no p'int in you gittin' out
To hit a lick for Uncle Sam.
You jest lays back and waits for me
To hit you wid de Sperrit!

Jest wait!

You mind when de Eagle built her nest
She buried thorns and thistles
Down amongst de reeds and moss?
Well, she knowed what she was doin'.
Dat Eagle was a case!
"So you likes yo' nest too good to leave?
You'd druther take things easy,
Den to spread yo' wings and fly away
Like we's wrote down in de Bible?
I'll fix you, you symbols er sin!
Wait to I stirs dem thistles
And thorns I laid away under de moss
Befo' I even laid you!"

So, de Eagle stirs de nest!
Great God A'mighty! She stirred her nest!
You hyared me! She stirred hit!
Dem thorns poked out th'ough de thistles and moss
And dey stuck dem baby eagles!
De babies moved about to dodge de spikes
But mamma kept right on stirrin'.
Twell hit wan't no place in dat mossy nest
Dat de chilluns could rest in pleasure.

So, dey flew away!

Oh, yes! Dem babies spread dey feathered wings
And cleaved de air twarge Glory!
And fulfilled Scripture and spread de Light
As dey winged amongst de heavens!

Oh, yes! Amen!

Now, chilluns, le's hyar you sing dat song
Like dem baby eagles flyin'.
Sing out, you tenors and baritones,
And basses, le's hyar you rumble.
Sopranos, altos, slit yo' throats
And tell me 'bout dem eagles!

Well, I wants two wings to veil my face
And I wants two wings to fly away!

Great God A'mighty!

Now, de Lawd built dis world like de Eagle's nest
Wid plenty er good-time and pleasure
And he aims for you chilluns to be happy
But jest don't git too lazy!
Cause hit's thorns and trouble under de moss,
And thistles amongst de pleasures.
And when you gits so satisfied
Dat you don't need yo' Jesus,
De Lawd, like His Eagle, gonter stir dis nest,
And He use me for His ladle!

Oh, yes!
Shout hit, chilluns!

Now, Deacon, pass dat plate agin,
And what I means, you pass hit!
And y'all members dig down deep and give.
And I means, drap in dem eagles!

Dem Uncle Sam Eagles,
Dem Eagles for Uncle Sam
To fight dis war wid.
Amen.

CENSORS
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A to E
CLAUDE

Is Jockeying Part of the Game?

It doesn't hurt men who can "take it," says this former big-league umpire

By BILLY EVANS

MANY baseball experts say that the lineup of every club should include the designation "Jockeys" and carry under it the names of men assigned that task.

Rosters of major league clubs, in addition to players, name the managers and coaches. None of the rosters tells who the jockeys are. They are always part of the troupe and play a role in keeping with the temperament of the manager. The title of coach is often mere camouflage for their real duties.

The baseball jockey is hired to "ride" certain opposing players.

There will always be much controversy on this point. Many insist that "goat-getting" tactics should be banned. They say that "riding" to disturb the poise of a player is rotten sportsmanship and no part of the game.

Those on the other side think "riding" *is* part of the game, a mental hazard, a definite test of moral courage and equilibrium. They declare that the game would become pantywaist without it, and the gates might as well be closed if razzing were eliminated.

Having played and officiated in two major sports that call for much personal contact—baseball and football—I have observed that while one may argue that good sportsmen never step outside the line of play, it just doesn't work out that way.

"Can he take it?" is a question often heard in professional sport, because a player who reaches prominence is certainly going to have to take it.

In an important game an outstanding star was pitching. He had been a holdout and when he finally reported, he started badly. The jockeying coach went to work on him, cupping his hands over his mouth so the umpire wouldn't hear.

"You bum," the jockey said contemptuously. "You to hold out for eighteen thousand. A bum like you."

The pitcher endured the riding until the eighth, when he had filled the bases. That was the blow-off. In a voice heard all over the park, the jockey yelled, "You are lucky to be in the league. I'm the one that's keeping you in it. Waivers were asked on you twice and I'm the only club that claimed you."

Immediately the coach was ordered off the field. There was no truth in what he had said but the pitcher didn't know that. He let go a fast ball to the batter's strength and away went a triple that won the game.

Joe Bush of the A's could imitate a cornet. Coveleskie of Detroit was an earnest amateur cornet player. Report was that Coveleskie used his cornet to serenade a lady in his home town by playing *Silver Threads Among the Gold* under her window. With Coveleskie on the mound, then over the field would float from the A's dugout a crude burlesque of a cornet playing *Silver Threads Among the Gold* with squawks and blue notes. It never failed. Joe Bush should have been credited with many a victory over Coveleskie in games in which Bush never appeared on the field.

A jockey jockeyed with White Sox manager Clarence "Pants" Rowland in his New York debut. Rowland came to Chicago from Dubuque, where he conducted a popular tavern. As Rowland appeared in the coaching box the whole New York team began to shout, "Two beers." "Ham on rye." "One hamburger."

At the end of the inning Rowland kicked to me. "Can they get away with that in the big leagues?"

In an unforgettable game in Detroit, Ruth and Gehrig had just hit a triple and a home run. Meusel was up. In wrath at the two runs, the pitcher threw a close one to drive Meusel back. The ball hit him over the kidneys and dropped him writhing. After a minute he was able to walk to first. The pitcher, still fuming, called to him, "You put on a cheap act. I should have hit you with my fast one and then they'd have carried you off."

Meusel had not complained about being hit but this was piling it on. He made a rush for the pitcher. Both teams swarmed in for a battle royal. Thousands of fans poured down from the stands. The game had to be forfeited.

This was riding in the extreme in its results. Nobody could call that playing the game.

Usually the riding any athlete must take now and then under fire could hardly be classed as good sportsmanship. However, the even-tempered, courageous player accepts it with a smile or ignores it and goes about his business unperturbed, proving that he can take it. That is most essential for sport success, which is, after all, the survival of the fittest. #

Frank
BEAVEN

"Now just make yourself at home"

The Savage Magic of Tuadekili

Milk had faith that Tuadekili, the Zulu sorceress, could make him well

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

THE Zulu witch-doctor strode to our camp fire haughtily. Height of the tall, lean figure was accentuated by a lofty headdress of ostrich feathers. From the *kaross* of jackal's fur one long arm stretched, holding a warrior's club, a knob *kerrie*.

"*Sagubona baaba*," came the sonorous voice. "Umkulum Kulu, the great spirit, sent me word that you were coming, bringing me a man to heal."

In the firelight we saw that it was a woman. Braided pigtails of a witch-doctor framed her thin, shrewd face. Her eyes were extraordinarily bright and piercing. "I am Tuadekili," she said. "Give me the man."

Milk, our cook, came from behind the truck and stood before her, his left arm, mangled and paralyzed by the lion's jaws, dangling, helpless. She bent her fierce, dominating gaze upon him.

"Did you see her eyes?" asked the Professor after she took Milk away.

The witch-doctor had tried to astonish us by foreknowledge that we were coming. That was the usual trickery. We had heard the signal drums sending the message ahead of us the past two days. Milk's life had been saved at the Umtali hospital, but he was left a cripple. He begged us to take him to a witch-doctor. Now he was in the power of savage magic.

All this was ten days ago. We had not seen Milk since the sorceress took him to her *kraal*. This morning I went to Xipooso, the chief. "I want to see my man," I said. "Have him brought out or I will go in and get him."

"It is not well to hurry Tuadekili," said the old man. "Her spirit is very strong."

I had been squatting beside him as he sat in front of his hut. A shadow fell between us. I looked up. It was the witch glaring down at me.

"You would see your man," she said. "Tuadekili will bring him."

We followed Tuadekili to her *kraal*. She went inside and in a moment Milk came out, smiling. He danced in a circle in the hot sun, waving one arm and singing in a high, strange voice.

"See, *Musungu*," he cried. "Umkulum Kulu has healed me. See, I am strong again. See, I lift this stone. See, I break this thick stick."

We looked sadly at Milk and then at each other. Alas, Milk was under a spell, that was all. He had not touched either the big stone or the stick. His left arm flapped, helpless. The sorceress was fiercely concentrating all the power of her gaze on Milk. The spell broke abruptly. His voice stopped and he shuffled lifelessly back into the hut.

Tuadekili motioned us imperatively to follow her. We went into the large circular hut and were blinded a moment by the change from the bright sun. Then we saw Milk standing with his back to the center pole. Tuadekili was binding him to the post with turns of soft fiber rope. When she stepped away, he hung in the lashings as if half unconscious.

Standing before him, waving her long arms, the sorceress began to chant. "Umkulum Kulu, hear." Her bare feet stamped. "Hear, Umkulum Kulu."

Something stirred in the darkness at the wall. A great shadow began to move. Across the earth floor a huge snake writhed swiftly and before I could leap aside, it threw a coil around me. The Professor and Bomba stood as if frozen. Afterward they told me they were unable to move.

Other coils encircled me and tightened. I was being suffocated. The python's hideous head was swaying before my face. In the grip of the frightful nightmare, my arms bound to my side, my breath leaving me, everything was darkness but in the darkness I suddenly heard Milk yelling:

"Save the *Musungu!* Save the *Musungu!*"

I opened my eyes. Milk was breaking the rope that held him. I saw the muscle in his left arm bulge as he tore at his lashings. He threw himself toward me and seizing the python's neck with both hands, put forth his strength to snap its spine.

The reptile twisted free and glided away.

And then as I stood dazed I saw the weird dance around the center post. Around and around it the witch was dancing, singing and thumping the earth. Milk was dancing and singing behind her. I saw the Professor and Bomba join the crazy round and round, both of them singing and capering behind the waving ostrich plumes and Tuadekili's big bare feet slapping the hard earth floor. ⧺

The Longest Way Round

Nobody liked the dude but since he was a paying guest on the ranch it seemed only courteous to bring him back alive

by D. D. BEAUCHAMP

▪ FICTION ▪

The trouble, when it came, was unexpected, the way trouble usually is. It came in the person of a man, and after it got there it stayed. His name was Robert Perrin. He arrived at the ranch the latter part of June, and the boys in the bunkhouse had him tagged for what he was five minutes after he stepped out of the station wagon. If you wrangled dudes long enough you developed an insight into human nature, and a knack for sizing people up according to outstanding characteristics. It was Spanish who put it into words.

"Generally speaking," Spanish said, "you can cut the herd into two classes. Some of 'em enjoy their money, and the rest of 'em use it to raise hell with other people. This dude," he said, "has got tinhorn written all over him in four languages. He don't like cowpokes, gentlemen, and you can do one of two things. You can quit your job, or you can take what he's got to hand out. Personally I'm goin' to hide in the brush every time he comes within shootin' distance."

It turned out to be a fairly accurate summary. Mr. Perrin was thirty-seven years old, paunchy, red-faced, and pompous. He was fond of saying that he liked what he called roughing it, but his description of roughing it had certain definite limitations. In three weeks he had complained about everything and everybody on the ranch, including the cook, and Mr. Lucas' hair was beginning to turn grey at the edges.

"Ordinarily," he said, "I'd run him down the road just for exercise, but right now . . ."

He didn't complete the sentence. He didn't need to, because everybody on the ranch knew what he was talking about. It was an off season, and eight paying guests were eight paying guests. It had been an open winter, and a dry spring, and you could count the ribs on the cattle with the naked eye at a hundred yards. Mr. Perrin was paying the freight, and they all knew it. That was what made it really tough.

It was a situation that the hands endured out of loyalty to Mr. Lucas, but it was a situation that couldn't go on forever without blowing up. And when it did blow up it was William American Horse who blew it.

It happened in mid-July, as a climax to four weeks of hot weather when the thermometer had hit a hundred and ten every day, and the woods were as dry as a tinder box. The heat had broken during the night with an electrical storm, but no rain had fallen, and at seven-thirty the next morning when Bill started up from the corral toward the cookshack for breakfast he noticed the smoke for the first time. It was just a thin blue plume then, rising straight up in the still air, halfway down the timbered slope of Hog Back mountain; but it was the thing they had all been afraid of. Bill watched it for a moment and then broke into a trot up the slope. The lookout on Bald Butte would undoubtedly spot it, but it was better to be on the safe side and report it himself.

He had called the forestry office and was standing out on the gallery of the ranch house when Mr. Lucas joined him. The hot dead air had come suddenly alive with a breeze from the north. Mr. Lucas pulled his hat down against the glare of the sun and squinted his eyes, staring up the mountain.

"It's two-bit size now," he said, "but it won't take long to spread with this wind behind it. You better get Arty and Dick, throw some shovels and axes in the back end of the pick-up and go on up there."

Even as he spoke the smoke started mushrooming. It turned from blue to black, and thin red flames spurted in the middle of it. The wind caught it and it flattened down over the tops of the trees. Bill had started away, but Mr. Lucas called him back. He was shaking his head.

"You don't need to bother. It's too far gone now for three men to stop it."

At eight-thirty a ranger came out from town, but he didn't even bother getting out of his car. He took one look, turned around and headed back for a crew and equipment. It was a man-sized fire by then and it was getting bigger every minute.

At the ranch there was nothing to do but wait. All morning the reports came in, relayed through town from the lookout on Bald Butte, but you didn't need a telescope and a seven thousand foot elevation to know it was bad. Two miles west it looked like half the world was on fire. The air was alive and hot, filled with slow drifting ash and cinders.

Up on the gallery two smoke chasers from the Spring Creek station sprawled in deck chairs out of the sun, and tried to drink up all the beer in the commissary. They had come down off the hill a half hour before. Their faces were grimy with smoke and sweat-streaked. Mr. Lucas lowered the field glasses and squatted on his heels with his back braced against a post. His voice was quiet but he looked worried.

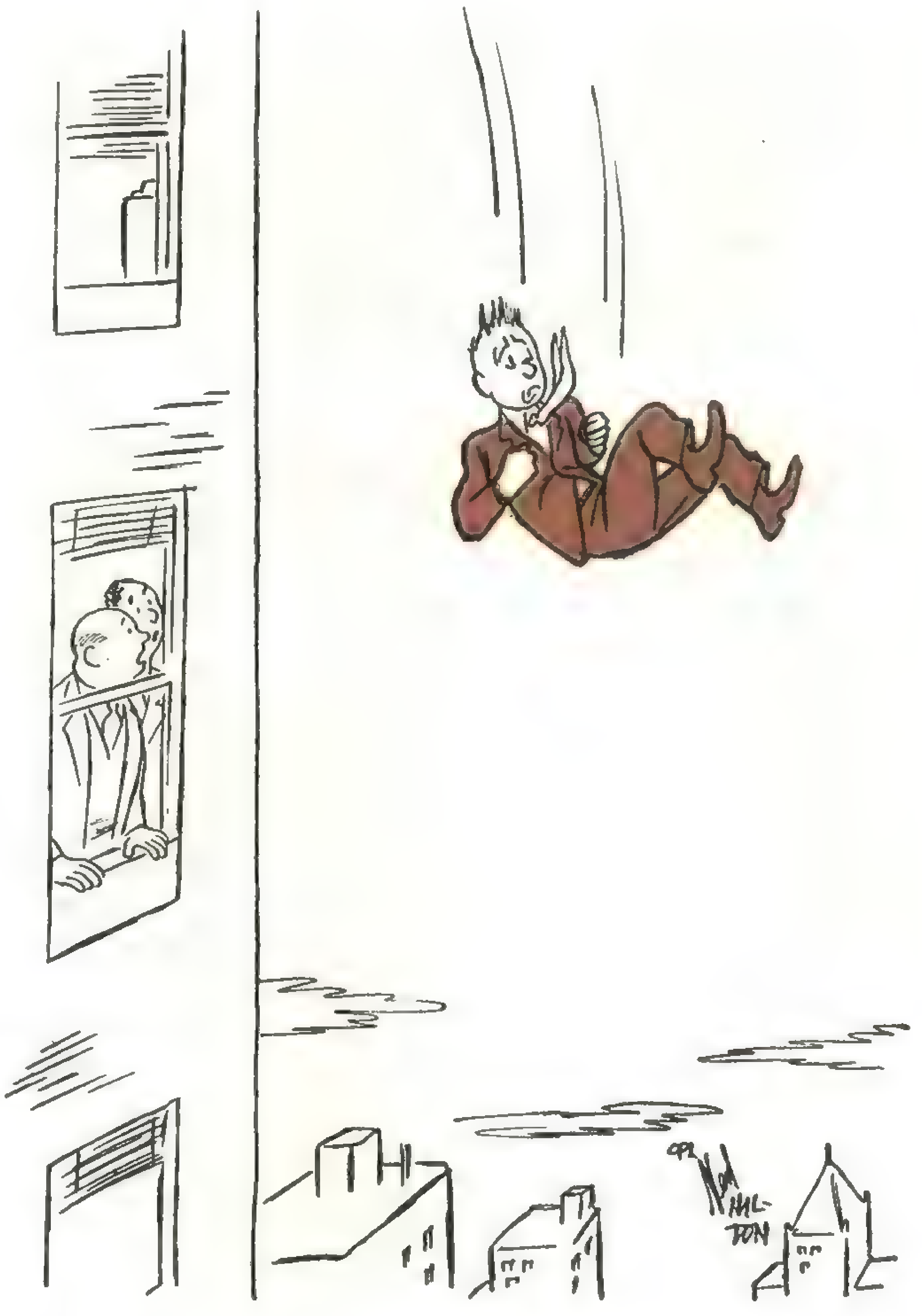
"She's pretty hot up there, boys?"

"Pretty hot?" one of the smoke chasers said. "Mister, hell ain't a patchin' to the fire you got up that gulch." He set his empty beer bottle on the floor. "Cliff and me was up on the ridge clearin' a fire trail when we saw the smoke. That was maybe seven o'clock. It didn't look like much then. We come in from the east along the ridge thinkin' maybe we could trench it with our axes, and about the time we got there the wind come up. It got into that thick jack pine and blew up. Cliff's longer-legged than me, but I was a hundred yards ahead and still pickin' up speed when we got out of the timber."

Mr. Lucas nodded. He got his handkerchief out of his hip pocket and mopped his forehead. He had the glasses up again, looking through them. "She's burning clear down in the bottom now."

Fifty feet away along the gallery a door slammed and he turned his head.

Bill came out of the office, away from the telephone for the fourth time in the past half hour, and let the screen door bang to behind him. The impact of the heat was like running into a wall and his



"Poor Joe—he took the only way out. There was a venomous article about him in TIME*"*

eyes smarted with the smoke. Down at the end of the gallery the guests on the ranch were huddled in a small quiet group. They had stopped talking when Bill appeared, but he knew well enough what they had been saying. Mr. Lucas had tried to keep it quiet, but it couldn't be done. Thirty minutes ago they had discovered that Mr. Perrin was missing, and he hadn't put in an appearance yet. One of the men in the group stirred.

"What'd you find out, Bill?"

"He's up there all right," Bill said.

He heard one of the women gasp. "Is there any danger?"

"If he uses his head there ain't," Bill said.

He didn't stop. The trouble was Mr. Perrin apparently wasn't using his head. It was about half funny and half serious, Bill thought. His spur chains jangled along the brick flooring, and Mr. Lucas got up to meet him. Bill nodded.

"It looks like he's done just what we figured he had. Rode on up Confederate Gulch past the front of the fire and got himself trapped in there when it came down to the road. We got word to Sloan up on the lookout and he spotted him. A man on horseback clear up at the head of the gulch. There's nobody else in the state'd be fool enough to go in there except him."

He stared out at the smoke visualizing the country behind it in his mind. It was a blind canyon. The west end was a mountain of sheer rock that was a paradise for Big Horn sheep, but no place for a man on horseback. There was fire along the north ridge and across the east end where the old logging road ran. That left only one way to get out. Bill sat down on the edge of the gallery and started tracing the outlines of it in the dust. It was a crude map, but it showed him what he wanted to know. Mr. Lucas sat down beside him.

"It isn't burning on the south side of the gulch yet."

"Not yet," Bill said. He put his finger on the line that indicated the south ridge. "If he'd go up over the top and down the other side he'd be all right. The trouble is accordin' to Sloan he's headin' straight out along the north slope of the ridge above the fire. Got spooked I guess and figured it was the quickest way."

"The damned idiot," Mr. Lucas said.

Bill sat there in the blazing sun and felt the cold sweat run down his back under his shirt. He didn't need to say what he was thinking because they both knew it. You couldn't ride a horse along that slope because of the dead fall. It was a hard trip on foot. It was four or five miles, Bill figured, and it would take a fat man three or four hours at the very least to walk it. In the intense heat at midday the fire was apt to start crowning and if it did it would go up that slope like the midnight mail. Get caught on that sidehill, Bill thought, and you wouldn't have a prayer.

"What time is it now?"

"Ten o'clock," Mr. Lucas said. "Maybe a quarter after." He was standing up now, staring down the slope toward the corrals. "It seems funny to me," he said, "that nobody saw him ride out there this morning. Sometimes I wonder what I hire you guys for."

"Yessir," Bill said.

It wasn't exactly a lie, but it was a definite implication, and it made him feel bad. He hadn't said anything up till now, because it seemed unnecessary. Mr. Lucas was a fair-minded man, but he'd probably say there should have been some way of handling the situation if a man would only think about it. All I got to do, Bill thought, is keep my mouth shut, and nobody'll know the difference. He wasn't going to do it though. It should be easy enough to justify himself. He'd tried, hadn't he? But somehow he couldn't feel right about it. Any way you looked at it, the guests on the ranch were a part of your responsibility, no matter how they acted. Bill sighed.

"I saw him go."

He could feel Mr. Lucas' startled movement beside him, and waited for the fireworks, but nothing happened. He must be pretty worried, Bill thought, if he can't even swear. He straightened up and arched his back to get the kink out of it.

"I tried to stop him," Bill said, "and he almost rode me down with that big sorrel."

He could still get mad when he remembered what had happened that morning. He could still feel the impact of the horse's shoulder against his chest, and hear Perrin's loud blustering voice.

"Since when are the hired men around here giving orders? Now let go that bridle."

Bill had let it go. There was no use in arguing, because you couldn't tell a man like that anything. He knew it all.

"Afterward," Bill said, "I was

Continued on page 145

LINK TRAINER
LINK

"Take it up to fifteen thousand and level off—then I'll tell you what to do"

The Twelve Who Weren't Hanged

Strange pranks of fate have enabled many accused murderers, innocent and guilty, to dodge the death sentence

by CLEMENT J. WYLE

• ARTICLE •

Buster Shaw of Nahunta, Georgia, was scheduled to die on October 3, 1942. On the following day, he was still puffing cigarettes in Condemned Row. Georgia's executioner had joined the Army without giving notice, and no substitute was available.

That same week, Clifford Haas and Paul Sewell rode to safety on a WPB ruling. South Dakota had abolished hanging and they were to be electrocuted, but there was no chair. The WPB had refused to grant materials necessary to construct it. Capital punishment, it appears, is not essential to the war effort.

If precedent is observed, no new dates will be set for the deaths of Shaw, Haas, and Sewell. And thus the fraternity of murderers who sidestepped their death sentences (*not* through such namby-pamby expedients as a governor's pardon or a court ruling) gains three new pledges. "Cheaters of Death," the fraternity is called, and in this country its most respected member is Jim Williams, the Florida cook who cut up his wife with a kitchen knife and then claimed he should go free because she "excused" him before she died . . .

Williams was strapped into the electric chair of Florida State Prison, braced for the lethal shock, when a harsh voice, not of the heavenly angels, barked out: "I won't pull that switch!"

It was the voice of R. J. Hancock, sheriff of Putnam county, where the crime had been committed. "It's your job to pull it," he continued, glaring at Warden John S. Blitch.

"And *I* say it's yours," the warden retorted, thus starting a twenty-minute debate which ended when one switch-thrower told the other to go to hell. Williams, in a state of collapse, was carried back to his cell.

When the court ordered Hancock to do the honors the next week, the Board of Pardons, mindful of Williams' half-hour of perspiration and hell in the chair, commuted his sentence to life imprisonment. But the record does not end there. A farmer's daughter was almost gored to death near the stables where Williams worked as a "trusty"; Williams killed the bull, saved the girl, won a pardon on December 19, 1934.

Fourteen years before, Lonnie Eaton, a convicted murderer, had stood on the scaffold in New Orleans with a *lei* of twisted hemp around his neck. The Principal Keeper looked to the rear of the scaffold to give the sheriff the signal—but the sheriff wasn't there. In fact, a quick check-up revealed that he hadn't even arrived at the jail.

A guard raced to the telephone to locate the missing man. He was unsuccessful, and since only the sheriff could legally hang Eaton, the party was called off.

Next day the sheriff confessed to a "slip of the mind," but didn't see why he couldn't hang the fellow "some other day." Eaton's lawyers did. Lonnie had kept his appointment June fifth. That day had passed, the state's option was up. To settle matters without a long drawn-out court battle, Governor Parks gave Eaton life sentence. Eleven years later another governor pardoned him, for "good behavior."

Although the Eaton fiasco brought reforms—executioners must now confirm their dates in writing, must arrive at the prison well in advance of the zero hour—Providence still plays her cards cosy and close to the vest. Take the case of Jim Brown, of Palatka, Florida.

The noose was around Brown's neck, and the warden was reading the death warrant. ". . . hereby direct the execution of . . . of . . ." He choked on the inserted name, stopped reading abruptly. The name was not Jim Brown, but that of the foreman of the jury which had convicted him. In a Freudian moment, a court clerk had ordered the hanging of the wrong man. Brown could not be hanged, and ultimately, like Williams and Eaton, was extended clemency. In his case Providence was wise, for after ten years as a convict he was proved innocent and released, with a consolation prize of 2,492 dollars for "faithful service during the period of his wrongful imprisonment."

Oldest member of the COD fraternity is Archie Herron, convicted of murder in New Jersey over thirty-five years ago. James J. Bergen, sentencing judge, stayed Herron's execution pending a lunacy hearing. The hearing proved him sane, but plans for his execution were again blocked: The law provided that a reprieved prisoner could not be put to death unless a new warrant were obtained from the judge who had signed the original one. That document was unprocurable—Justice Bergen had died just before the alienists submitted their findings.

Such escapes are rare these days, but two centuries ago many killers died of old age, though they had been executed in their youth. In those days the scaffold was nothing more than a crossbeam supported by two poles or trees. The guest of honor mounted a ladder to reach a noose. Since the rope was never well knotted, and the drop very slight, death resulted principally from asphyxiation.

Many a limp figure, after being cut down, was rushed by friends to a makeshift hospital where stimulants were administered or an incision made in the windpipe. In most cases the criminal was too well hanged to breathe again, but occasionally a stilled heart renewed its beat within six hours.

Resurrection was such good business that a certain Professor Aldini worked tirelessly to develop a compound which, he claimed, could recondition a stiff within *one* hour. First to receive treatment was George Foster, executed on January 18, 1803. A witness at the revival was a Mr. Pass, who came principally to gloat over what he was sure would be the doctor's failure.

Both Aldini and Pass were surprised. Within fifteen minutes, the executed Foster was alive and chipper, and Pass, the skeptic, had dropped dead from excitement.

No such stimulants or surgery were necessary to reanimate beautiful Maggie Dixon of Musselburgh, near Edinburgh. Maggie's husband was a seaman; in fact he had been at sea over a year when Maggie gave birth to a baby. For infanticide, Maggie was strung up.

Her body was claimed by friends, who dumped it into a cart and headed for the cemetery. The mournful group drove over a rocky road, and the violent jolting must have restored Maggie's lungs to working condition. She was soon in a tavern, nursing her bruised throat with straight whiskey. Instead of ordering her rehanged, the Edinburgh magistrate stated that whatever happened during her "first life" had been erased. Maggie was free not only of the hangman, but of her husband.

He won her back, though. Not long after, the minister who had prayed for Maggie at the scaffold remarried them!

In those days executions were practically legal holidays, and in the crowds they attracted and the

Continued on page 148

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE ▶

The face and fortune of Susan Hayward

Young ladies with sails trimmed for the cinema may well look to the career of Susan Hayward. Add up all the stories you've heard about pretty girls breaking into the movies, strike an average, and what you end up with is the career of Susan Hayward.

She was born in Brooklyn. After she graduated from High School, she tried to become an actress on Broadway. She couldn't get a job in the theatre, so she turned to modelling.

Five years ago, a director saw her picture in the public prints and decided that she would make the perfect Scarlett O'Hara. She was tested for the role. All this was very regular, very typical. She did not get the role, but she did come to Hollywood. While she was living up to the norm by starving in Hollywood, and taking odd jobs, and knocking on every studio door, she happened into the office of the Paramount casting director at the miraculous moment when that great man was looking for a girl who looked exactly like Susan Hayward happened to look. The casting director took one look at her, cried "you're the one!" and Miss Hayward became a movie star.

All this is what happens to young ladies from Brooklyn who embark upon a cinema career—all except becoming a movie star, which happens to one in a million.

Hayward on Men: "The idea that women can do without men is an old maid's folly. The clever Chinese, I understand, drown enough little girls to make the ratio between the sexes correct. Men's greatest errors are of omission. They forget flowers and anniversaries; they give you a prim peck on the forehead when what you really yearn for is something else again. A man always lives up to a *man's* idea of a man—you know, strong and silent. Now, strength and silence are fine and dandy, but not for a steady diet. You men's men would do better to give us a few kind words and show us an occasional weakness."

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5′, 4″; *Weight:* 107; *Bust:* 34; *Waist:* 24½; *Hips:* 35; *Real Name:* Edythe Marrener; *Next Picture: The Man in Half-Moon Street.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

If interested in getting a lovely Hurrell girl reproduced on a lightweight jig-saw puzzle which can be sent for 3c postage to men in service overseas, see page 159.

Paramount's

SUSAN HAYWARD

Hurrell Photograph

Honest Work for Yachtsmen

Members of the Coast Guard Auxiliary volunteer boats and useful experience for coast patrol and emergency rescue

by JOHN I. MADIGAN

• ARTICLE •

THE war has rolled yachting on its beam ends, what with restricted areas, special permits, necessary identification, lack of fuel and young men gone into the service or war plants. But there are yachtsmen who are doing plenty of sailing. These are the men who have joined the Coast Guard Auxiliary. Wherever there are yachts they have organized into voluntary units called flotillas. Each flotilla elects its own commander and organizes its own classes of instruction. Yachts are assigned to patrol duty and the flotilla provides a "task force" which can operate together. The Coast Guard provides the gasoline and the professional background.

For an example of a CGA yacht on the job, take the thirty-foot cruiser *Lucy Q* bouncing over her patrol course on the ocean some miles south of Long Island. The seas were big enough to wet everything on board, including the owner and the amateur crew.

Then came a tremendous, sustained roar overhead. A big Army bomber above them dipped and turned southwest. The *Lucy Q's* skipper followed at top speed. After an hour they spotted something on the water ahead over which the bomber was circling.

It was a plane, riding to her sea anchor. The plane had run out of gas and was forced down fifty miles from her base. The patrol bomber had caught the radio signal and brought the nearest boat.

Easterly wind was making and the sea was rising. They had to act promptly. The pilot of the plane that was down megaphoned that with twenty gallons of gas he could get up and get to shore. The yacht skipper's problem was how to put gas aboard the plane. On the *Lucy Q* he had a two-and-a-half gallon spout can. He cut the bottom out of it so the plane could use it as a funnel and, coming up to windward, floated the can down to the plane on a life-preserver. Then he unshipped and emptied one of his fresh-water tanks, pumped gas into it with a hand bilge pump and streamed that to the plane at the end of a line.

If the sea had been smooth, the plane's engines might not have been able to develop enough power on the yacht's low octane fuel to break her loose from the water. But with the sea that was running the pilot bounced her into the air. The skipper of the *Lucy Q* had a worthwhile entry for his log.

Black Marlin III was off the drawing board of a famous designer. Her twin 275 h.p. engines could drive her at Destroyer speed. Her owner, an East Coast sportsman, had tried the Navy and the Army but had been turned down because of his eyes. So *Marlin* was in the CGA.

Naturally everybody wanted to go as crew when *Marlin* went out. To be fair the owner took a different crew every Tuesday for his weekly twenty-four hour patrol.

This time he had a crew which was all associate members, that is non-boat-owners—and all were novice seamen. Owner of *Marlin* was hopeful that the weather would remain calm.

Because of her high speed *Marlin* usually did her patrol duty alone. In any decent weather she could be fifty miles offshore in two hours. That was her station and it was more like an outing than a wartime patrol.

Everyone was thinking of lunch when there came a yell from the cabin top. "Submarine!" The lookout jumped over the after end of the cabin into the cockpit and knocked the owner's glasses off and broke them. He had to rely on their eyes after that, but they all could see it, a long way off but unquestionably a submarine sneaking along on the surface. He felt that he must break radio silence with a call to the Coast Guard. Within minutes three Army bombers appeared from as many different directions. They roared in at low altitude and the amateur crew of *Marlin* were in a frenzy at being about to see a sub destroyed. The skipper was able to interpret the planes' behavior as they circled and soared back. "Whale," he said in disgust.

A CGA flotilla based at a resort on the East Coast did some hard work last summer. An Army bomber was forced down a few miles offshore. No salvage equipment was near.

A retired sea captain volunteered to do the job if he could have one diver. The flotilla furnished men and boats. Under the captain's direction empty gasoline drums and timbers were brought to the dock. The diver arrived by plane and set up his rig in a CGA boat. The gas drums and beams were lashed together for rafts and towed out above the sunken plane.

Quiet weather favored the operation. The diver went down to make the cables fast to the plane. The ends were brought up to the rafts. At dead low tide the cables were tightened and made fast. Then when the nine-foot tide rose, the plane was lifted and could be towed toward shore. When it grounded they had to wait for the next tide. In two operations it was close enough to shore for a line to be taken to an Army salvage truck which hauled it out.

Here is the story of a CGA rehearsal of a major operation.

The call came on a Thursday morning. Now was a chance to show what the flotilla would be good for in a jam.

Majority of the members of this particular flotilla were men who commuted to their work in New York City. Seventy-five men and thirty-five boats were in the unit. At 11 o'clock the call came for flotilla X to rendezvous at Coast Guard station Y with all speed, manned, fuelled and provisioned for twenty-four hours. Immediately a flotilla officer went to the Coast Guard station to act as operations officer.

In half an hour three boats were at the station. At 1 o'clock nineteen yachts were in the basin. Nine of the yachts were more than thirty feet long. These were ordered ten miles offshore on a specified course to look for small wooden floats. These floats represented "survivors" floating in life belts. The CGA men were not told how many floats had been set adrift. The ten smaller boats formed a line of communication with the shore.

To make the rehearsal complete many of the floats were marked as casualties—"extensive burns," "exhaustion from cold and submersion," "broken thigh," etc. The simulated victims were to be sent ashore with speed as necessary.

The floats were adrift over a wide area, as might be the case after a disaster. Thirty-seven floats out of thirty-eight were picked up.

For this test every CGA man who could be reached reported promptly for duty. Twenty-eight boats and forty-five men turned out. They showed their ability to do a job when called on.

Thousands of yachts on the Atlantic, Pacific, Great Lakes and Gulf coasts are organized in the flotillas of the Coast Guard Auxiliary. Many of the yachtsmen after experience in part-time patrolling join the Coast Guard Reserve for full-time service. They receive pay and rank according to their abilities and their yachts become Government owned (or leased) and operated vessels. ⧺

THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

Featuring the girls at the Diamond Horseshoe

WITH a hey nonny nonny, and a hot cha cha, the third in the series of night club close-ups, dreamed up especially for the men in Uncle Sam's service, finds the girls at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe very much in the groove. Esquire's contention is that if the boys' current wanderings are taking them away from their favorite haunts, then said haunts should take the hint and follow the boys around via Esky-mail.

The Diamond Horseshoe, in keeping the home fires burning on Broadway, somehow manages to combine the speediest entertainment in town with the atmosphere of yesteryear. Confidentially, the place is a shrewd mixture of old-fashioned nostalgia and new-fashioned eye appeal. Physically, the Horseshoe resembles something out of the Gay Nineties, with big round lights and plush curtains. But while the entertainment is fast and festive, with everybody speaking to everybody else, the show is so clean you could bring your grandmother.

These seven chorines had to be what you plainly perceive them to be to get by Billy Rose and John Murray Anderson, both past masters in the not unpleasant search for the perfect torso. Anna Mace, the tall blonde in the centre, has the distinction of being the tallest show girl in America, a mere six-feet-three. In addition to Miss Mace, the Navy boys down front are exposed to Gay Hess, the girl at the extreme left with the wise eyes and the sombrero.

Then Dorothy Blute, tall, comely and light-hearted—and why not? Next in line is Joy Coleman, seemingly amused-at-it-all, and Ruth Rathbun, another little girl with a big hat. Kay Gruer, next to the last, has the old-fashioned kind of beauty that goes well with the Horseshoe's mauve decade nostalgia—try it double, boys, with soda—and Marci Flynn brings the line up to date.

And don't overlook the cast of characters at the ringside. From the back they appear to be, from left to right, two American sailors, an American submariner and two British tars. From any angle, they're a cross-section of what it takes to win a war.

ANTON BRUEHL PHOTOGRAPH

The Soiree for Waldo

What happens to Mother's boy prodigy who leaves the nest to join the Army and learns to use his phenomenal bean

by WILLARD H. TEMPLE

• FICTION •

At the age of four, Waldo Peasely Davenport appeared on a radio program and in a clear, piping voice spelled correctly the words—*ichthyology*, *psychoanalysis*, and *anesthesia*. With a specially made violin Waldo played Dvorak's *Humoresque* without a false note, and then identified Isaac Newton, John Keats and Archimedes.

The radio announcer (Waldo's mother said later she had known him by his slanting forehead to be an uncouth character) had thereupon departed from the script and inquired, "And who is Lou Gehrig?"

Waldo gave the announcer a blank look and said nothing, thus ending the program on a sour note. The announcer was severely reprimanded by his superiors and was subsequently observed in a speakeasy, moodily saying that if he had a kid like Waldo he'd put him down a well.

The intervening years between that night and Waldo's eighteenth birthday were marked, among other things, by his studies with a tutor who accompanied Waldo and Mrs. Davenport across the country on her lecture tours. Waldo's father was not present, having quietly passed away when Waldo was two, a regrettable occurrence but perhaps all for the best as he had a magnificent physique but an I.Q. of only ninety-one, this placing him in the normal but barely above the dull classification.

At the age of fifteen Waldo matriculated at Harvard. He graduated when he was eighteen and was preparing to continue for his master's degree when the local draft board sent him a *billet doux* for a date with Uncle Sam.

Mrs. Davenport was quite upset, being so preoccupied as president of the World Peace Through Intellectual Brotherhood Society that she had not considered the possibility of Waldo's being drafted. She was not defeated, however. "Among my many influential friends," she said, "no doubt I can find you a post commensurate with your talents."

"I wouldn't mind being a private, mother," Waldo said mildly, looking up from a treatise on the fly larvae of the Southern Appalachians. As a matter of fact Waldo had never been very happy and at Harvard he had found companionship only with his professors, the entire undergraduate body regarding him, despite his impressive amount of grey matter, as being damp behind the ears and nick-naming him Drip Davenport.

Mrs. Davenport, for all her influence, was unable to make an impression on the draft board. And thus, a few days later, Waldo, naked and shivering, stood before the examining physician.

The doctor beamed. This was the kind of recruit he liked to see. Waldo had his mother's mind, but his father's build. He was six feet one, clear eyed and healthy, one hundred and ninety pounds of robust American youth.

"Football player?" the doctor asked genially.

"I am not an athlete," Waldo said.

The physician was still unaware of the phenomenon before him. In the nude, Waldo did not look so much like an intellectual.

"When you get back from the war, sonny," the doctor went on, "I want you to go to the University of Michigan and play football. Fritz Crisler's a friend of mine."

"I beg your pardon," Waldo said coldly. "I am a Harvard graduate."

The physician may be excused for getting tangled in his stethoscope and acting peevish the rest of the day.

The night that Waldo was leaving for camp, Mrs. Davenport was lecturing to a women's club in town. She planned to cut the question period to a minimum and thus see Waldo off at the station. Waldo, in the meantime, was saying goodbye to Angela Crumpton.

Angela had been chosen by Mrs. Davenport as the eventual mate for Waldo. She was tall and queenly, with golden hair, serene blue eyes, and a complexion reputed to have made peaches wither with frustration. She enjoyed the company of the opposite sex, but one session was usually enough and her escort could be seen at a late hour, staggering toward the nearest barroom, his brain numb from listening to Angela discussing the trend of world affairs.

She was talking now as she and Waldo stood in the station waiting for the southbound train and Mrs. Davenport.

"I really think," Angela said, "that it is a fine thing, Waldo, for you to be a private. I have attended, as a patriotic duty, several service dances and it is obvious that there is a certain boisterous crudity in the armed forces. I trust your presence will alleviate that to a small extent, Waldo."

Waldo nodded his head but his thoughts were wandering. He was leaving for camp with a fairly large contingent of young men and they were all at the station, most of them attended by young women. And the thought had occurred to Waldo that he was the only young man present who was listening to his girl talk.

"Pardon me," Waldo said, interrupting the flow of logic, "but do you think it would be presumptuous of me to kiss you?"

Angela's mouth hung open for a second, then she said, "Why, I don't think so, Waldo."

She turned her cheek to him and Waldo chastely kissed it, then taking his cue from the nearest couple, grabbed Angela in his arms and interrupted her squawk of astonishment by implanting his lips squarely on hers. He held her in close embrace, unconscious of the simultaneous arrival of his train and his mother.

"Angela," cried Mrs. Davenport. "WALDO!"

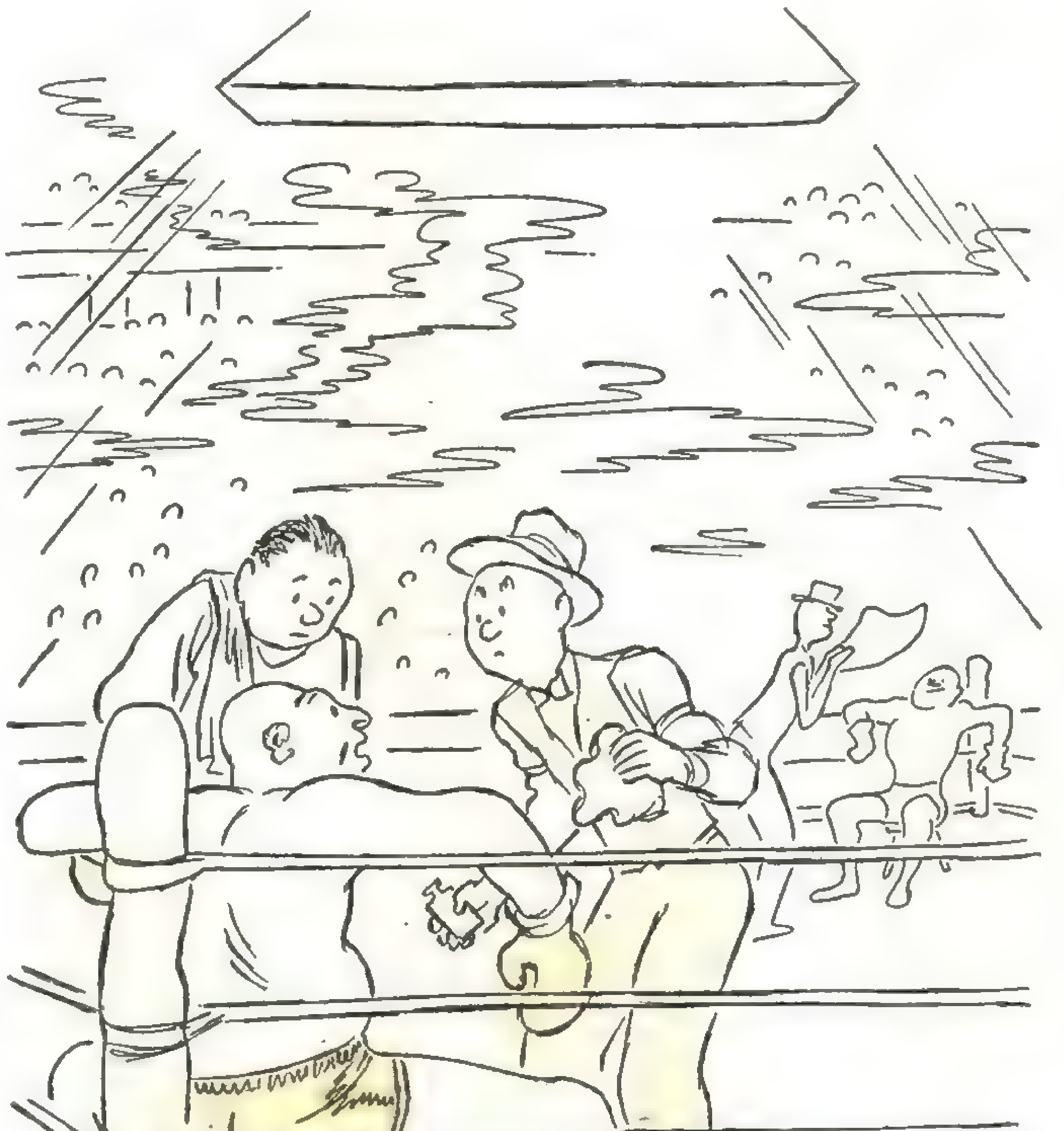
Waldo released Angela, kissed his mother goodbye, and with a slight stagger, climbed up into the train. Angela, staring after him, was none too well poised herself.

Waldo, meanwhile, had found a seat and was looking vacantly out of the window as the train started up. He waved at Angela, and the young man opposite him said in awed tones, "Nice going, Bud. She's sure stacked."

Waldo looked blankly at him.

"The tomato," the young man explained.

Waldo had taken a fling at



"In the clinches he tries to shatter my morale with propaganda"

Sanskrit in his eleventh year but it was of no help to him now.

"The girl you kissed," his companion said. He made gestures with his hands.

"Ah," Waldo said. "You find the young lady personable?"

"You are now cooking on the front burner," said the young man. He stared hard at Waldo Peasely Davenport. "Where you been all your life, in a cave?"

"I suspect that you are right," Waldo said sadly. "To be precise, my time has been spent in an intellectual vacuum."

The young man gulped, turned pale, and sliding to the edge of the seat, beat a hasty retreat to the other end of the car where he discussed with kindred souls, blondes, brunettes, redheads, and the standings in the American League, now and again peering down the aisle to ascertain that Waldo was still there and not an apparition that had gone up in smoke.

Waldo's letters home over the next three months were vivid and especially detailed when he discussed one Sergeant Dubbs.

"This man," Waldo wrote, "is a survival of another era, definitely cave man in type, resembling the genus, Paranthropus robustus, an apelike creature with certain human characteristics."

After this letter arrived, there were no more communications from Waldo. Mrs. Davenport, active as ever, was not unduly perturbed, but after a month's silence she became alarmed and dispatched a wire, receiving an answering telegram the following day:

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT STOP
KEEP YOUR GIRDLE ON

This telegram should have given Mrs. Davenport an indication of what was happening, but she was preparing a lecture and paid no attention to it. Waldo was apparently all right and the last phrase undoubtedly the mistake of an harassed telegraph operator.

Three mornings later, Mrs. Davenport was eating breakfast when the doorbell rang and Angela walked in, radiant as ever but with a baffled look in her eyes.

"I've had a rather cryptic letter from Waldo," Angela said. "I thought perhaps you could decipher it."

Mrs. Davenport adjusted her pince-nez and read the letter.

Baby—

Find yourself an apple tree, toots, and hang a reservation on it. Give the boot to the Four F Charleys. I'm blowing in five P.M. on the eighteenth. You can skip the brass band. Just pucker up your lips.

Love and Kisses
Butch

Angela said, "I'm sure it's Waldo's handwriting, but why the Butch? And that part about the apple tree is completely mystifying."

Mrs. Davenport said, "I believe there's a song about it. I don't recall the words, but it has something to do with not sitting under apple trees."

Angela's ivory brow wrinkled. "But I never sit under apple trees," she protested.

Mrs. Davenport went on, "The gist of it seems to mean that he is coming home on the afternoon train tomorrow. On furlough, I presume. We'll meet him at the station. This is most fortunate. Professor Flassilof is in town. He, too, was a child prodigy and one of my dreams has been to have Waldo meet him. They will undoubtedly have a great deal in common."

At five o'clock the next afternoon, Angela, Mrs. Davenport and Professor Flassilof were at the station. At six-thirty they were still there waiting. Angela and Mrs. Davenport were discussing the war and the Professor was shifting from one foot to another, wrapped in silence, and apparently contemplating the infinite. Actually he was thinking that his feet hurt and that it had been a long time since lunch. The Professor could do with a little cold borsch.

The train, at last, came in sight, and slowing up, stopped at the station. From one of the distant coaches, a tanned and husky figure leaped to the platform.

"My son," said Mrs. Davenport with maternal pride.

Waldo saw them at the same time and whistled. He strode down the platform, greeted his mother affectionately, then turned toward Angela.

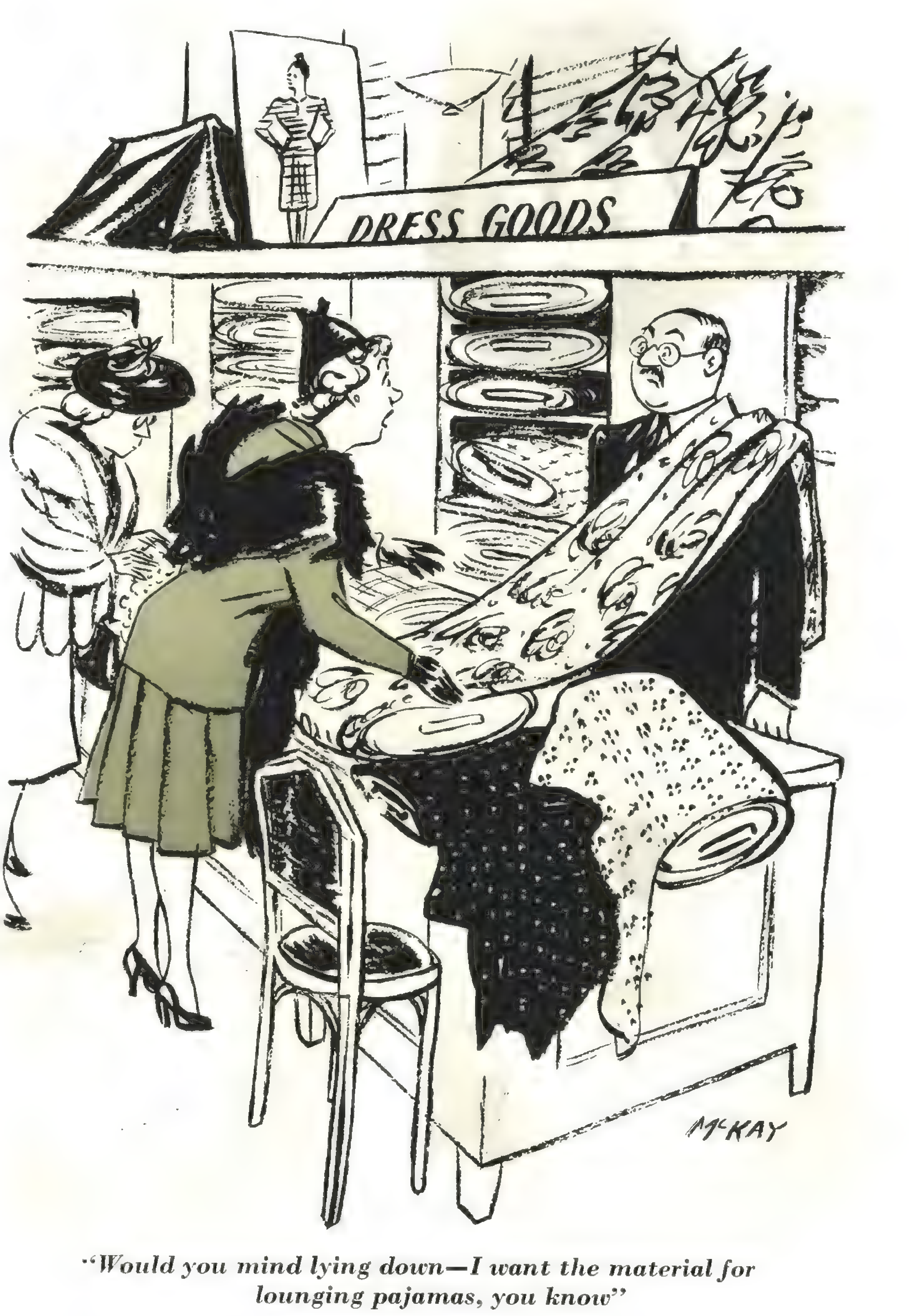
"Baby," he said huskily.

Angela smiled and Waldo took her in his arms, presenting a broad back to Mrs. Davenport and the absorbed Professor. Mrs. Davenport tapped Waldo on the shoulder. He paid no attention. She tapped him again and Waldo turned his head like a diver coming up for air. His eyes were crossed, his expression blank and he didn't seem to know where he was.

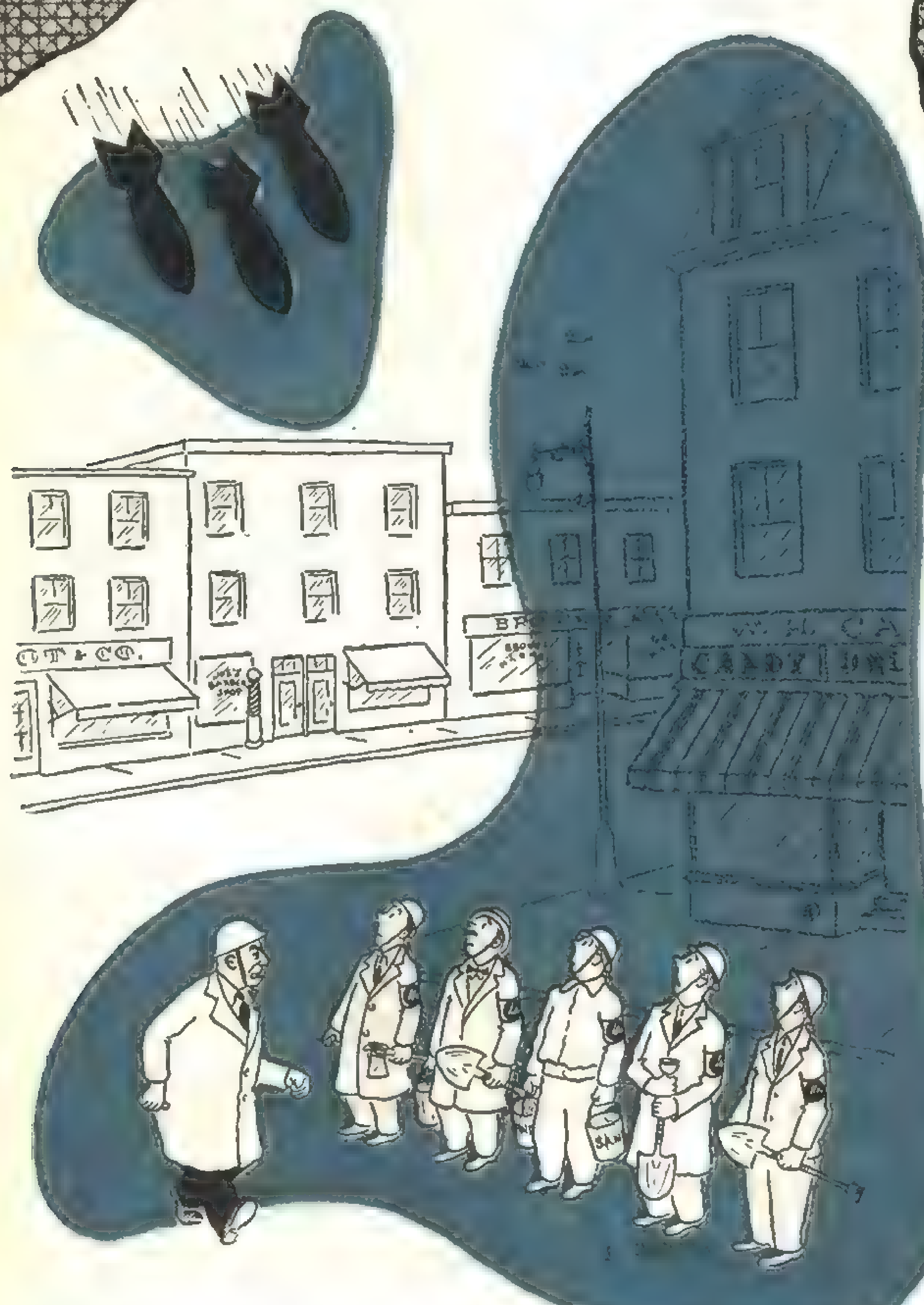
"All right, Sarge," he said. "I'll get up."

"Waldo," Mrs. Davenport said, a note of tingling excitement in

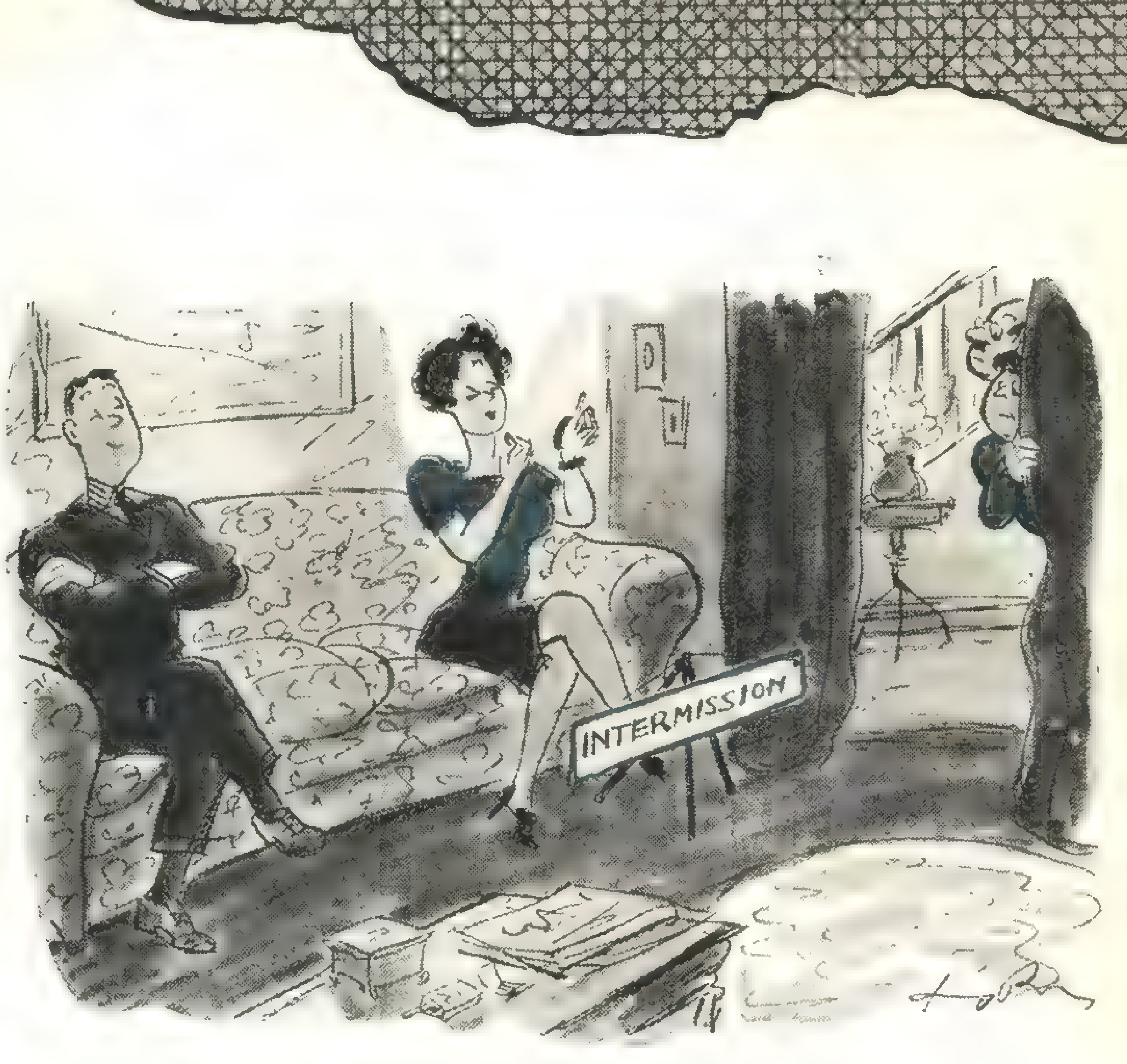
Continued on page 137



"Would you mind lying down—I want the material for lounging pajamas, you know"



"All right, men—now remember everything you've learned and above all keep calm!"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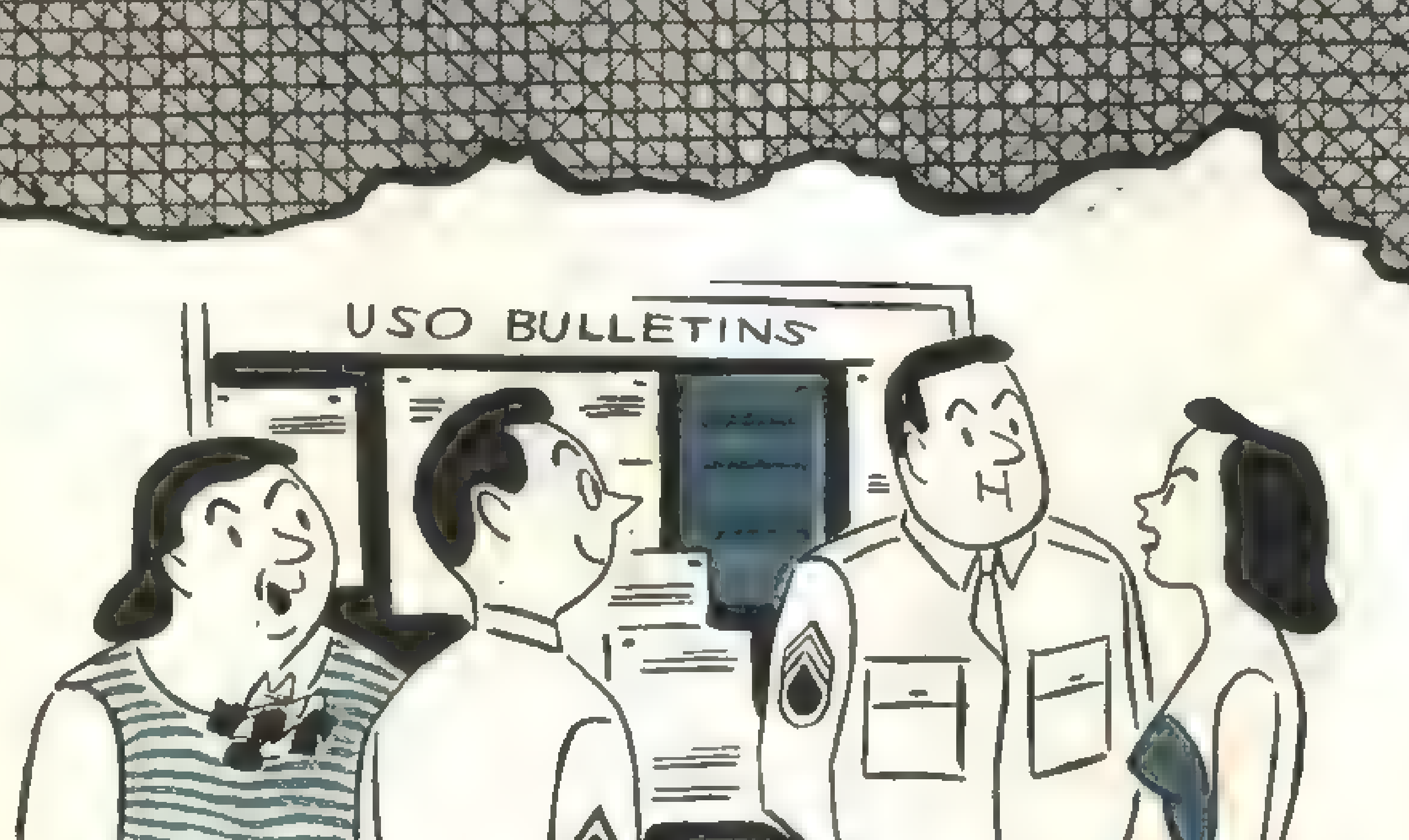
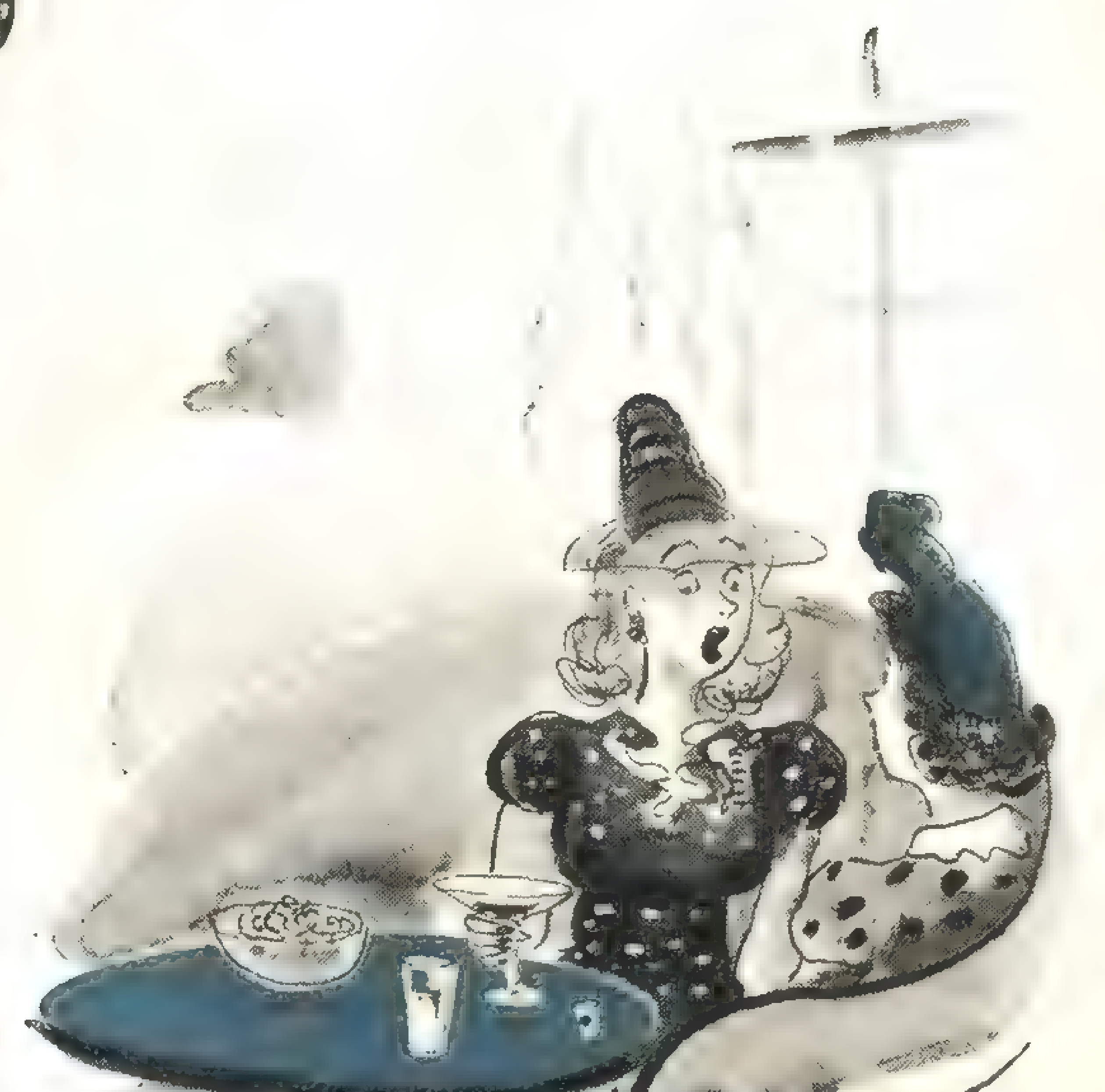
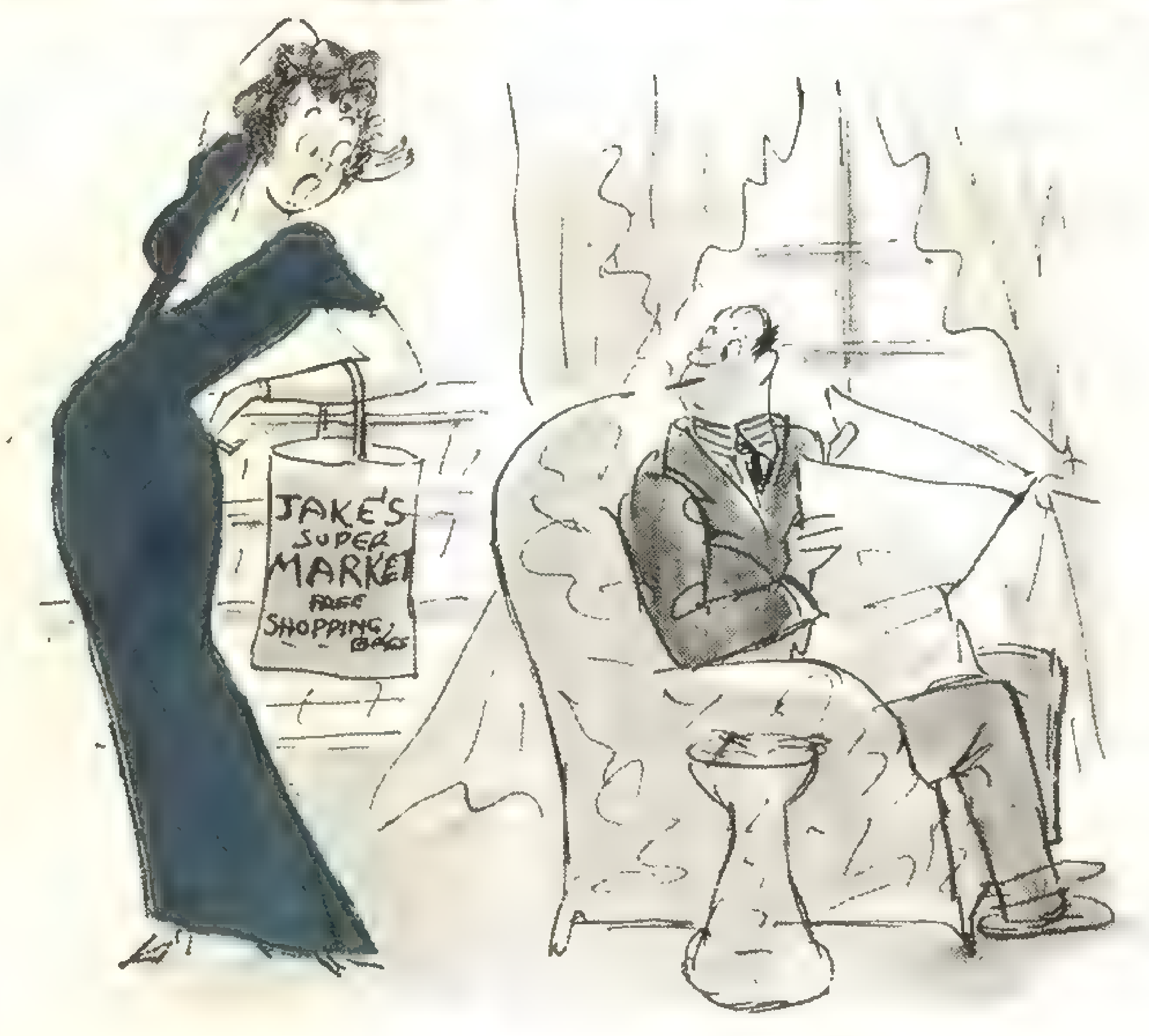

USO BULLETINS

"... and how do you like our little city, Corporal?"

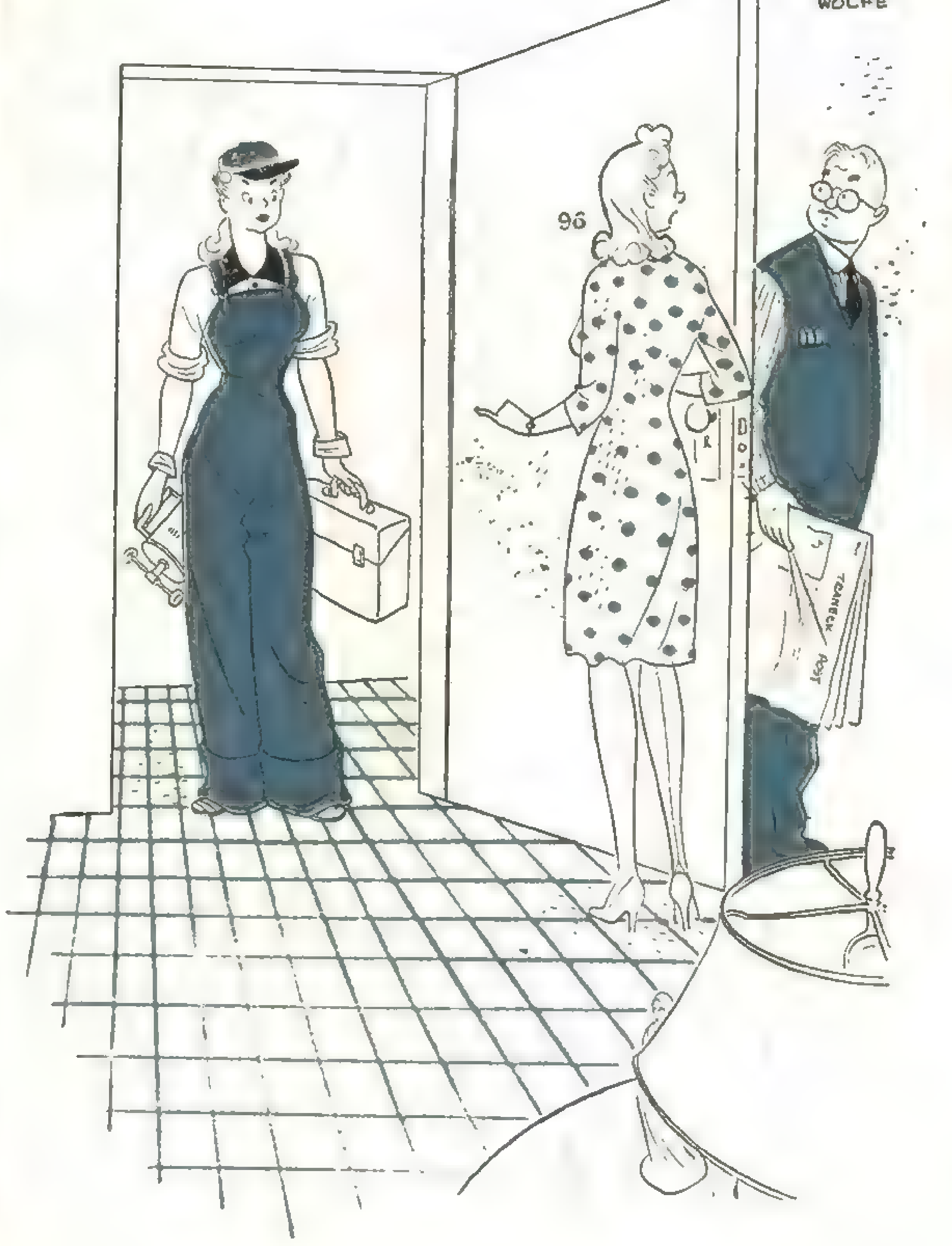


"It was silly of the government to ration canned goods —where on earth are they going to get tin now for the scrap drive?

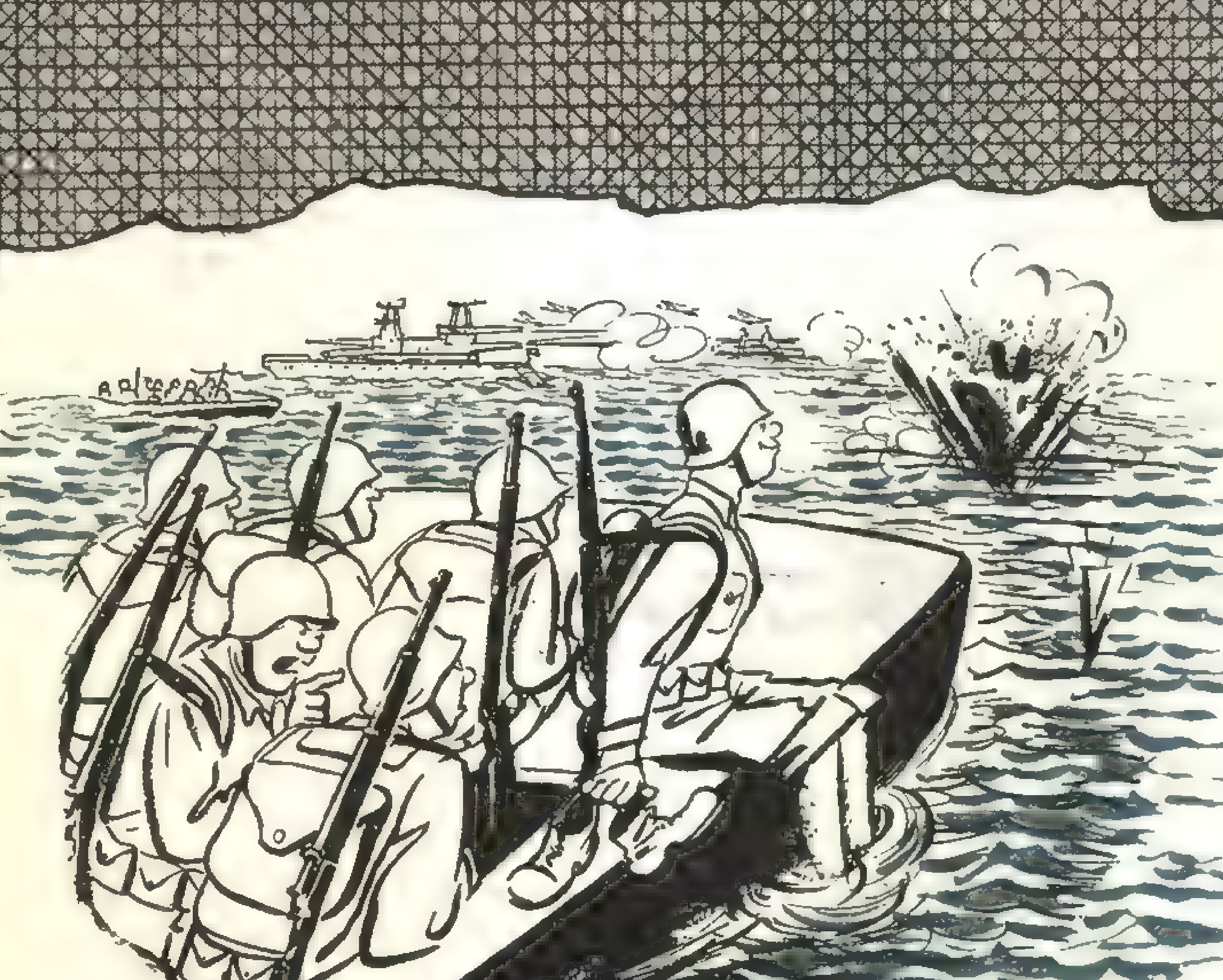
Duration Daze


JAKE'S SUPER MARKET FREE SHOPPING BAGS

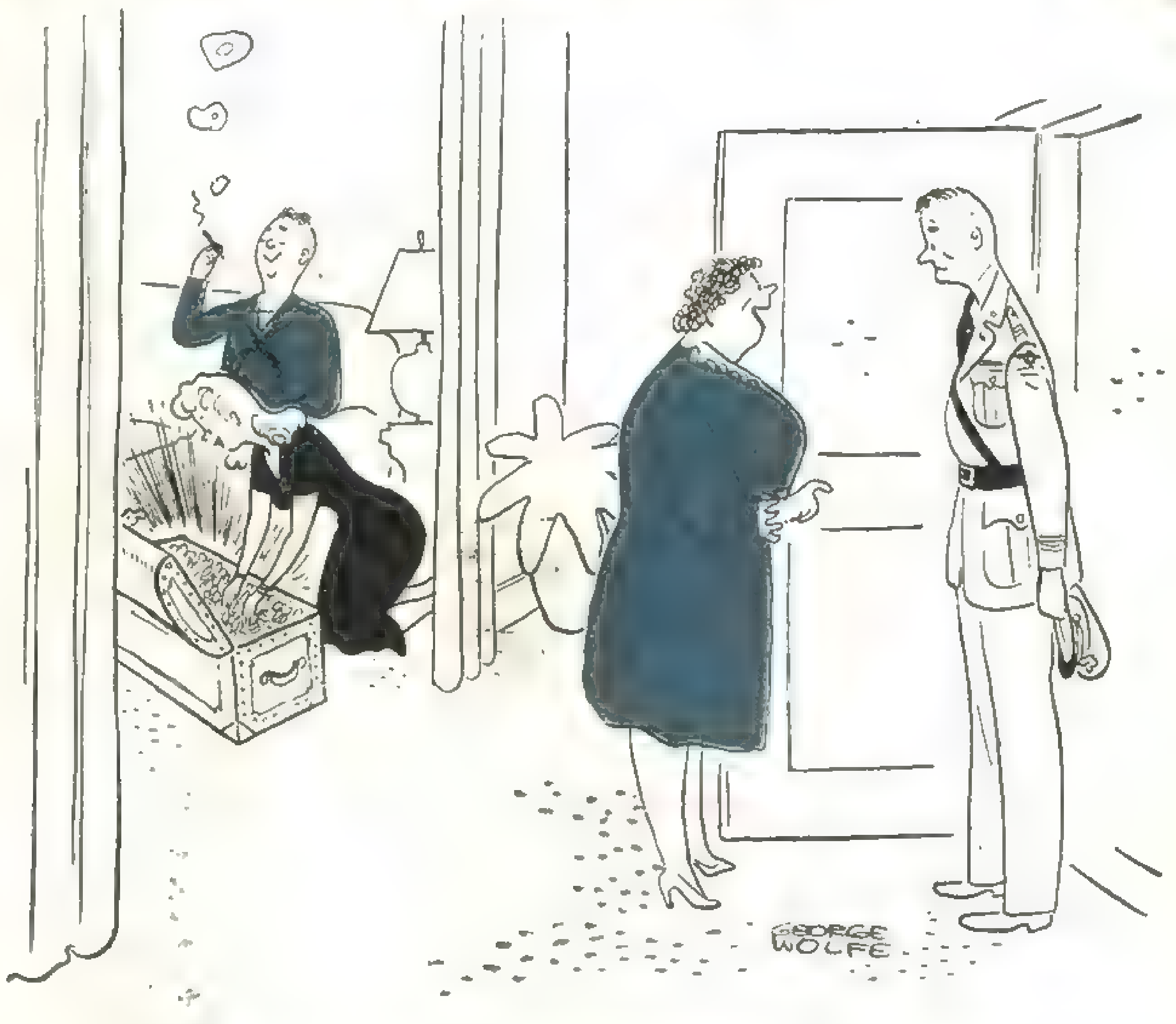
"Do I look all right to go to the butcher's, dear?"


GEORGE WOLFE
96
POST

"Oh, George, the plumber is here!"



"Parker must have nerves of steel!"


GEORGE WOLFE

"Elsie says to tell you that she's dated up for some weeks to come!"

Willie Pep of Hartford

At twenty-one the lightweight champ can look back on the most amazing winning streak in boxing's history

by BOB STEELE

▪SPORTS▪

"DOLLAR a round," said Manuel Ortiz, claimant of the bantamweight championship.

"All right." The boy of eighteen had come into the training quarters to offer himself as a sparring partner. He was black-haired, slim and muscular, in a pullover sweater and flannel trousers, and looked as if he hadn't been eating much lately.

Less than a week before, an ancient convertible clanked into Los Angeles with four youths as cargo. One of them, Willie Pep, had left his home in Hartford, Connecticut, without saying goodbye. The boys had enough money left, after the trip across the continent, to pay a week's rent for one room for the four. One of the boys wanted to be an actor. The only one who could do anything to pay expenses was Willie.

Ortiz was readying for a bout with Donny Maes at the Hollywood Legion Stadium. Willie took his turn that afternoon.

"C'mon now, punk. Don' be backin' up," the boss ordered. "Less see watcha got. Thass what I'm payin' ya for."

Bang on the headgear, right to the ribs, clinch, was the answer. Ortiz broke away and came in flailing. Willie was standing there to slug it out—but he wasn't there. Ortiz missed and barely slipped a punch that threatened to tear his helmet off. The clever bantam stepped back. "You got it, ked. Thass it. Work on me with them rights."

A long, cold-eyed, gray haired man was standing near the wall when Willie came off after finishing his hired man's three rounds. "What do they call you, son?"

"I'm Willie Pep of Hartford, Connecticut."

"I'm so dumb and ignorant that I never heard of you," said the long man with no enthusiasm. "What are you getting?"

"Dollar every time the bell rings."

"They sure throw money around in these little camps, don't they? Listen, I come from Rhode Island. If you want a piece of change, I'll get you on the card."

This was Willie's meeting with Bill Gore. A year later they would be together in New York winning a world's championship before a 70,000-dollar house.

Gore got Willie a four-round prelim on the Ortiz-Maes menu. Willie won and took the fifty dollars and went home. The Los Angeles trip is the only break in his orderly, rather passive life, up to now, but he is only twenty years old.

January this year a banquet was given in Hartford to celebrate the featherweight championship won by Connecticut's boxing phenom. Fifty sportsmen of Italian ancestry were sponsors of the feast at the Villanova, famous for its Italian cuisine. The keynote was the presentation to the champion of an emblematic piece of jewelry. It was a ring with a golden boxer surrounded by a border of small diamonds, each representing a ring victory in Willie Pep's unbroken string. Fifty-seven diamonds were in that border when that ring was presented. Twenty empty settings awaited victories to come. But there was more of the symbolism. Space was provided for a ruby to be inserted as a red light when a defeat broke the string. I have never known of a congratulatory jewel that carried such a fine, philosophic sense of the uncertainty of life. The songs, the oratory, the "Viva nostro Weelee," the rum cakes and the floods of spumante rolled over Willie.

He was born Guglielmo Papaleo in Middletown, Connecticut, in 1922 and was brought to Hartford four years later. His father Salvatore Papaleo was a man of frustrated ambition. He longed to be a professional boxer but bad health stopped him. As earnestly as an Irish cotter family will nourish a brilliant son for the priesthood, little Guglielmo was reared for a ring career. Hartford had had one featherweight champion, Battling Battalino. When little Guglielmo was so small he had to look between the ropes, he was taken to see "Bat" train. In high school Guglielmo was too small for football. He played second base on the baseball nine but the place to find him was the Charter Oak gym, run by Pete Perone and Lenny Marello, where kids and older boys were boxing every day and had chances before smokers and little fight clubs, sometimes with as much as a sawbuck for the winner. The boys with ambition fought like demons to get into the money class and it was in that school that Guglielmo learned to take care of himself. Perone and Marello with Lou Viscusi, still are his managers.

At fifteen he fought his first formal amateur bout and won it. He won eighteen in a row after that before he lost a three-round decision to a boy nine pounds heavier. Somewhere along the line he had become "Willie Pep." He won two more amateur three-rounders, had his appendix out, lost another bout and won twenty in succession. Then he was decisioned in three rounds by a colored boy named Ray Roberts who was later to be Ray Robinson, one of the greatest of the world's welterweights. After that defeat, Willie had twenty-one amateur wins. He had had two and a half years of high school, he had worked a little in a temporizing way, the gloves were his profession, he was ready.

Curtain went up in a four-round opener at the Hartford Ball Park one night in July, 1940. The little speedster won the bout and local sports writers saw a new boy wonder coming up. Willie won fifty-three bouts after that without the aid of a single setup.

But meanwhile Bobby Ivy, another local boy, was considered the real threat. Bobby had been fighting the big ones. He had just met Beau Jack, now world lightweight champion, in Madison Square Garden and lost in eight rounds by a slight margin. He had fought two roof-raising ten rounders with Jackie Callura, who soon after won the NBA feather crown. Bobby Ivy was stocky and rugged with perhaps the most punishing body attack of any featherweight of modern times. He was in the national limelight and rated high among the world's featherweights. Willie also had attracted notice by his string of forty-seven wins but he hadn't fought in the class that Bobby had. Willie's friends thought he was overmatched.

A 24,000-dollar house assembled at the Ball Park to see Willie Pep meet a topnotcher. From the first round, Willie's cleverness in a real test amazed everybody. He seemed to have mastered the "one-two punch," much talked of but seldom seen, the left jab to the head followed almost simultaneously by a straight right shot to the chin. Ivy couldn't connect with his damaging punches. Amazed, we began to foresee a decision for Willie. In the tenth round he came out, a cool craftsman, readied Bobby with a shower of blows and then brought over a short right smash to the jaw. Bobby Ivy, whom Hartford had never seen dazed before, was on the canvas for the count.

There was no uproar of cheering. Bobby Ivy, stalwart little ringman that everybody liked, was knocked out by another Hartford boy that everybody liked. Bobby was twenty-six years old. He fought once more and then went into war work.

Willie was in demand now. He had been in Madison Square Garden twice for curtain raisers but nobody remembered him. Soon after the Ivy fight he went to the Garden to meet Frankie Franconeri, a Jersey favorite and championship prospect. Willie won by a knockout in the first round.

He was in sight of the goal now after a long road. He was only twenty years old but behind him were sixty amateur wins and an unbroken record of fifty-three professional victories. On November 20, 1942, Willie stepped into the Garden ring with featherweight champion Chalky Wright for the New York title. Fans paid 71,868 dollars to see the bout, the biggest gate in the history of the 126-pound division. By a master stroke, manager Lou Viscusi had landed his boy in the big spot without having to give away any part of his interest in the fighter to Wright's manager or to anybody else, in case Pep were victorious.

Some of the fans who had seen the quick knockout of Franconeri didn't like Willie's bicycle tactics in this bout. They expected to see a "little Jack Dempsey" wade in to trade socks with the murderous puncher, Chalky Wright. Willie and his board of strategy had worked out the tactics. Willie never allowed the champion to get close to him. But as he was pedalling around the arena, Willie was punching with bewildering speed from every angle, landing cleanly and never letting Chalky get set, smothering him with the points Willie was piling up. At the end of fifteen rounds the announcement: "The WINNER and NEW champion—" brought 5,000 Nutmeg State pilgrims to their feet and most of the other 18,000 fans joined the crazy, shouting mob.

That was one time, the only one to my knowledge, that poker-faced Willie danced and smiled all over the roped arena. Wright was handsome in defeat. He took it like a champion, flashed his best smile and shook Pep's hand until I thought it would drop off, bandages, glove and all.

After one week of rest, Willie, champion now, signed for three non-title bouts, with Joe Apponte Torres in Washington, D.C., Joey Silva in Jacksonville, Florida, and Vince Dell Orto in New Orleans, winning them all handily. The Dell Orto bout was January 4th, three days after the great Sugar Bowl game between mighty Tennessee and Tulsa. Willie was mad with joy. For the first time he was right there to see a Bowl game.

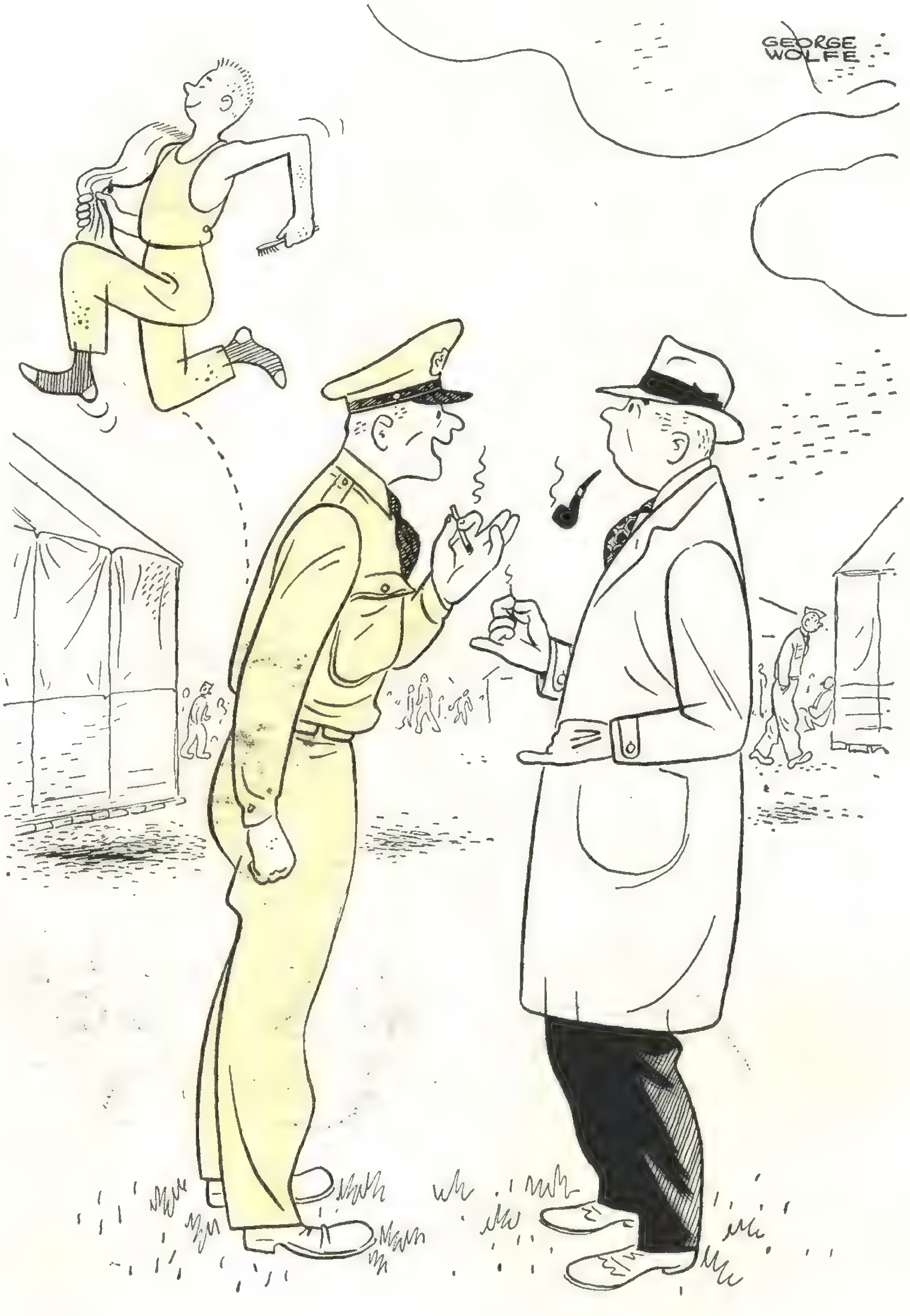
He didn't even hear it over the radio. He was piling into three sparring partners, bag punching, shadow boxing and doing calisthenics. Trainer Bill Gore is a disciplinarian. Willie was fighting in a couple of days and Bill wouldn't let "Peppy" off for even sixty minutes. Bill's fighters never entered a ring anything short of physically perfect, no matter how much they could afford to spot the other guy. Bill's number one fighter's schedule is adhered to like a pre-war New York Central timetable.

How would you like to be a prize-fighter? Here is Pep's day.

He rises at 6 a.m. Not at 5:59, not at 6:01. Comes first, breakfast. Not roadwork, but breakfast, orange juice, ham or bacon and eggs, whole-wheat toast and coffee. The morning meal is always eaten in a restaurant with trainer Gore right alongside. Then it's home to relax, read the papers and listen to a little music. Willie has a juke box in his parlor and it takes real nickels. The box was given him by Bernie Sosson, a Hartford distributor of them. Somehow, Willie seems to appreciate the music more by putting in a nickel for it. He chooses light classics in the morning but at other times goes for Glenn Miller first, with Harry James a close second. But Pep isn't a jitterbug. No, he doesn't even dance.

So, with newspapers and the

Continued on page 151



"Oh, they always act like that when they first take off their army shoes!"

Credo for a Soldier

Shooting a man like Stuart was no small offense and the elite souls were inclined to snub the newcomer

by ROBERT RICHARDS

• FICTION •

Jack Applegate lived for one hundred and eleven years and then he died and they put him beneath the green hill. Applegate watched them take his body to the cemetery with tears in his eyes, for funerals made him sad.

But much worse than the sadness was the waiting, waiting for them to pick him up. They were cavalrymen, every man of them, and so was he. They would not leave him here, buried in a civilian cemetery with an old spinster on one side and a tradesman of the town on the other.

Dressed in his blue uniform, and once more young and firm, Sergeant Applegate watched at the road. And come they did, in double file, the gray on one side, the blue on the other. Sheridan, Custer, Fitz Lee, Rooney Lee, Turner Ashby, Pleasanton Buford, Wade Hampton and the gallant John Pelham.

But the wind whistled harshly through the trees and the sky darkened. Despair filled his heart, for the columns were riding by. "You cannot ride with us," they shouted. "You killed Beauty Stuart. You killed our Jeb."

And Applegate knew it was true. It had been near the Telegraph Road, near Yellow Tavern. He, Applegate of the Michigan Horse, had been disorganized, and dismounted. The man came up behind him. He had raised his Colt and fired.

"He was an enemy," Sergeant Applegate said with dignity.

Only Phil Sheridan spoke kindly. "But, Jack," he said, "you killed the best damned advertisement cavalry ever had. You killed the man who made us great."

Applegate knew that once the last horse galloped past, his mind would go blank, he would forget the cavalry, and be an ordinary dead man, buried between a spinster and a tradesman on the hill. Anxiously he counted the horses hurrying past.

"Halt!" came a shout, and from the woods came a magnificent rider on a great, black horse. His cloak was lined with scarlet, his fawn-colored hat was looped up with a gold star, and trailed an ostrich feather. His beard was beautiful, indeed.

It was Jeb Stuart, the man he had killed, sitting his mount with careless ease, and humming a tune, "Oh, Alabama gals, won't you come out tonight, won't you come out tonight, and dance by the light of the moon?" He reined in his horse, stared at Jack Applegate. "This," he said, "is the man who put a pistol ball through my liver. So you are leaving him behind?"

"It was a good shot," said Applegate, simply.

"You think you're a cavalryman?" asked Jeb Stuart.

"I think that," answered Applegate.

"See that tree?" asked Jeb, pointing to an oak two hundred yards away.

"I do," said Applegate.

"I'll race you to it."

Sergeant Applegate ran with pumping legs and bobbing elbows. He shut his eyes and ducked his head. Jeb Stuart allowed him fifty yards and then he, too, began to run. He tossed aside the long cloak and the feathered hat. The troopers, both blue and gray, yelled and yelled again. Folks all around this quiet countryside wondered why all their dishes rattled. Some swore they saw bushes, and small trees, bobbing and dancing in the woods that day.

Applegate ran until the wind climbed stairs from his stomach and attempted to press his tongue from his mouth. He said, "I'm winning. I must be winning. I don't see him." Then there was a gay laugh, and a voice asking, "Oh, Alabama gals, won't you come out tonight, come out tonight?" Jeb Stuart fled past Applegate in the middle of the meadow, and waited beneath the oak tree to catch him as he collapsed.

"So this is the one who killed me?" Jeb Stuart asked.

"See that horse?" asked Beauty Stuart, pointing to his giant black.

"Yes," said Applegate.

Stuart ran forward and vaulted over the saddle, landing on the other side, using only one hand. "Follow me," he said.

Applegate raced forward, hands outstretched, ready to make the vault. Just as he reached the mighty beast, his long cavalry saber came between his legs and tumbled him over on his face between the horse's legs.

The troopers roared as Jeb helped Applegate to his feet. "This is about as funny a thing as we ever saw," they shouted.

Applegate was sick at heart, and his legs were limp beneath him. He was ready to settle down forever, between the spinster and the tradesman.

General Stuart picked up a stone. "See this?" He drew back his mighty arm. When he released the stone it disappeared in a far-flung arc, and none present saw it land. The troopers cheered, and clapped their hands.

"It's my last chance," Applegate told himself. "I must throw this stone, and throw it well."

He took a stone, whirled it about his head until his arm seemed made of rubber, and then he turned it loose. The stone flew off at an angle, struck a tree and bounced back at his feet. He dropped to his knees, covering his eyes with his hands. "They will leave me now," he said.

The troopers rode past and jeered him. "Look at the one who killed our Jeb," they said.

Stuart, the magnificent, stood before Jack Applegate. Stuart stared down, a frown on his face. "If you had known at Yellow Tavern that it was I," he asked, "if you had known, Jack Applegate, would you have killed me?"

The cavalrymen heard, and they waited the answer. "Speak up, Applegate," one called. Another yelled, "Tell the truth now." This was a difficult question, one he had hoped to avoid. "If I tell the truth, all is lost," Applegate told himself.

"Come, speak up," said Stuart.

Looking into the general's blue eyes above the heavy beard, Sergeant Applegate remembered that he, too, was a soldier. Not so great a soldier as Beauty Stuart, not a dashing, wonderful myth of a man, but nevertheless a soldier. This was no time for lying. No matter the cost, let it be the truth. "Sir, I would have shot you just the same," he said.

They say even the crow, lingering at its perch on the fence post, fell to the ground from the shock of it. The squirrels ceased their chatter, listened to the horror of it. There were those who leaped forward, most of them in gray, as if they might saber the sergeant in his tracks, but Stuart, jaunty Stuart, beloved Stuart, blocked them, shouting, "On your feet, sergeant, and to horse. Come sir, let's be out of here!"

"To horse?" asked Applegate, in wonder.

"To horse?" asked the troopers.

A mount appeared before Jack Applegate—a gentle, red mare came from the earth, or so it seemed, and stood before him. Applegate put his boot into the stirrup, leaped into the saddle.

"What is this?" the troopers cried.

And Jeb Stuart said, "This is a soldier." #

MOOD FOR RED HAIR

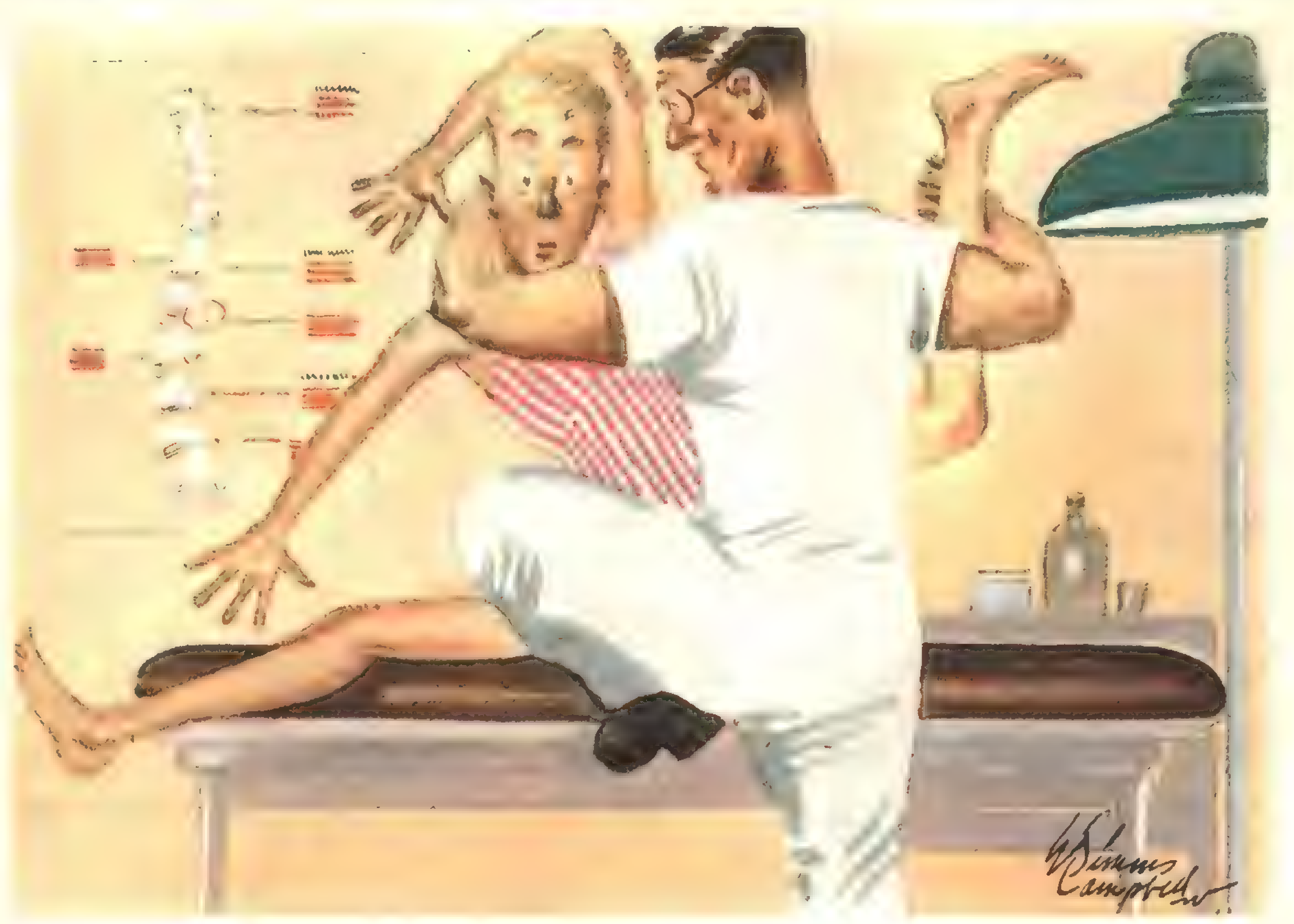
Oroville Thompson one of the nebulae of Hollywood

With a flair for figures, but quite unaware how her own ledger of looks adds up, the young high school graduate, and her name is spelled O-R-O-V-I-L-L-E, took a job as a bookkeeper. She wanted her initial step into the business world to be a sound one so she chose a well established firm. Her day was spent with digits in neat, soldierly columns. She added well but thanks to the location of her cashier's cage, in front of the window on a crowded thoroughfare, she also added an admiring public. In fact fans of the beautiful bookkeeper (her hair is a cinnabar cascade, incredible enough to stop traffic—and it did!) developed into a major problem. The company's manager didn't see how anyone's books could balance with an audience watching every entry. He closed the venetian blind. That made the light poor so Oroville regretfully packed up her pen and pencil set and looked for another job. This time she emerged as a saleswoman in a smart shop but on the third floor and well away from all windows. One day an officer of the National Concert and Artists Corporation came in to buy his wife a slack suit. Oroville, on hearing the lady was a size twenty, diplomatically steered the sale into a skirt (she holds this truth to be self-evident: that no one over size fourteen should wear slacks). The gentleman of the N. C. A. C. was impressed with the gal and suggested she study dramatics. She did but kept on in the smart shop and that's where Henry Waxman came in—he was talent scouting for his Esquire series of Unknowns. Oroville lives with her mama, papa and younger sister in Pacific Palisades dimout. She doesn't stay up late or drink—thinks young people make a mistake in assuming that youth and health can take an indefinite beating. She is excited about the possibility of this picture, *Mood For Red Hair*, bringing her a movie contract and got a kick out of the Hollywood paint job done by make-up artist Westmore for this occasion. But the contract must be a sound one and she'll do her own bookkeeping!

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5′ 5″; *Weight:* 110 lbs.; *Bust:* 34½″; *Waist:* 23″; *Hips:* 34″; *Age:* 19.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN

A. Leydenfrost



"Now just relax"

THE CURTISS-COMMANDO ENABLES AMERICA ◀ TO GET THERE FIRST WITH THE MOST

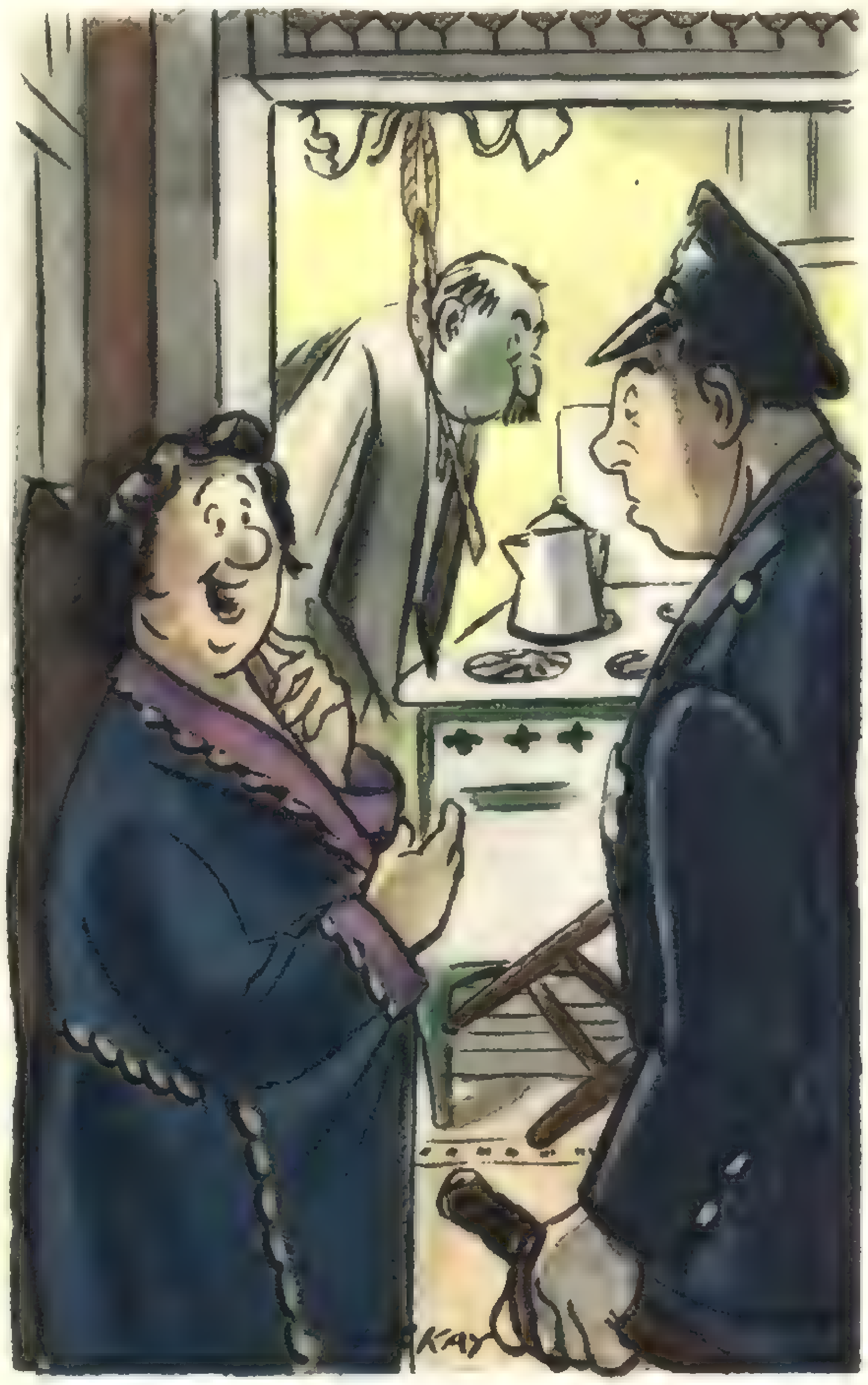
At this writing most of the salient facts concerning this troop-carrying Leviathan are shrouded in secrecy as carefully guarded as the invasion of Africa. With good reason our Army prefers to withhold important details concerning the specifications and the number of soldiers and "jeeps" the C-46 can carry.

However, a contingent of these planes has flown 90 tons of cargo from our country to a U. S. air base in India, and a U. P. report states that the 15,000 mile flight, via Africa, was completed in four and one half days by the lead group. According to Captain D. C. Brown, one of the pilots, "The trip was just like shooting fish."

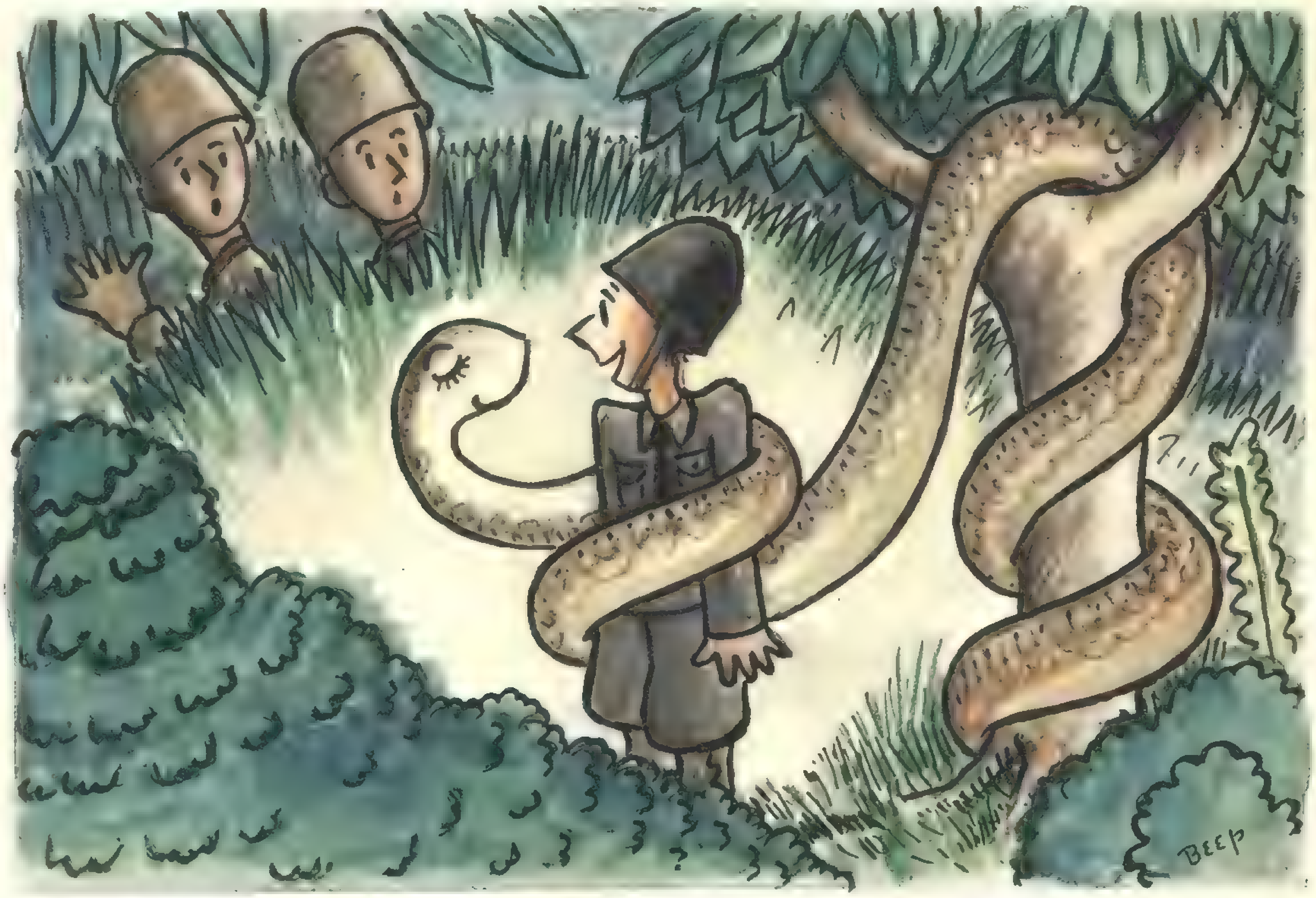
Today in Alaska, Commandos "are shuttling back and forth between supply bases and outposts with tremendous cargoes of equipment and supplies," asserts the New York *Daily News*. "Day and night they are flying over land uncharted a year ago."

Certainly these monsters of the air, intended in happier days for luxury liners, are telescoping weeks into hours and proving a revolutionary factor in the war of distances. It can safely be told that the Commando is more than twice as large as any domestic airliner now in operation. It has a wingspan of 108 feet—sufficient for two fighter planes to snuggle comfortably beneath its wings; it weighs 50,000 pounds fully loaded and is powered with two 2,000 h.p. Pratt & Whitney twin row Wasp engines, more powerful than any now in use. Transporting troops and scout cars simultaneously is only one of the military missions for which the Commando is destined. It is also designed to accommodate the dead weight of artillery, army tractors, trucks, aircraft engines, aviation gasoline and other mobile equipment and supplies that are required by our mechanized army. Curtiss-Wright has released this account of one of the trials of the C-46:

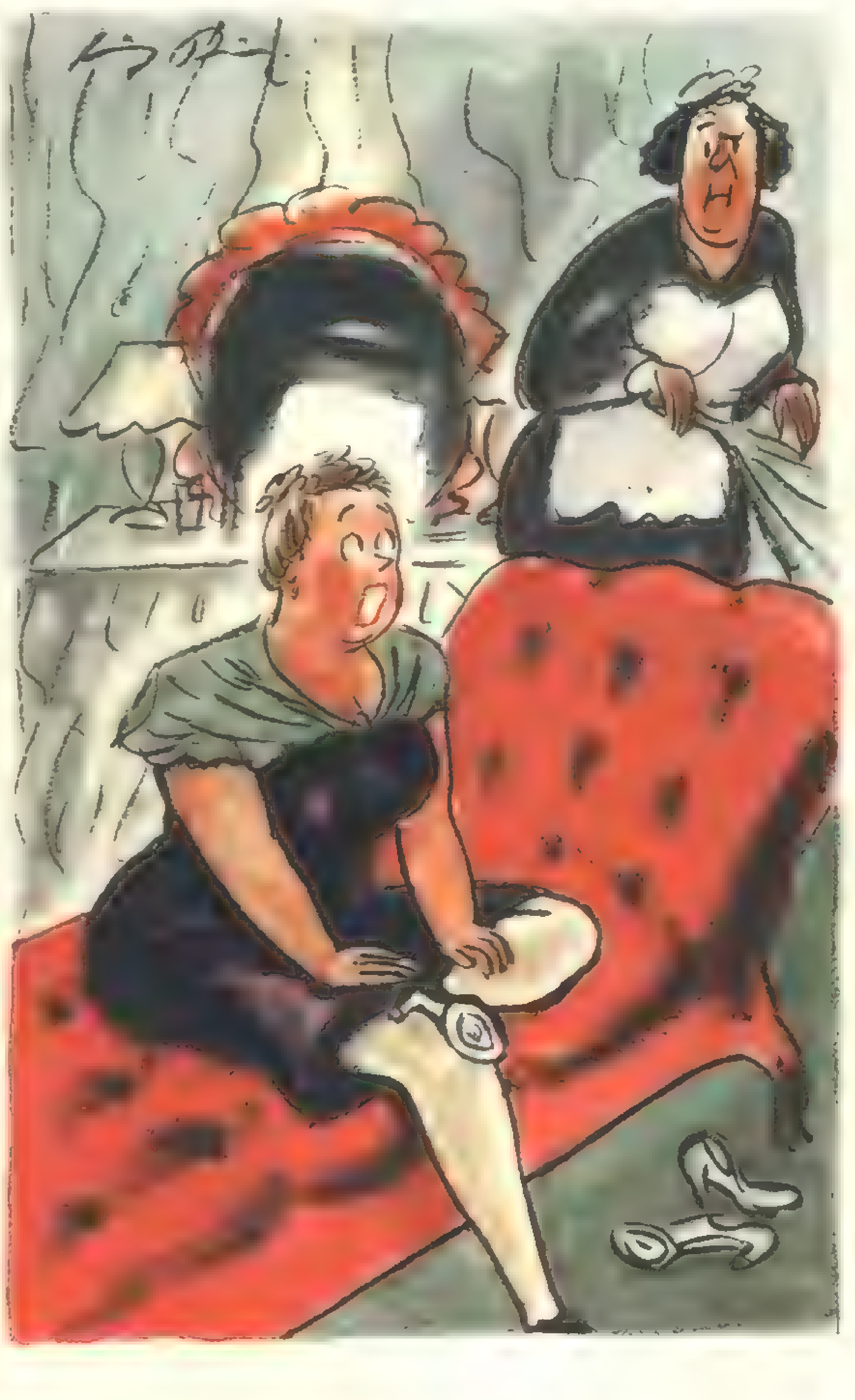
"At a signal from their commanding officers, fully equipped soldiers poured through a large door in the side of the fuselage of the spacious cabin. Inside, the soldiers quickly took their places on light-weight folding seats lining the walls of the cabin. Similar demonstrations of the speed and ease with which these troops could leave the Commando were also made." Those fortunate enough to see the outpouring of men and jeeps must have been reminded of that ancient slapstick comedy gag in which an automobile pulled up to a curb and several men got out, and more men, and still more, and they kept coming until its zany exaggeration made the audience shout with laughter. We can guarantee, however, that the Commando holds no laughs for Hitler.



"It was thoughtful of Hubert to conserve cooking gas!"



"Look—she likes me"



"Mamie—remember all those old shoes I gave you?—well—"

STAGE DOOR ESQUIRE

▶

Behind the scenes at Michael Todd's "Star & Garter"

The time for an encore is while the applause is on the crescendo. The boys in service are still cheering Esquire's novel full-page, full-color, full-blooded glimpses of the bright sights they can no longer see in person. And so Esquire now takes a long, logical step forward and brings the boys—in this new series of candid backstage photographs by George Serebrykoff—a few of the sights they *couldn't* see without a special pass from the mayor plus the written permission of their parents. Just to show that, despite the publication of Paul Gallico's spirited panegyric against burlesque in our May issue, Esky wears no man's collar, we give you this evidence for the defense.

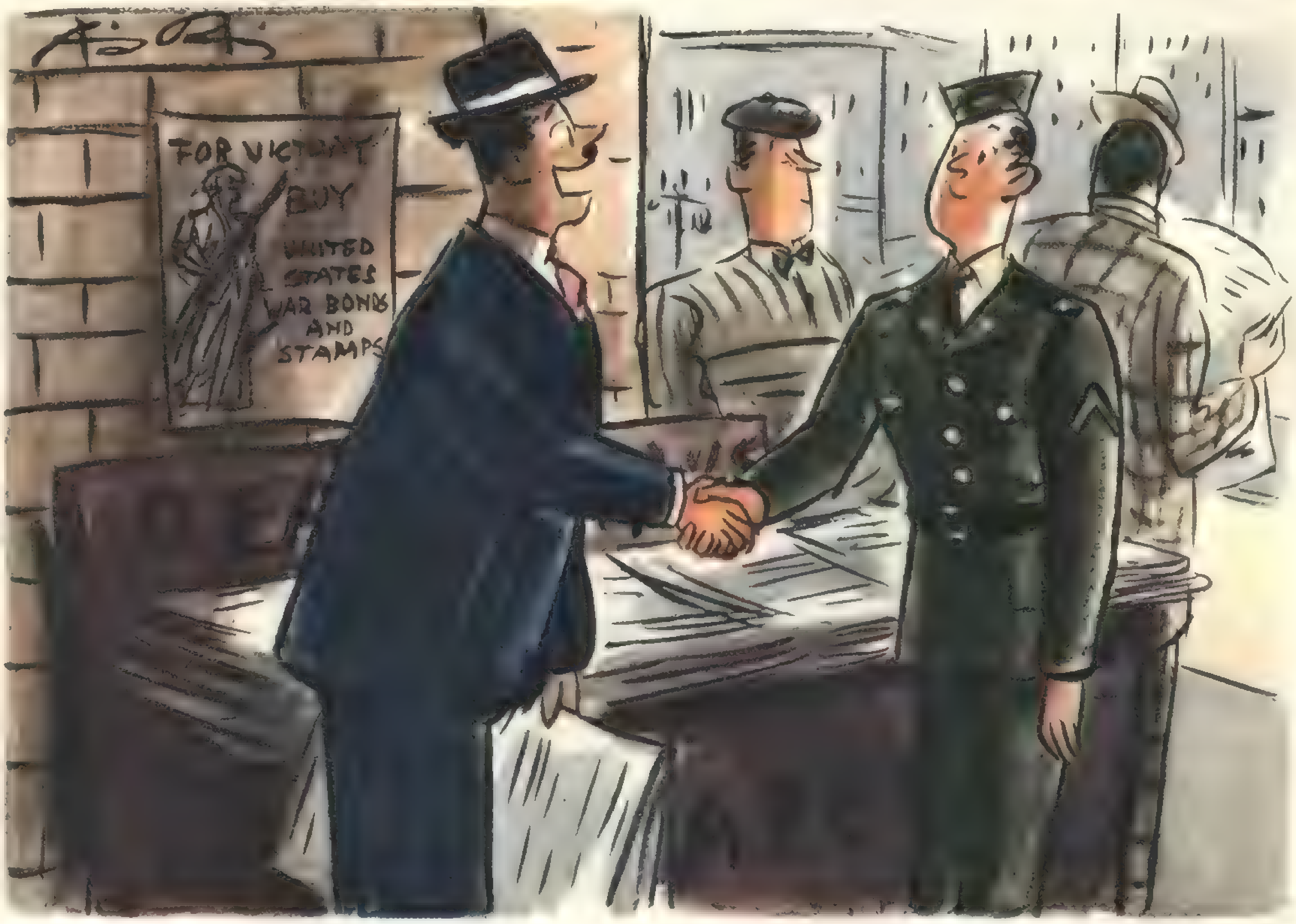
The place to start, of course, is on Broadway—preferably at 45th Street, where the season's sauciest musical comedy, *Star and Garter*, has settled for a long, long stay. This lively anatomical eye tonic, glorifying the strip tease, seems to offer something that the Metropolitan Museum of Art doesn't have. Accept as samples, from left to right on the opposite page, June Sitarr, Cynthia Cavanaugh and Bea Mathews. Poised between scenes—these girls have to make eight costume changes in the course of an evening's performance, but our photographer, who longs for the mauve decade, liked these Victorian effects best—they afford a good backstage view of the calorific onstage dazzle that marks the show.

June is 20, Cynthia and Bea are 21. All three girls keep busy in the daytime with radio, modeling and singing lessons. All three have acting ambitions. And each of the three recites exactly one line in *Star and Garter*. Some variation of the chorus girl's time-honored: "Oh, *there* you are!" which she delivers with all the dramatic timbre the line can take—in case talent scouts are listening.

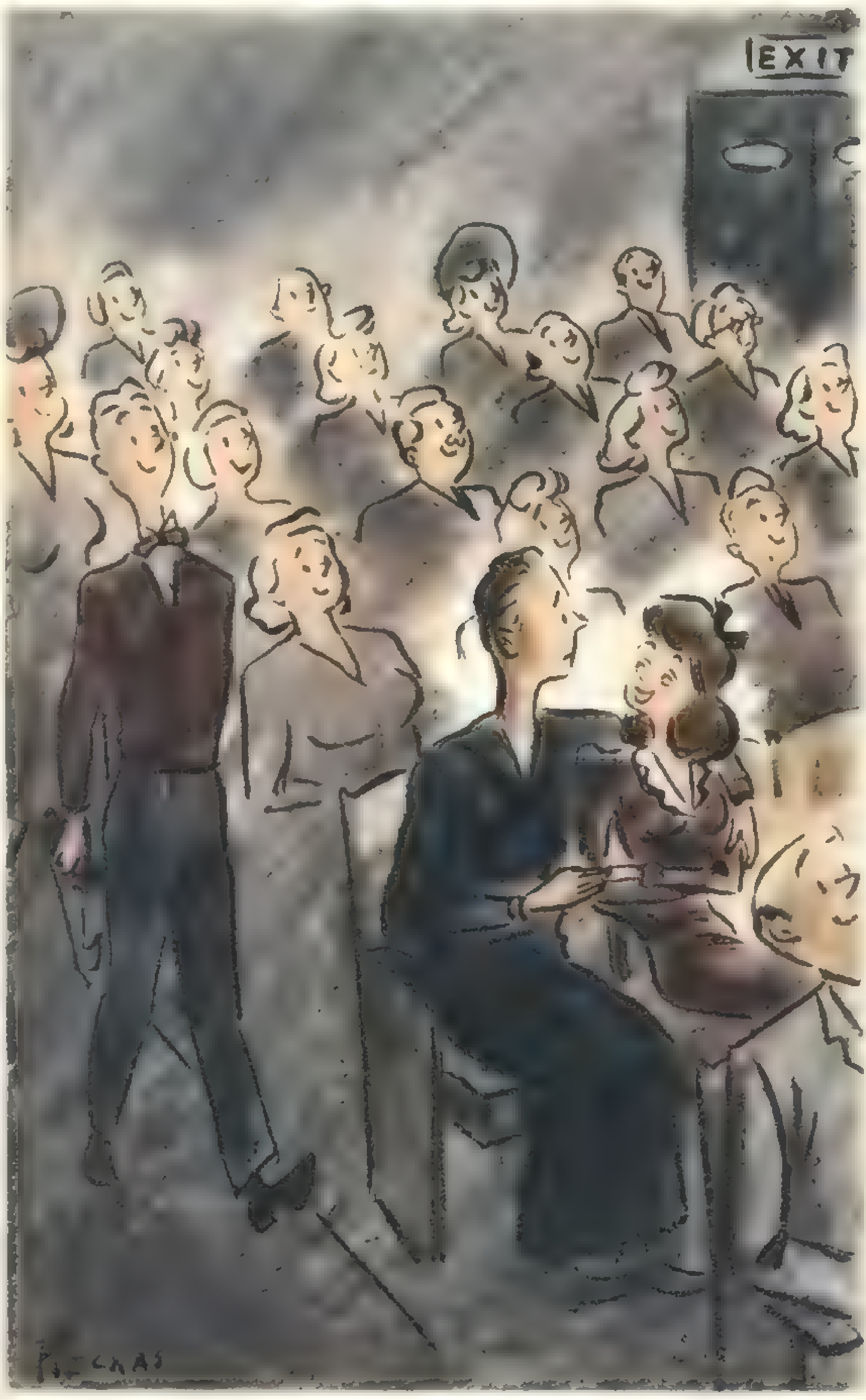
All of the girls are extremely domestic—liking nothing better than an evening at home, making fudge, and we wouldn't be surprised if they crochet their own mits and G-strings.

Every two weeks the whole cast of *Star and Garter* goes down to the Stage Door Canteen and puts on a show. The Canteen is noted for its distinguished talent, so it meant something when the service men voted the *Star and Garter* girls their favorite attraction. And it's mutual. The girls say that the men in uniform are their very favorite audience—and they prove it with a super-dooper performance.

GEORGE SEREBRYKOFF PHOTOGRAPH


FOR VICTO
BUY
UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"Let me know when you get to Paris, son—I'll send you some good addresses"



"Well, good bye, Mr. Smith, this is where I came in!"

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE ▶

The face and fortune of Delma Byron

DELMA BYRON is a belle from Mayfield, Kentucky, but as she so charmingly confides: "Ah've been up heah so long, Ah've lost mah accent." As a matter of fact, and in all justice to Miss Byron, she has striven valiantly during her seven years out of the Blue Grass to drop all localisms. She sighs not for magnolia blossoms nor lost fortunes in Confederate currency. And while she earns her bread by acting and modeling, she is quite capable of relaxing during her leisure hours: she neither poses like a model nor talks like an actress. In other words, she's a very good egg.

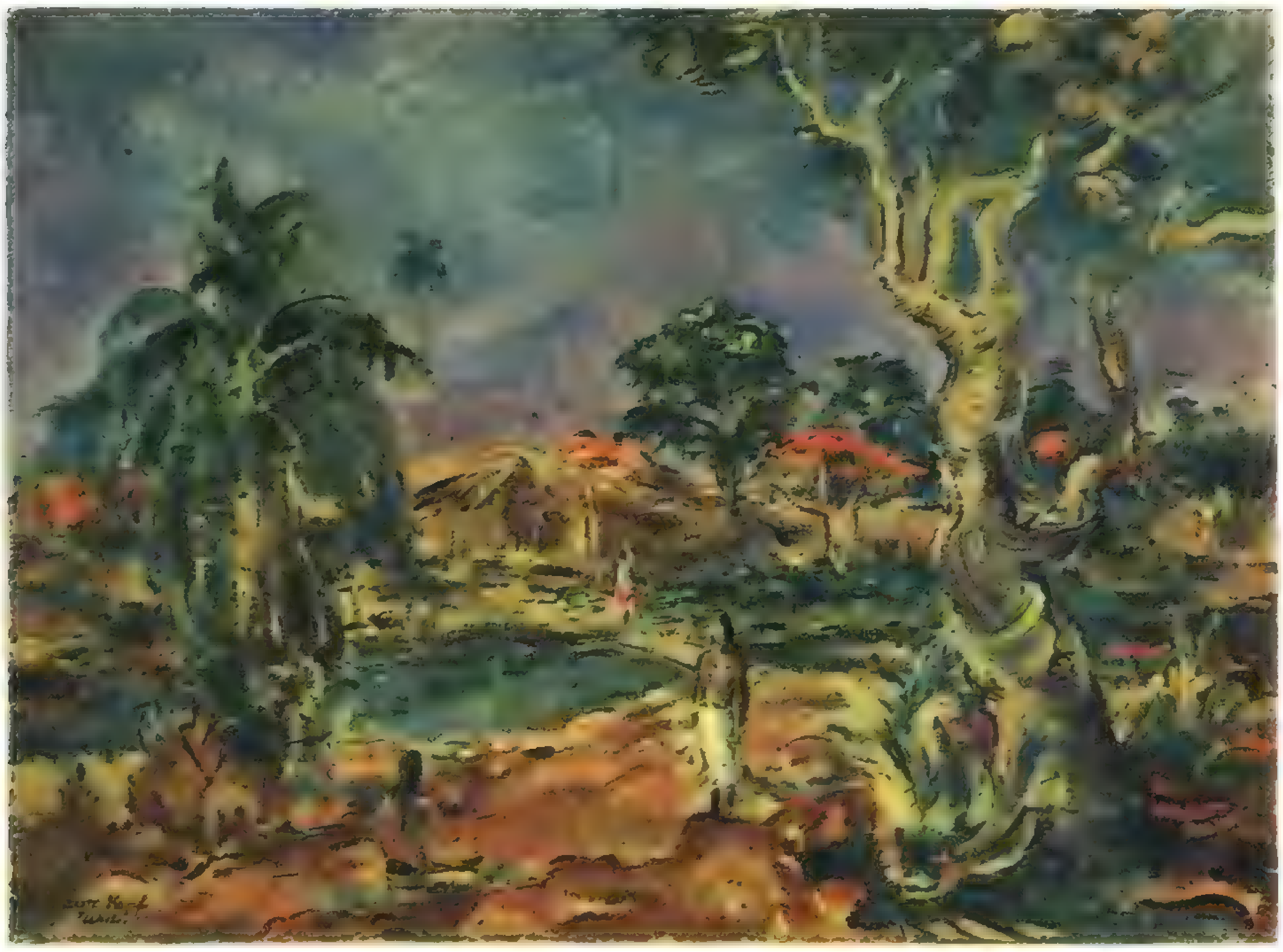
Posing for high fashion photographs is Miss Byron's chief forte but she also does very nicely without benefit of couturieres—as exemplified by her smashing success in the famous bathtub scene in Representative Luce's *The Women*. Less spectacular, naturally, was her role in one of the Shirley Temple epics (after all—what grownie had a chance?) and in several Sol Wurtzel productions. She also plays a lead in the radio mystery show, *The Falcon*.

Other strings to Miss Byron's bow are dancing and singing. She once performed with Charles Weidman's modern dance group, and still gets in a bit of terpsichore now and then, and she can sing torch numbers with the required degree of intimacy and warmth. A levelheaded lady who knows where she's going, she spends Tuesday evenings at home listening to the radio because, she explains, a radio actress has to study other voices and Tuesday is the night when the best shows are on.

Miss Byron is forthright concerning her views about Men. She says: "I don't believe in 'lines' and I don't believe in putting on an act, but to be interesting enough to rate a return engagement at my house, a man has to be something or at least say something. That's why I usually prefer older and more sophisticated men—they have a lot more color than run-of-the-mine Adonises, and they are inevitably far more resourceful. They need not hesitate, just for example, to take you to a quiet dining place; they know they won't have to make an impression by going somewhere more pretentious and the absence of din doesn't bother them because they are quite able to carry on a conversation without requiring such hired distractions as swing bands, masters of ceremony and cigarette girls to fill in the lulls. Of course I have no sweeping prejudices against young men if they have the rare advantage (rare as Mr. Lowell's day in June) of mature intelligence."

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* Harry Conover; *Age:* 24; *Height:* 5′ 8″ with heels; *Weight:* 120; *Bust:* 34; *Waist:* 24; *Hips:* 34½.

WILLIAM RITTER PHOTOGRAPH

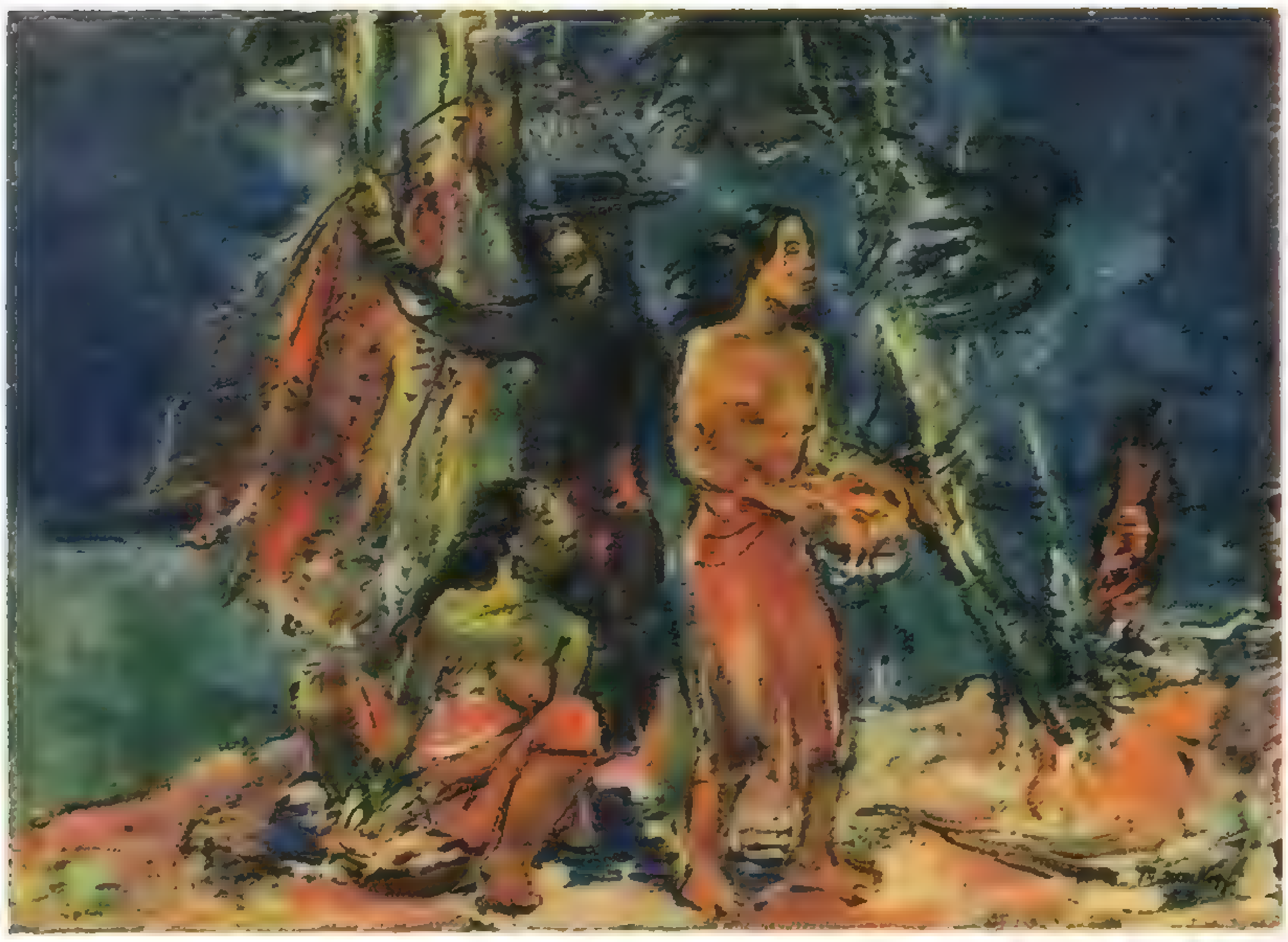


FLAMBOYANT

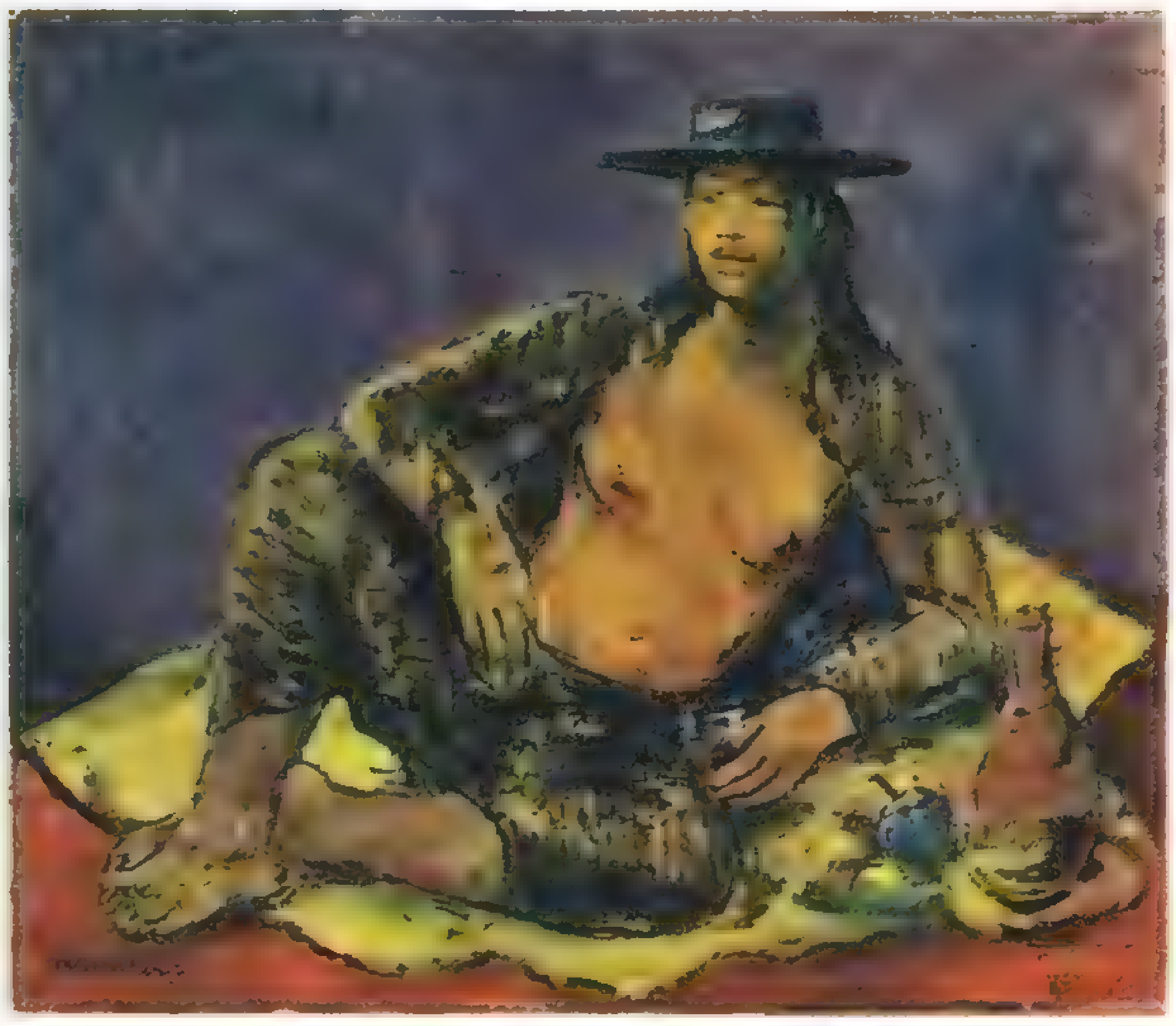
A Group of Paintings

by

MAXIM KOPF

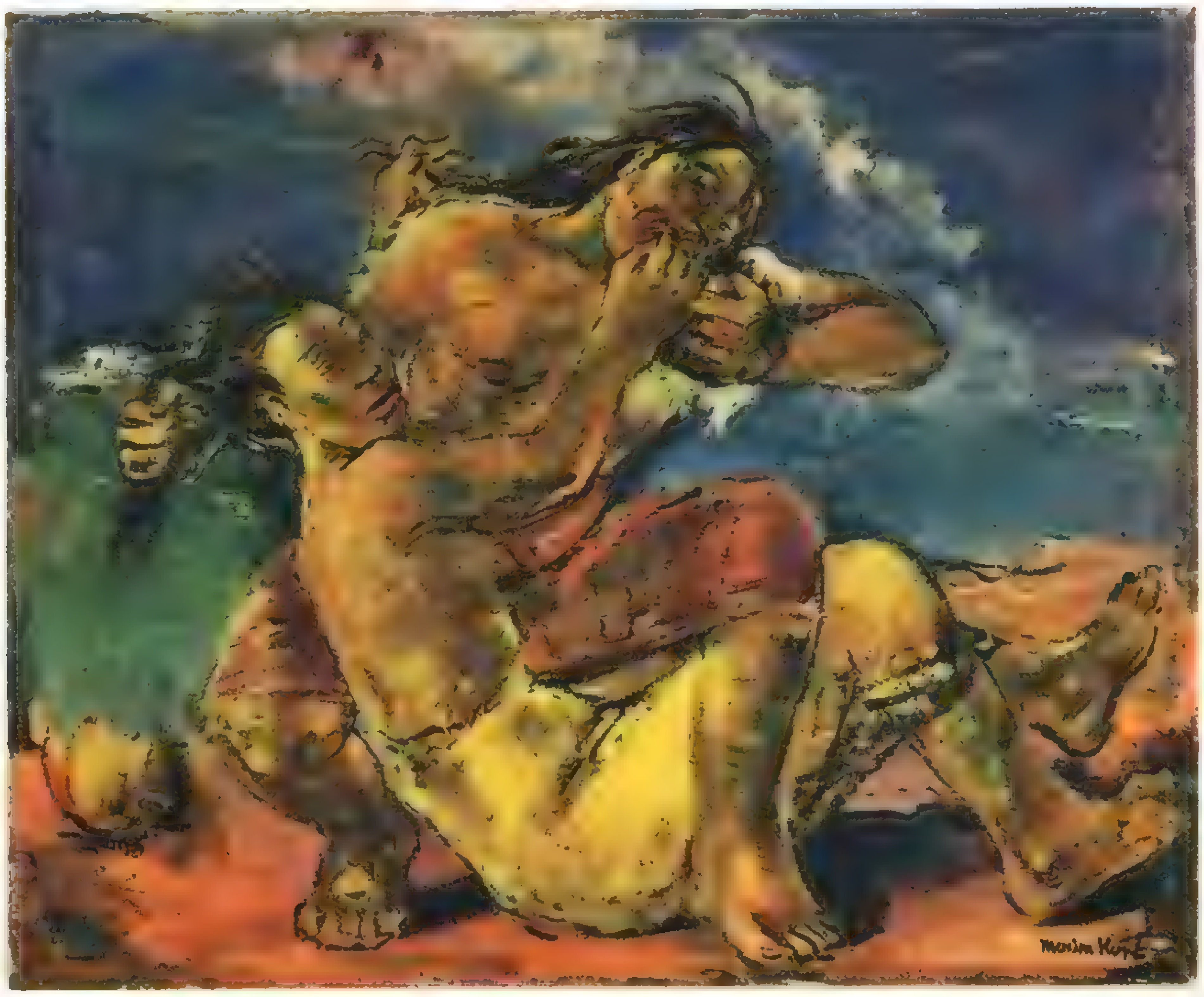


WOMEN WITH FISHNET



TAHITIAN WIDOW

These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the André Seligmann Gallery, New York City



FIGHTING WOMEN

Kopf: New World Beginning

In his pre-Dorothy Thompson era, this Czech refugee was an artist of renown as well as a prisoner of Vichy France

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

Don't let anyone tell you that the curtain has fallen forever on the days of opportunity in America. If some roads are blocked to ingenuity, ambition and endurance, there are detours which will take a man to the same objectives. One must have more patience, more luck, more stamina. Today the long arm of coincidence doesn't make it a practice to grab perfect strangers by the neck and rub their noses in a pot of gold. Reversing the old figure of speech: Opportunity does not open at the first timid knock; you have to smash in the door. It is true that the frontiers are more or less closed, the mines exhausted (or mortgaged) and also that good fortune is a little more discriminating than she used to be and today only one is chosen where, formerly, there was room for a dozen. Besides, sublimer motives have supplanted that of profit in recent bookkeeping, and an immigrant from Europe may count it the rarest of privileges to walk the streets of New York cold and hungry—so long as he can walk, or even stand up. Even opportunity is relative.

Consider the saga of Maxim Kopf, Czechoslovak painter. Two years ago he arrived from that Purgatory of refugees, Casablanca, with little more than the clothes on his back. In no sense that reflects upon him, he was on the town, his most immediate needs being met by the Czechoslovak consulate. His European prestige was valueless and his skill was of less merit than a navvy's. As a painter, he was (and is) honest, simple, serious—he possessed no mountebank trick that would roll 'em in the aisles. His recent memory had been enriched with protracted stopovers in several of those internment camps in which la belle France extended vindictive hospitality to those Europeans whose chief offense was that they were anti-Nazi. The sun and air of New York had the chore of bleaching out of his work and his temperament those darker tones in which he lived and painted.

Given half the chance, he is a meridional painter, as proved by his revisitings of Tahiti, and the American sun made the most of its opportunity. Maxim Kopf's emergence from the shadows appears to be complete. Through a combination of circumstances whose distribution between accident and design it is not this writer's intention to chart, there has occurred an event of the utmost importance in the career, the life and the Americanization of Maxim Kopf. In this country, certainly, and perhaps elsewhere, too, we become aware, first, of the artist, and then of the art, recognition of the art being assisted by circumstances of personality, publicity, promotion, patronage. It is therefore of the greatest importance in the career of Maxim Kopf to make immediate note of the fact that he has recently become the bridegroom of Dorothy Thompson—the woman of more than one year in American journalism and the anti-Fascist conscience.

Maxim Kopf has had a long life, and not a merry one. He has been in many places, and to some of these he went in the spirit of an escapist, seeking refuge from the complexities of civilization, among which are marriage and divorce. He is a Bohemian, but with a conscience, off whose back responsibilities do not glide, but remain, to burden him. He is a simple man, but not so inarticulate, even in English, as the much more voluble Miss Thompson makes him appear, by contrast. In her newly discovered enthusiasm for art, and in her pride of intuition, she rushes in with answers which Mr. Kopf gallantly accepts as his own. He is a large specimen of a man, of the capacious Hendrik Willem Van Loon style, and his charming air of helplessness in the presence of problems which are supposed to baffle these grown-up children called artists must make an irresistible appeal to the maternal in any executive woman.

But Maxim Kopf did have a life before Miss Thompson entered it.

He was born in Vienna in 1892 of a Czech father and an Austrian mother and had four brothers and sisters as playmates. His father was a civil servant in the old Austrian Empire whose knowledge of Czech moved the family to Prague when Maxim was six. Joseph von Kopf, dean of the German art colony in Rome in his time and court sculptor to the Duke of Württemberg, was a great-uncle and the occasion for a future invitation from the Nazis which was to prove at least a temporary embarrassment to the young man. But Hitler was not yet even a nightmare, and the grand-nephew of Joseph von Kopf pursued his unpromising way.

"Even my parents didn't think much of me." By his own report, he was slow and dull, and the best his elders could hope for him was that he would become a civil servant—poorly paid, but safe. Forbidden to paint, he had the courage to nurse the secret ambition to become an artist and secretly took the entrance examination of the Prague Academy of Fine Arts—and passed.

He was about nineteen years old when he entered the Academy in which, he says, he was "a hell of a bad pupil." The fault was not the Academy's, for its instruction was not conservative, but influenced rather by the modern French. In 1914 he was drafted into the Austrian army and after several weeks of training was sent to Serbia where he succumbed to typhoid and pneumonia. He was no more enthusiastic about the war than the other Czechs in his regiment, many of whom surrendered. Six months in a Prague hospital, then three months in an officers' training school gave him that much borrowed time to live and paint in.

Then, as second lieutenant, he was sent to the Italian front, to Gorizia and on the Isonzo, where a grenade almost did him in. Hemorrhage and contusions again put him out of combat and again into hospital from which, when released, he was shifted into light non-combatant service behind the lines. A sleepwalker in the army—his own description—it was in the army that he awoke as an artist and commenced a sort of creative life.

Demobilized in 1918, he went to Dresden where he entered a class for advanced students and began to paint religious pictures, in explosive, Expressionist, revolutionary terms, in terms expressing the pacifist violence which said Never again! If the paintings possessed any merit, it was this: that they signified the cracking of the ice and the beginning of an emotional life as a painter. Kopf remained in Dresden until about 1923 and there exhibited without any particular luck. He sat in many cafés and listened to many discussions concerning the function of art and pictures, but if he did not like the answers which the talking painters laid down, he had none better for himself. Besides, there were private difficulties; he was getting over his first divorce.

It was in 1923 that he first saw

Continued on page 141

"Captain, may I have a furlough starting now?"

Rambling Rube Melton

The harum-scarum ball player emerges triumphant from a checkered career, delighted to pitch for the Dodgers

by JAKE WADE

• SPORTS •

The big pitcher sitting in the visitors' dugout at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, stretched his long, lean shanks and looked on as the effervescent enemy took their batting practice. Turning to a comrade he drawled: "I cain't understand how them Dodgers are up there in the race. That's a lousy ball club, if ever I saw one. Take Reiser. I guarantee I'll strike him out three times. Take Camilli. I'll strike him out at least twice." The towering pitcher retrieved his glove from the ledge of the foxhole and nonchalantly ambled off to warm up.

Reuben Franklin Melton, of Victory Station, North Carolina, at the time was an eminently unsuccessful pitcher with the undistinguished Phillies. And yet Melton did fan the great Reiser three times and the great Camilli twice, the latter on six consecutive slow balls. The third time Camilli appeared, he missed a *seventh* consecutive floater; and then belted the eighth pitch, a steaming fast ball, for a 400-foot home run. But the big guy with the free speech had called his shot. Also, he had beaten the Dodgers, 3 to 1.

It was not the first time. In his start of the 1942 season, Melton triumphed over Brooklyn 2 to 1, walking nine batters. One evening in Philadelphia he turned them back, 3 to 1, and himself drove in all the Philly runs. Now Melton, through a curious cycle of trading, is a Beautiful Bum himself. There must be something in the chemistry of the Carolina soil that nurtures for the baseball wars such rare birds as Reuben Franklin Melton. South Carolina had produced, among others, Van Lingle Mungo and Bobo Newsom, both earmarked Dodgers from the cradle.

There is red clay in North Carolina's Gaston county, and majestic hills rise westward up the road a piece, but Melton is no hillbilly. Born on February 27, 1917, at Cramerton, he was raised in the Piedmont within earshot of thousands of textile spindles. After he had acquired from baseball sufficient affluence to settle in a more pretentious society, he declined to be dislodged from the environment of his youth. He built himself a house in the center field of an old ball diamond on the wrong side of the tracks of Victory Station, the mill village in which he had lived most of his days. There is a wired lean-to for his eight nondescript dogs; an apparently unclaimed, muddy and grassless grove for his goat; a pen of sorts for his pigeons. On the granddaddy pine, there's a birdhouse, for the other birds.

Rather than offering apologies for this humble abode on a Tar Heel Tobacco Road, Melton professes pride. As he shows you the place, he gives proper praise to Melton the paper-hanger, Melton the plumber, Melton the carpenter, Melton the architect, Melton the contractor and even to Melton the financier.

"The whole shebang cost me 300 dollars," he brags. "I did most of the work, but gave a boy forty cents a day to carry tools and I got a man to saw my boards." That he finished his house before he realized that he had neglected to provide for a chimney, he passes over quite lightly.

Melton is an inventor. For years he tried to build an automobile to run on compressed air. Then he toiled on a radio which you wind up like a clock and which requires no electricity. When the tire shortage developed, he worked on a rubberless wheel with springs to cushion it. A few months ago he applied for a patent on a parachute bomb.

These gadgets in the rough, with countless drawings and charts, litter Melton's home. The only book in his library is entitled *How to Protect, Finance and Sell Your Invention*. Among his other household accessories are playing cards for those bridge games at which he is quite accomplished. Also there are many pictures of Reuben Franklin Melton: the fisherman, the hunter, the baseball player, the basketball player, the handsome college student.

"It's from my draft board—they want to know if I'm still mad"

Melton really is a nice looking guy. He weighs more than 200 pounds and stands six-feet-five. In his neat, campus-cut clothes, and with his black hair meticulously barbered, he appears an incongruous figure among his mill-working neighbors. But these are his people. He talks their language. He thinks in their grooves. He still is one of them.

Early last February he was chafing because the Dodgers were tardy in dispatching his 1943 contract. "Looks like they'd send that contract," he said. "Hell, a fella's got to have a little time to hold out, ain't he?"

Although money doesn't mean much to Melton, holding out has been, paradoxically, one of his specialties. As a problem child in the St. Louis Cardinal organization in 1938, his second year out, he balked on a 125 dollars monthly offer to pitch for Columbus, Georgia. He had discovered that he could pitch semi-pro ball and earn as high as 400 dollars a month as expenses.

He called up Charlie Hurth, the Columbus business manager, and demanded 175 dollars. Hurth refused to raise the ante. So Melton wrote him a letter. "I told him," says Rube, "that I had decided to lay out a couple of years and save up enough money to play professional ball."

Rube did exactly that. He enjoyed those two lush years of excommunication from the organized ranks before he finally came back into the fold.

Rube's first professional contract was in 1935 with the Chattanooga Lookouts of the Southern Association. His harum-scarum outlook on life, together with his intolerable wildness, caused him to be released.

Melton promptly resumed his career in reverse. Scorning the rules and amenities that prohibit a pro from backtracking to the amateurs, he matriculated at Wake Forest College in North Carolina and failed to last until the baseball season. From Wake Forest he backtracked to Campbell College, a nearby preparatory school.

Rube pitched four games for Campbell. He averaged seventeen strikeouts per game and whacked six home runs. Frank Rickey, a Cardinal scout, signed him to a Columbus, Ohio contract. He was assigned to the

Greensburg, Pennsylvania club that year, and wound up in 1937 at Asheville, the Cardinals' Piedmont League farm, where Billy Southworth was the manager, and short of outfielders.

"Can you hit left-handers?" Southworth asked him.

"Sure," replied the unbashful Melton, who has always fancied himself to be quite a slugger. "I eat 'em up."

Southworth put him in a game against a lefty and Melton struck out three times.

From Asheville he was dispatched to still another Cardinal adjunct, the Albany, Georgia club of the Georgia-Florida League. In his first game there, Rube fanned fifteen Thomasville batters for a new league record. It was the next year that he declined the Columbus, Georgia terms and went on his two-year rampage in the semi-pro and outlaw ranks.

He hired out first to pitch for Atlanta's famed Dixiesteel semi-pros and won rave notices from Atlanta baseball writers. Weekends he journeyed over to Greenwood, South Carolina and pitched under the name of Reuben Franklin. Later he drifted back to his home state and the old Carolina outlaw league. He became the scourge of the sandlots.

That was in 1938. At first merely suspended from organized baseball, he later was blacklisted. In 1939 in the National Semi-pro Congress tournament at Wichita, Kansas he chalked up a 1 to 0 victory over a Los Angeles club. He allowed one hit and struck out thirteen batters.

The Cardinals were still hankering to get rambling Rube back into their organization. Finally, with his sins forgiven, he turned up in 1940 with Columbus, Ohio of the American Association.

He was still as wild as the hares that jump from stump to stump on his acres at Victory Station, but there were days and evenings when he was dynamite. He led the Association in strikeouts, 142. He also topped it in bases on balls.

Over all, Melton was not the Red Birds' best pitcher, but he had so much stuff that he commanded the attention of scouts. For two weeks, a half dozen ivory hunters shadowed him. Rube wasn't tipped off. "If I'd known," he says now, "I would have turned it on and been on my best behavior." As it was, he lapsed into a protracted streak of ineffectiveness. Reports on him were unanimously bad.

However, Larry MacPhail, general manager of the Dodgers, had pegged Melton as sure-fire Brooklyn material. MacPhail offered Branch Rickey, the Cardinal overseer, 25,000 dollars for his contract. Rickey held out for 30,000 dollars. It was no sale.

Undaunted, MacPhail is reported to have taunted the smooth Cardinal official with something like this: "There's a ball player I want and I'll get him for my club if it's the last thing I do. Furthermore, I'll get him for half the amount I offered you."

To which Rickey is said to have replied: "You'll never get Melton, my good man. We're watching him like a hawk."

Knowing the high value that Rickey placed on Melton, the baseball world was astonished to see the big pitcher's name bob up on the draft list the following fall. The Phillies, last place club in the National League, had first call on him and claimed Melton for the draft price of 7,500 dollars.

Almost immediately the Phillies announced they were selling Melton to MacPhail's Dodgers at a reported price of 15,000 dollars. Commissioner K. M. Landis, however, quickly voided the sale.

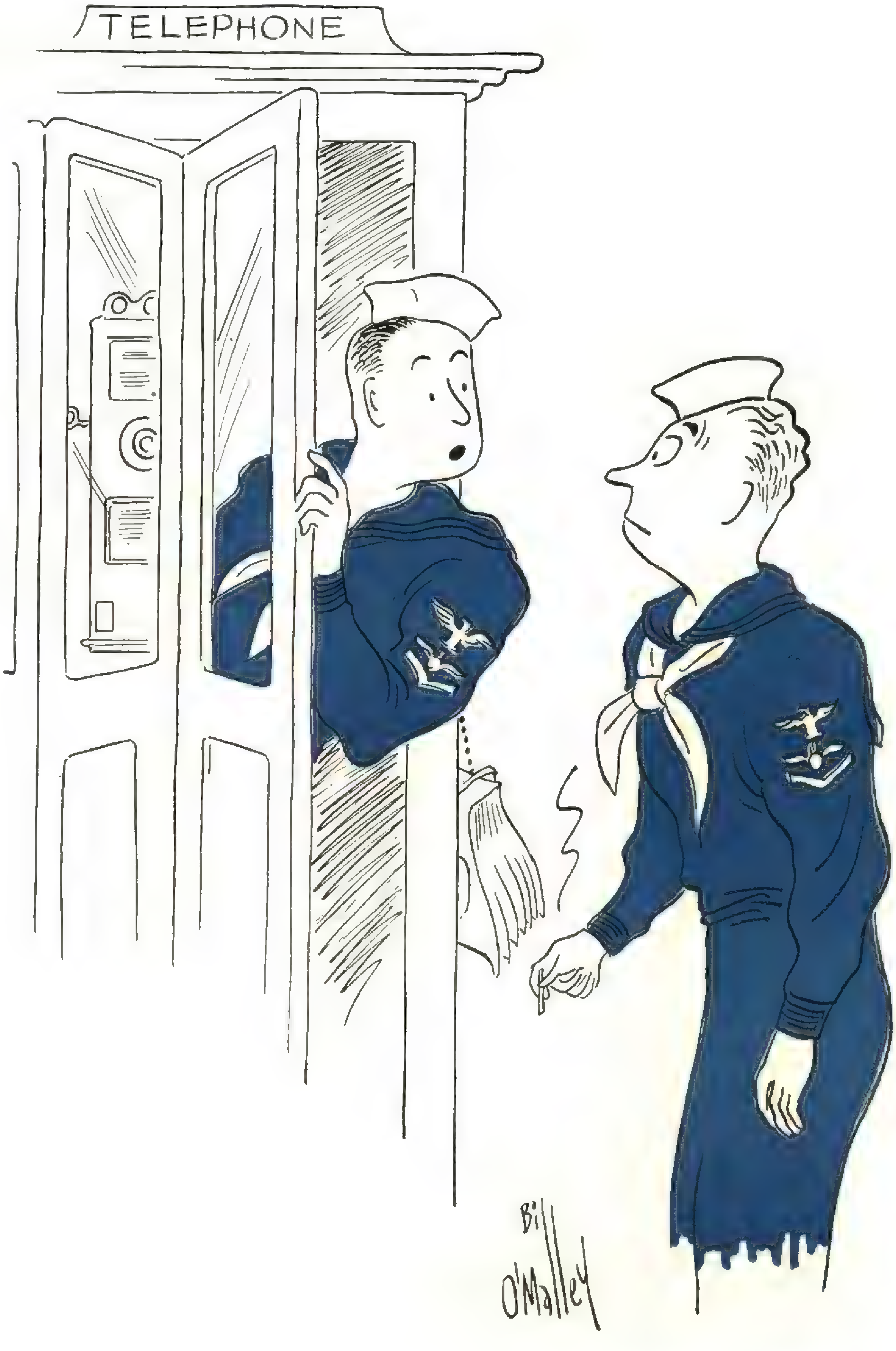
"All that sure was funny," says Melton. "But I'll tell you that when I heard I was left in the draft, I felt like they had given up on me." It probably was one of the few times in his life that Melton's ego was completely deflated.

Columbus officials insist that the Melton case was carefully reviewed.

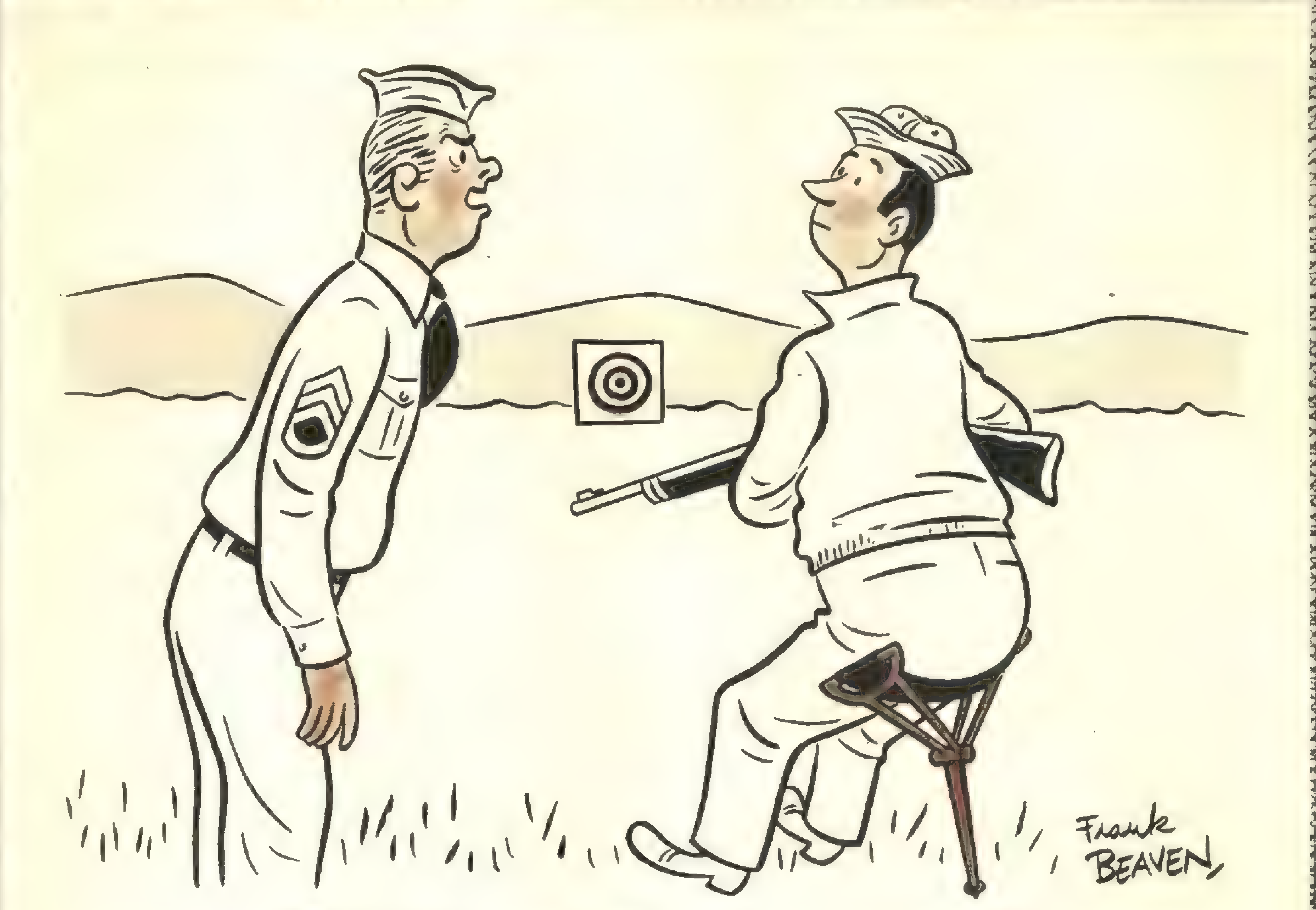
But last winter when Rickey left the Cardinals and succeeded MacPhail at Brooklyn, his first deal was the purchase of Melton. And he paid the Phillies 30,000 dollars for him, throwing in another pitcher, John Allen.

"He's a typical Dodger if ever I saw one," said Rickey, in announcing the deal. He professed no embarrassment over the incident that when he had Melton he let him go for 7,500 dollars.

Melton himself was jubilant over the transfer. He agreed that the Dodgers were his predestined people. Although at Philadelphia he had feigned contempt for "dem Bums," he secretly loved them. He had always been covetous of the Dodger liberty. He believes, the war permitting, that in such company he will be given an opportunity to prove his self-confessed superlative talents. There are some who say that he can throw a ball as hard as any man alive. Rube agrees. ⧺



"She says your blind date is going to be tall, dark and hungry"



"What's this—some of your country gentleman stuff?"

Odious Japs Meet All-American

Former Dartmouth All-American did plenty of damage to Japs and Lever Bros., Inc.

by MARK COX

"YES SIR; they came in only two weeks after the first Marines had landed and things were plenty tough then." The speaker was silver-haired Jess B. Hawley, former Dartmouth football coach, who derives a silent satisfaction out of acting practically as Lieutenant Bob MacLeod's godfather since the father of the grid star and marine flier passed away before the hero's distinguished service on Guadalcanal.

"They were shelled constantly," Jess went on. "At night the Jap ships would float in close and blast away. When daylight came, Tojo's bombers would take over. The men lived in fox holes and for days at a time never got their clothes off their backs. Then there was the awful, ceaseless heat and dampness, which drove men almost mad longing for just one breath of coolness. There was no food except what they had captured from the Japs, and that consisted only of rice and German canned milk."

The cooking of even these rations presented a problem. There were a few brass caldrons left scattered around by the two kinds of Japs, those who had left and those who never would; and these were used only a short time before a bomb blew them to bits. After that, the boys cut oil barrels in half and used them for stoves.

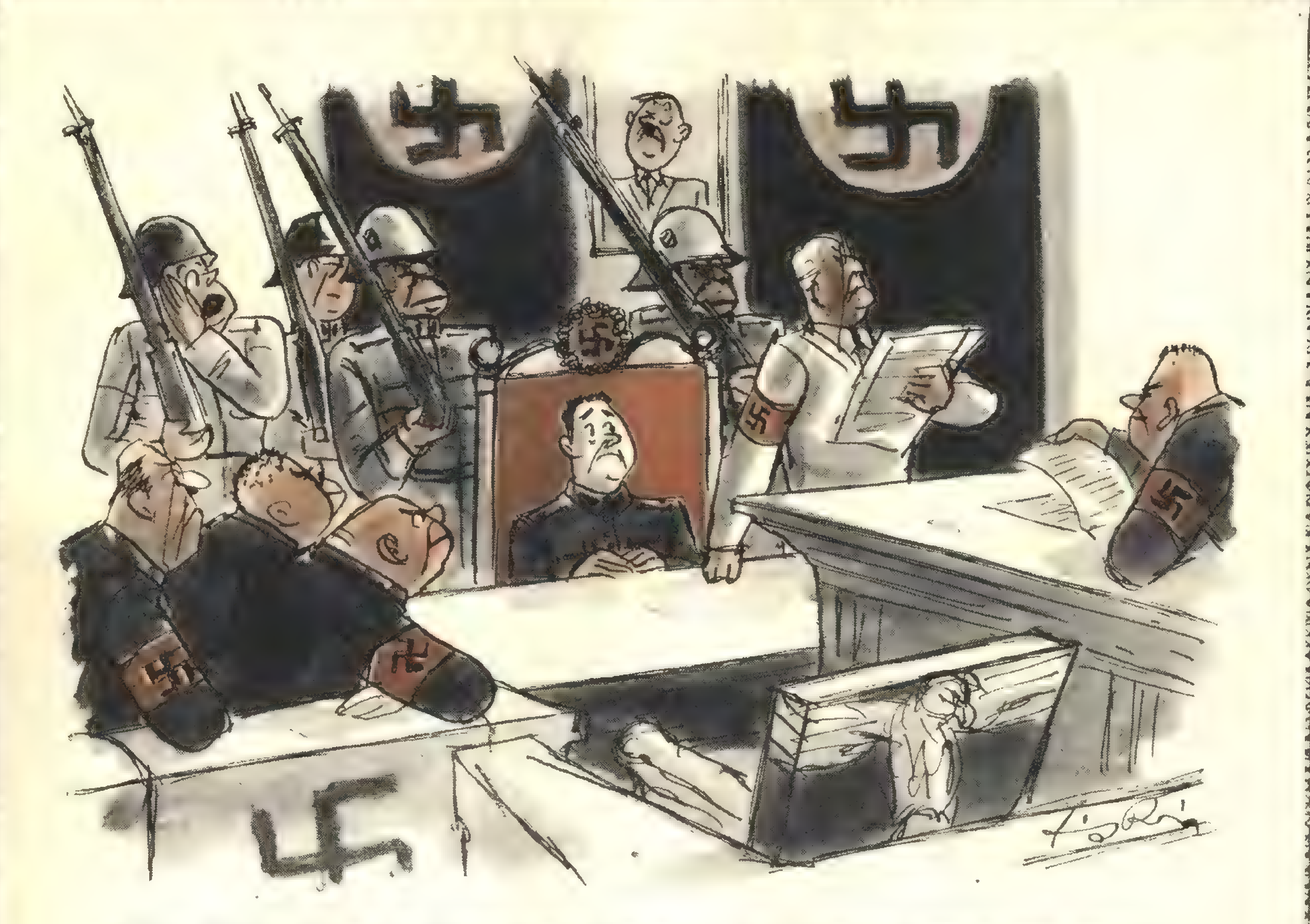
The first time MacLeod went up he was leading a squadron of four. He spotted eight or nine planes, called in to the field and went after them. He admits that he was scared stiff, and he got a bigger jolt when he discovered that there were sixteen instead of only nine of the Zekes going against his little foursome. In this predicament he made for a cloud, and when he came out, spotted three of the Joes right below him. He glanced back over his shoulder to give the signal to attack, and was stunned to see three more Zeros diving straight at him, their guns going. He nosed over into a dive as the bullets spattered all around the armor of his cockpit. He tried to duck back into the cloud but couldn't; so he headed for the field in order to draw them into his own ground force's flak. In this he came so close to succeeding that he himself was almost shot down by his own men. In this scramble two of MacLeod's buddies were shot down, but he rubbed out at least two Japs himself, and the attack was driven off.

During the month-long siege Bob spent on Guadalcanal, he admitted that diversion was at a premium. "If and when we had any spare moments," he said, "we would dismantle Jap planes that had been brought down. On some of these it was surprising, and a little disconcerting, to find American-made parts. Many of the props, particularly, were American-manufactured, as well as many of the instrument controls."

The pilots didn't have many light moments, but they did have a few stock gags they pulled on each other almost constantly. One of these was figuring up how much each of them would owe Lever Bros., the American importers who own the island, for damage done. Every time one of the fliers riddled a large coconut tree in a battle, he would shout into his radio phone: "There's 200 dollars more I owe Lever Brothers!" This got to be quite a good-natured gripe among the men.

With at least four Jap planes to his credit, the former Dartmouth All-American who averaged 5.1 yards in three years of collegiate competition and, after dropping the opening game to Holy Cross, didn't play in a losing game for 22 straight until Cornell beat the Green at the close of his final season, came off the "Canal" without damage in the air, but he was injured in a jeep. There was one Jap pilot who would swoop in over the field in the early dusk, strafing. The fellows planned a little surprise for him in the form of three planes stashed off in a corner, already warmed up and idling. When the pilots saw the lone Jap coming, they dashed into a waiting jeep and headed for their planes. But tracers already were biting along the edge of the runway, and another jeep was trying to keep out of the line of fire. The drivers of the two jeeps were so intent on watching the plane that they crashed. In the smashup, a chunk of flesh was torn out of the inside of MacLeod's thigh, closing his fighting days for a while.

After enduring a lot of bombing in the hospital beside the flying field, MacLeod finally was brought home. After a period of recuperation at Jess Hawley's place in Florida, he has returned to duty, serving as a flying instructor at Pensacola. ###



"Herr Klink refused to shoot seven hostages—he's pleading temporary sanity"

Little Sorrow on the Long Waves

Radio commentators somerset backward in their zeal to prevent over-confidence

by ERNEST BUCKLER

BACK in the days when reading *Chicken Little* was an intellectual feat and somebody else had to manage one's buttons, school readers were haunted by a melancholy character called "Little Sorrow." She was wan, precocious, pessimistic, and smug. When her playmates remarked how bright the sun was, she replied, "I see a dark cloud on the hill. 'Twill surely rain tomorrow." Little Sorrow's answer to everything was "Woe is me."

Today Little Sorrow rides again—in the broadcasts of our radio news commentators. It started with Churchill's "Blood, sweat, and tears." That was a grim promise, and at that time we had it coming.

But ever since then, newscasters (whose highest qualifications are college degrees and a couple of trips to Europe) have been bringing the tablets down from the mountain. You've heard their chants: "People must know the worst or they will not be prepared for disappointments." . . . "Telling the truth is the only way to build morale . . ."

What these self-appointed Cassandras forget is that unlike the days of Dunkirk, there is now good news to tell. We have victories, *real* ones, and we've waited a long time for them. "Morale"? Wouldn't it be better for our morale to go on a short spiritual bender, and take the hangover when it comes, than to be so frightened of "overconfidence" that all good news sounds to us like a snare?

Actually, overconfidence is not half so dangerous as apathy. Sickly a man's hopes over with "It is too soon to judge," and "Of course we mustn't assume that . . ." and all the rest of the admonitory dead-pan, and eventually you'll find him saying "Aw, what the hell, anyway." Let him exult when exultation is in order. What if the Allied forces are later driven back? They got there once, didn't they? Well, they can do it again, and better.

I'll place my bets any day on an "overconfident" soldier against one who keeps reminding himself of every knothole through which a sniper might pick him off. I wonder if Barney Ross had "sober confidence." Did the first soldiers to land in Africa feel "cautious optimism"? To gremlin-minded commentators, Sergeant York must look like a classic fool.

Some tiny voice whispers, "Look who's talking." Look, indeed. Today's professional dampers are the boys, who, when things were really bad, talked of "internal revolution in Germany," "the devastating effects of the blockade," and explained quite convincingly, if unctuously, that Germany's oil supply would not last for six months. With the Little Sorrow bandwagon creaking under their weight, the same broadcasters are now saying: "It's true that the Russian armies have achieved remarkable successes, but we must not forget that it's still Russian soil . . ." Or, "The Luftwaffe does indeed seem to be less in evidence than heretofore, but it is too soon to be anything like *sure* that . . ." Or, "The new bases in North Africa are immensely valuable, *but* we would be making a mistake to suppose that . . ."

Rarely do we treat our highest military and political leaders, the men who know the facts and have the experience in using them, with the same beautiful faith with which we enshrine our favorite newscaster. "Politics," we murmur, as the highest voice in the land, tells us how many men, or how much money, we need to win the war. But watch us listening to radio expert so-and-so, who will be best remembered in the book of time not for his knowledge but for his fine diaphragmatic support. For him, we stand admiringly by.

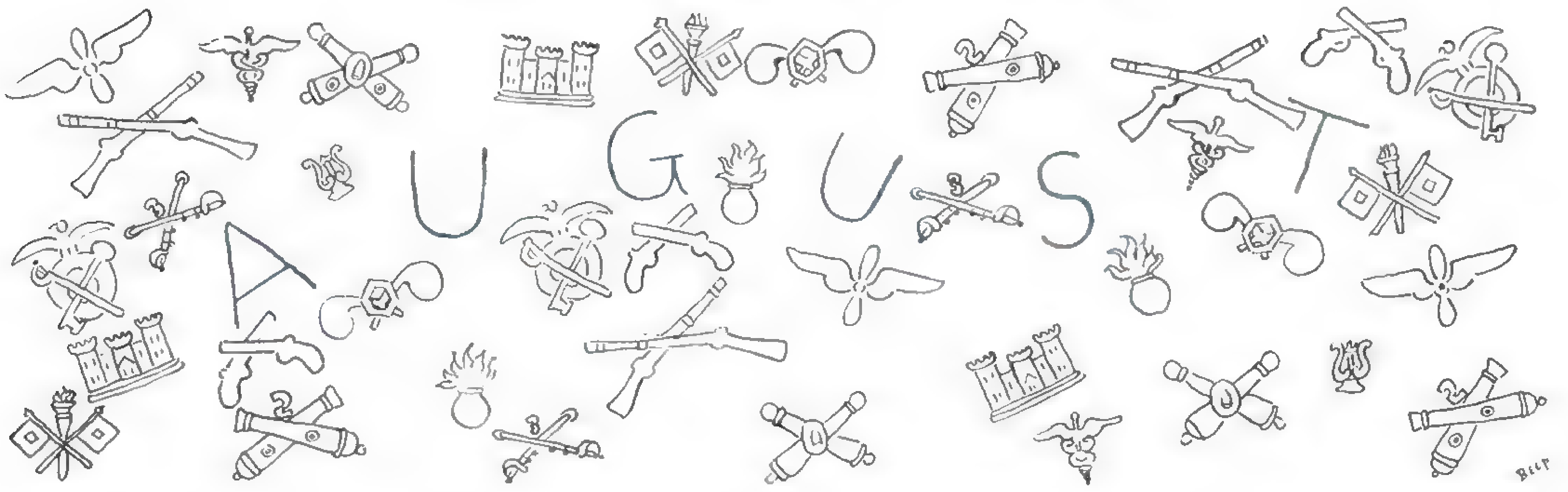
At best, newscasters are fortune tellers. At worst—when they stir up and fan controversies on issues of which they know nothing more than we—they are fellow travellers to fifth columnists. When it's riding the kilocycles, ignorance is dangerous.

But nothing about commentators sticks more in the crop than their new "But," "Still," "Don't shout yet, brother" line of "morale-building" talk. For you can't convince me that a man won't fight better if you tell him he's going to win than if you keep reminding him that he stands a good chance to lose—stiff upper lips and backs to the wall notwithstanding.

Our only hope is that on the day we march into Berlin, all commentators will fold up their wet blankets and, like the Arabs, steal silently away. #

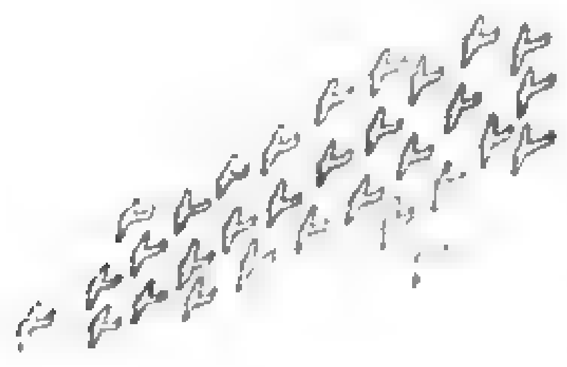
Goldbricking With Esquire

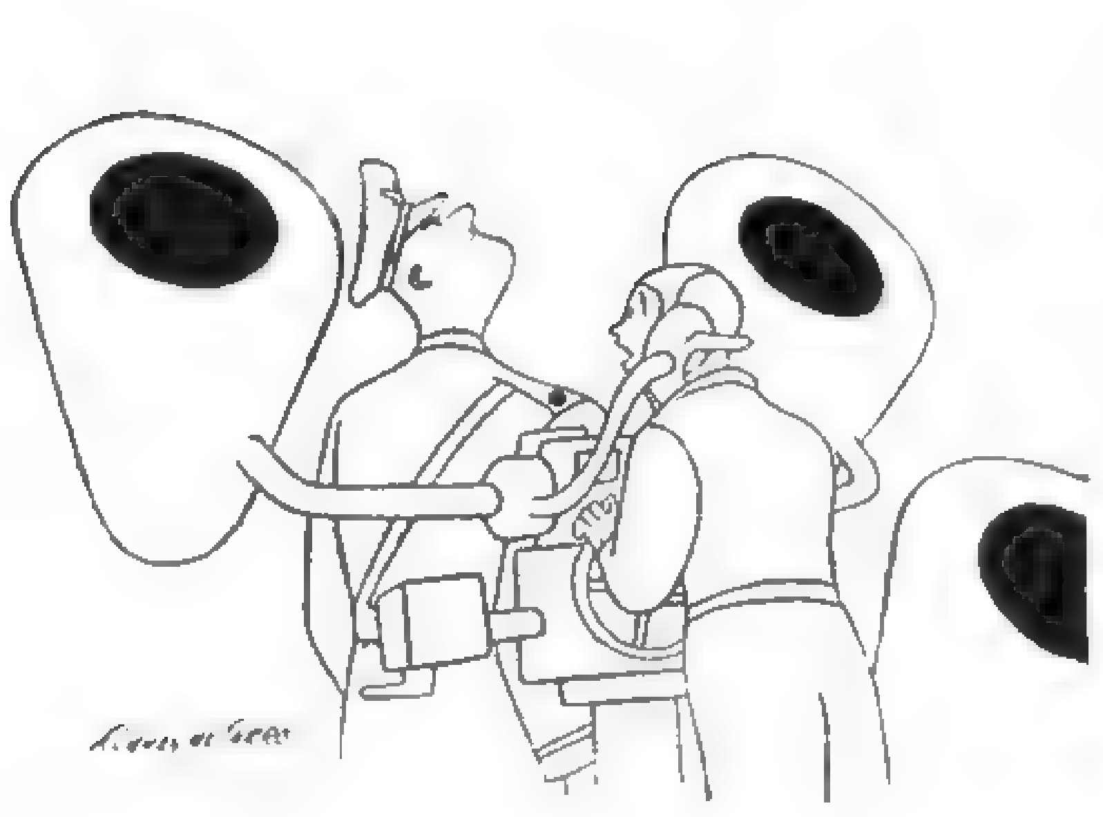
***Conducted by* BRUCE PATTERSON**



A girl who wears a cotton stocking
Need never give her door a locking
A girl who chooses other makes,
Gets all the runs and all the breaks

—*The Communique*
Camp Livingston, La.





"You must be seeing things, Major —I don't hear a thing"

This is the way they looked at it in the last war. You have two chances. You will be drafted, or you will not. If you are not, you have nothing to worry about. If you are, you have two chances. You will be sent to a training camp, or you will be sent overseas. If you are sent overseas, you have two chances. You will be held in reserve, or you will be sent to the front. If you are held in reserve, you have nothing to worry about. If you are sent to the front, you have two chances. You will go into action, or you will not.

If you do not, you have nothing to worry about. If you do, you have two chances. You will be wounded, or you will not.

If you are not, you have nothing to worry about. If you are, you have two chances. You will recover, or you will not.

If you recover, you have nothing to worry about. If you do not, you still have two chances.

—*The Communique*,
Camp Livingston, La.

Hear about the absent-minded private who wired his commanding officer for a two weeks' extension on his A.W.O.L.?

—*Gowen Beacon*
Boise, Idaho

The following, I think, is without a doubt the best of the current crop of stories on horse meat, food rationing and such:

Seems that a gentleman went into a certain restaurant, famous for its steaks, and asked for one of their super-specials. Five minutes later, the waiter returned and placed a plate before the customer with TWO steaks on it:

Amazed, agog and flabbergasted, the gentleman couldn't believe his eyes. "Not alone did I order ONE steak," he said, "but knowing how difficult it is to get meat in these days of rationing, how come you brought me TWO steaks?"

Very simple, answered the waiter, nonchalantly. "It was an ENTRY and we hated to break 'em up!"

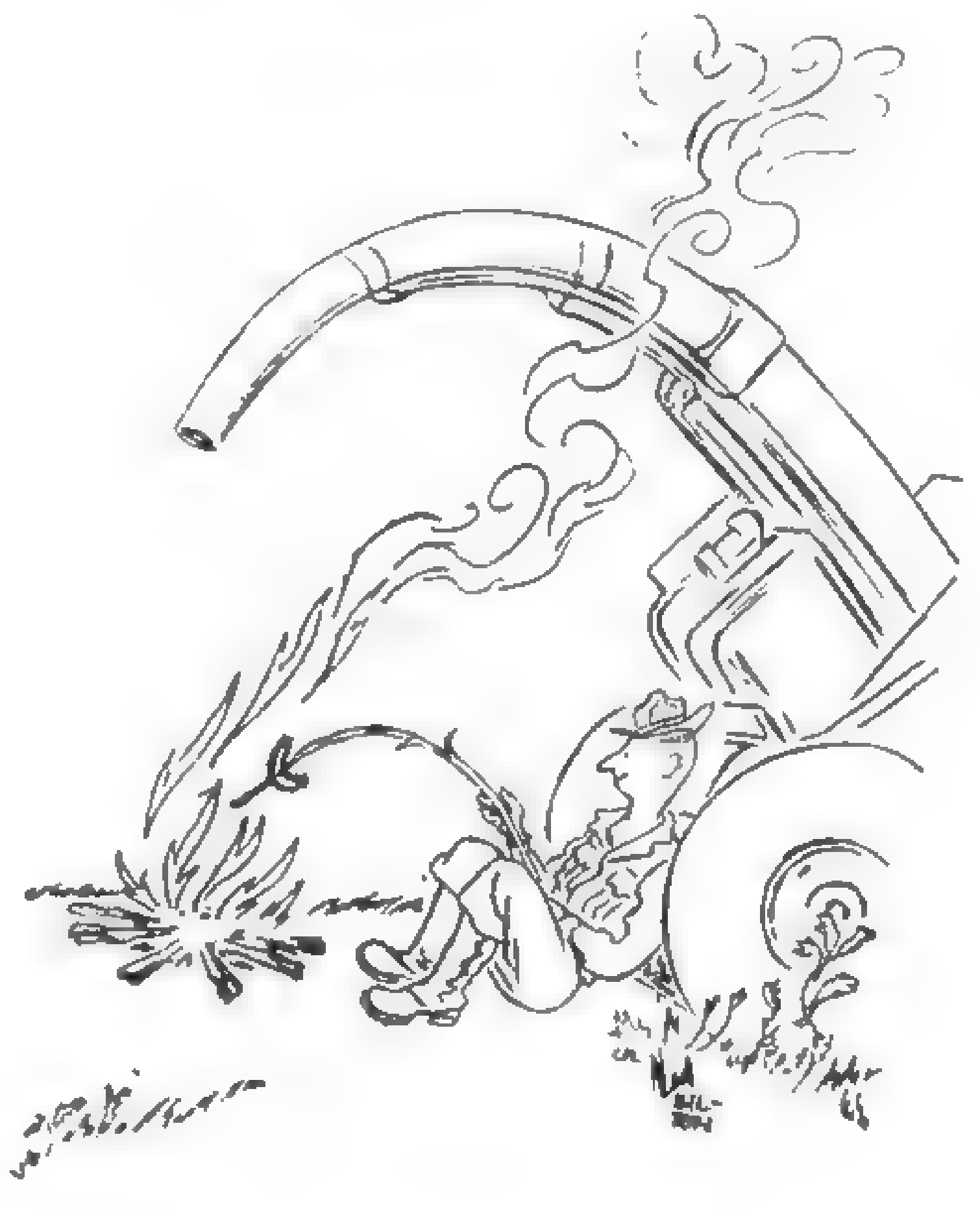
—*The Upton Nooz*
Camp Upton, N. Y.

ART DEPT.: When Hitler was found by his associates kneeling before Michelangelo's famous "Moses," which he had appropriated from the Louvre and brought to his cave in Berchtesgaden, they were sorely surprised. According to one Gestapo boss, the Fuehrer was praying to the great Jew, saying: "Dear Moses! Please tell me how you got across that strip of water . . ."

—*The Armodier*
Fort Smith, Ark.

It is better to be silent and thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt.

—*Terminal Topics*
U.S. Naval Air Station,
San Pedro, Calif.



DIRT CHEAP

A private, after collecting his pay, counted the money by wetting his finger and leafing through the bills.

A nearby soldier said, "Hey, don't you know that money is full of germs?"

The private grunted. "Brother, no germs could live on my salary."

—*The Range Finder*
Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.

The officer giving the lecture decided to test the knowledge of his listeners and searched the faces for a soldier who did not look "too intelligent" . . . finally he picked on our Pfc. Griffith . . . who . . . not only wrote a 37-page thesis on "The Origins of the Albigensian Heresy," and received a Masters Degree in History in 1941, but also made Phi Beta Kappa . . . (P.S.) Griffith knew all the answers and they were *not* about history . . .

—*The Upton Nooz*
Camp Upton, N. Y.

SARG. SITS DOWN—
ARISES A PRIVATE

After repeated warnings, the captain found it necessary to break Sergeant Spinck, thereby returning him to eligibility for K.P. and other duties which are the duty and honor of a buck private.

This breaking the captain felt he had handled as expeditiously as possible. So you can imagine his interest when he overheard the ex-sergeant explaining his demotion a few hours later to one of his cronies.

"That captain guy," said the ex-sergeant, "sure is swift and also sudden. He calls me in and this is what happens:

"He says, 'Hello, Sergeant. Sit down, Sergeant . . . Get up, Private . . . Goodbye, Private'."

—*Gowen Beacon*
Boise, Idaho

AFTERTHOUGHT: Heard about the girl who couldn't join the WAACs, SPARS, VACs, WAVES, or even WOWS. She joined a new one, the WIVES.

—*The Armodier*
Fort Smith, Ark.

Take one draftee, slightly green. Grate on sergeant's nerves. Add liberal portions of baked beans and corned beef. Season with a sprinkle of rain. Sweeten from time to time with chocolate bars.

Stir from bed at early hour. Soak in shower or tub daily. Dress in olive drab. Mix with others of his kind. Toughen with maneuvers. Bake in 110 degrees summer and let cool in below zero weather. Serves 140,000,000 people.

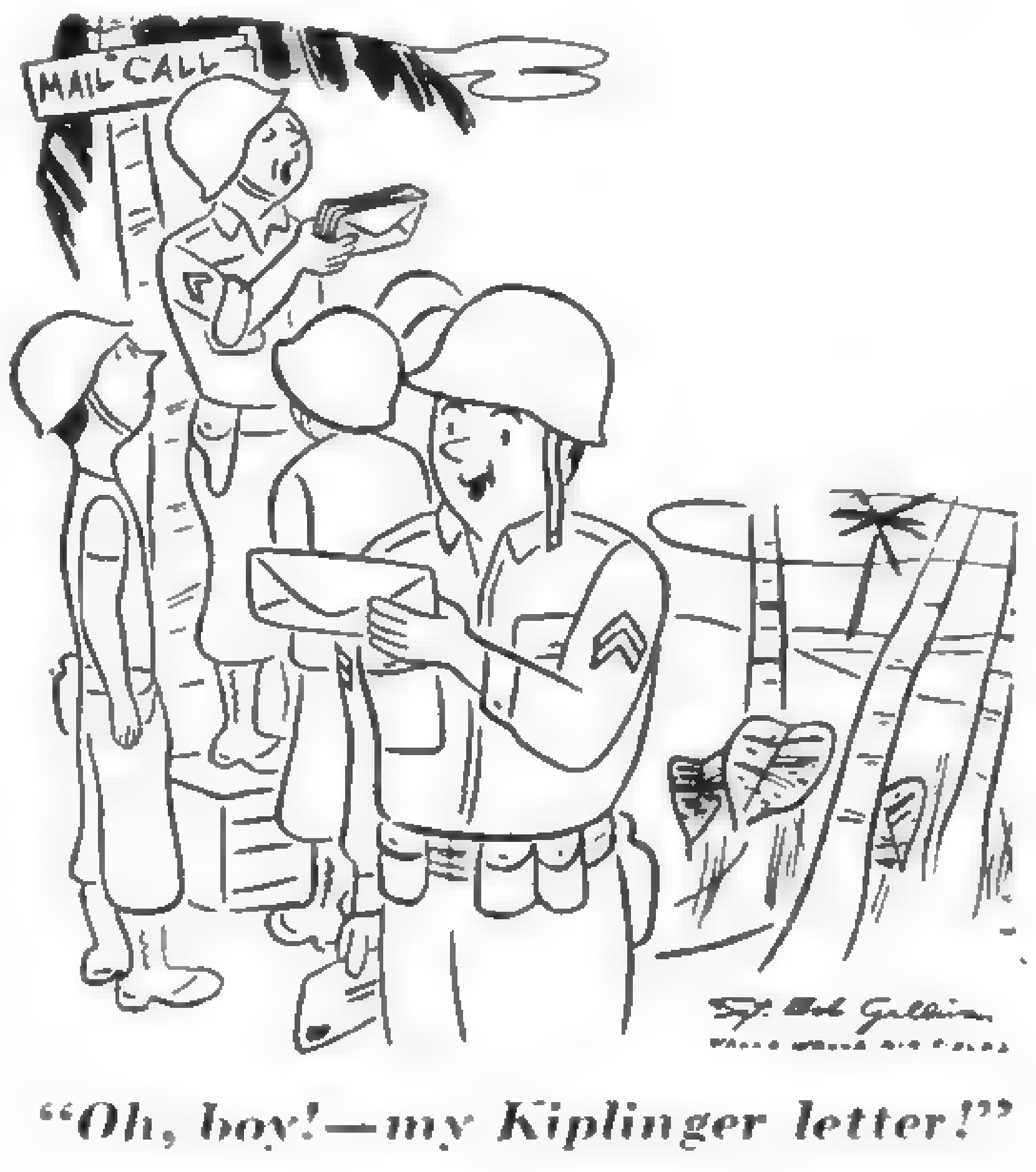
—*Victorville Army Flying School*
Victorville, California

CROSS PURPOSES DEPT.: Second Lieutenant: "Colonel, I've been trying to see you for a week, but you were busy, sir. When can I see you?"

Colonel: "Why don't you make a date with my secretary?"

Second Lieutenant: "I did sir. We had a lovely time, but I still want to see you."

—*The Armodier*
Fort Smith, Ark.



"Oh, boy!—my Kiplinger letter!"

The Chinese Home:

If you are invited to a Chinese Home, follow your host's lead: If he is modern and informal, you may be informal. If he is old-fashioned and stiff, then you can get plastered, too!

You can admire generally, but DON'T admire ONE object especially. For then courtesy requires your host to give you that object you are admiring. In other words —Don't keep STARING at his WIFE!

—*The Upton Nooz*
Camp Upton, N. Y.

The despondent old gentleman emerged from his club and climbed stiffly into his luxurious limousine.

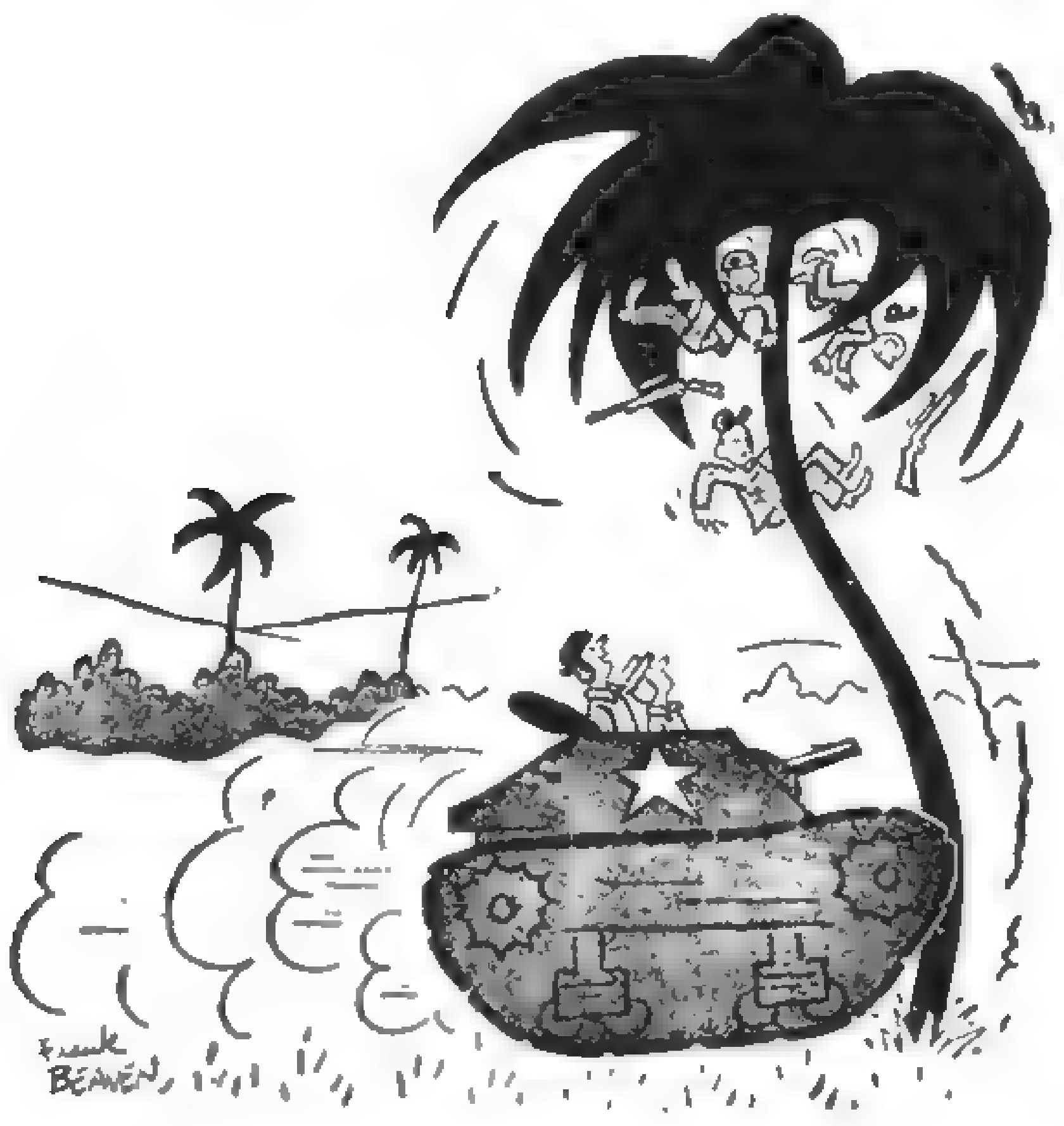
"Where to?" asked the driver respectfully.

"Drive off the cliff, James," he announced. "I'm committing suicide."

—*Barksdale's Bark*
Barksdale Field, La.

Perhaps you have heard the story of the colored boy on the convoy which was sailing through troubled waters. He was the only one in the crew who seemed unafraid—just kept singing and laughing in the face of danger. Finally, someone asked him the reason, to which he replied: "Shucks, Uncle Sam won't let nuthin' happen to me; he cain't afford to kill off us $10,000 policy holders."

—*Terminal Topics*
U.S. Naval Air Station,
San Pedro, Calif.



"Looks like we've hit the Jap-pot!"

THREE BRANCHES OF THE ARMY

Army Ground Forces: "Hello girls, you wouldn't care to go with us, would you?"

Army Service Forces: "Hello girls, you'll go with us, won't you?"

Army Air Forces: "Hello girls, where are we going?"

—*News and Views*
Fort Logan, Colorado

SEEIN' IS BELIEVIN'

Here's one for Ripley's *Believe It or Not.* Recently, a V. O. C.'s sight was badly impaired when he broke his glasses. While waiting for a replacement he was called out to target practice. The candidate protested to his officer: "Honestly, I can't see a thing. Even the target is dim." Quoth the officer: "Well go ahead and shoot anyhow. Do the best you can." He fired three times and scored three bull's-eyes! Watch out Tokyo, even our blind are crack shots.

—*Camp Roberts Dispatch*
Camp Roberts, California

UNREASONABLE

Private: "May I have next Wednesday off?"

Sergeant: "Why?"

Private: "It's my silver wedding anniversary, my wife's in town and we want to celebrate."

Sergeant: "Geez, are we going to have to put up with this every 25 years?"

—*The Range Finder*
Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.

Question: Dear Joey: I know the Army operates differently than civilian life, but not this differently. On Sundays if our first sergeant sleeps late, say till 11, we have to wait for him to come down, then stand around till he wakes up, and then form a line to get our passes. It spoils half of the only day we get off. How about it?—Freedom Guy.

Answer: Dear Freedom Guy: How about it? It's simple as hell. Most sergeants have learned enough by now not to sleep in their clothes. So, if they ain't wearing clothes in bed neither are they wearing stripes. Send a detail of pass waiters up to see this sergeant and give him the old heave-to out of bed. If he starts to throw his rank, just have the detail say, Oh pardon me, sarge, I thought you were Private So-and-So. Can he prove otherwise? Not in pajamas, he can't.

—*The Flying Times*
Kelly Field, Texas

20-20 VISION

The rookie reached the eye examination and was asked if he could read the last line which looked like this: "KZXYSVZMNK."

"Can you read that O.K.?" asked the doc.

"Sure," cracked the lad. "I knew him well. Played guard for Notre Dame."

—*Fort Sheridan Target*
Fort Sheridan, Ill.

Starkle, Starkle little twink
Who the Hell you are you think?
I'm not under the Alcofluence
of Inkelhol,
Though some thinkle peep I am.
I fool so feelish
I don't know who is me,
That the Drunker I sit here
The longer I get.

—*Flight Time*
Goodfellow Field, Texas

He: Smoke?
She: No, thank you.
He: Drink?
She: Nope.
He: Neck?
She: Oh, no.
He: What in hell do you do?
She (coyly): I tell lies.

—*Gowen Beacon*
Boise, Idaho

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS
Element—Woman

Occurrence—Found wherever man exists. Seldom in a free state, with few exceptions in the combined state.

Physical Properties—All colors, shapes and sizes and ages. Usually in disguised condition. Face covered with a film of composite material. Boo hoos at nothing and may freeze at any moment; however, melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not well used.

Chemical Properties—Very active. Possesses a great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, precious stones or anything of value. Violent reaction when left alone. Undissolved by liquids, but activity greatly stimulated when treated with spirits solution. Sometimes yields to pressure. Ages very rapidly, usually getting into permanently enlarged state. Fresh variety has great magnetic attraction.

Caution—Highly explosive when in inexperienced hands.

—*The Range Finder*
Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.

Visitor: "Are you the executive officer? I'm Mrs. Stone. I have a grandson serving in your Army."

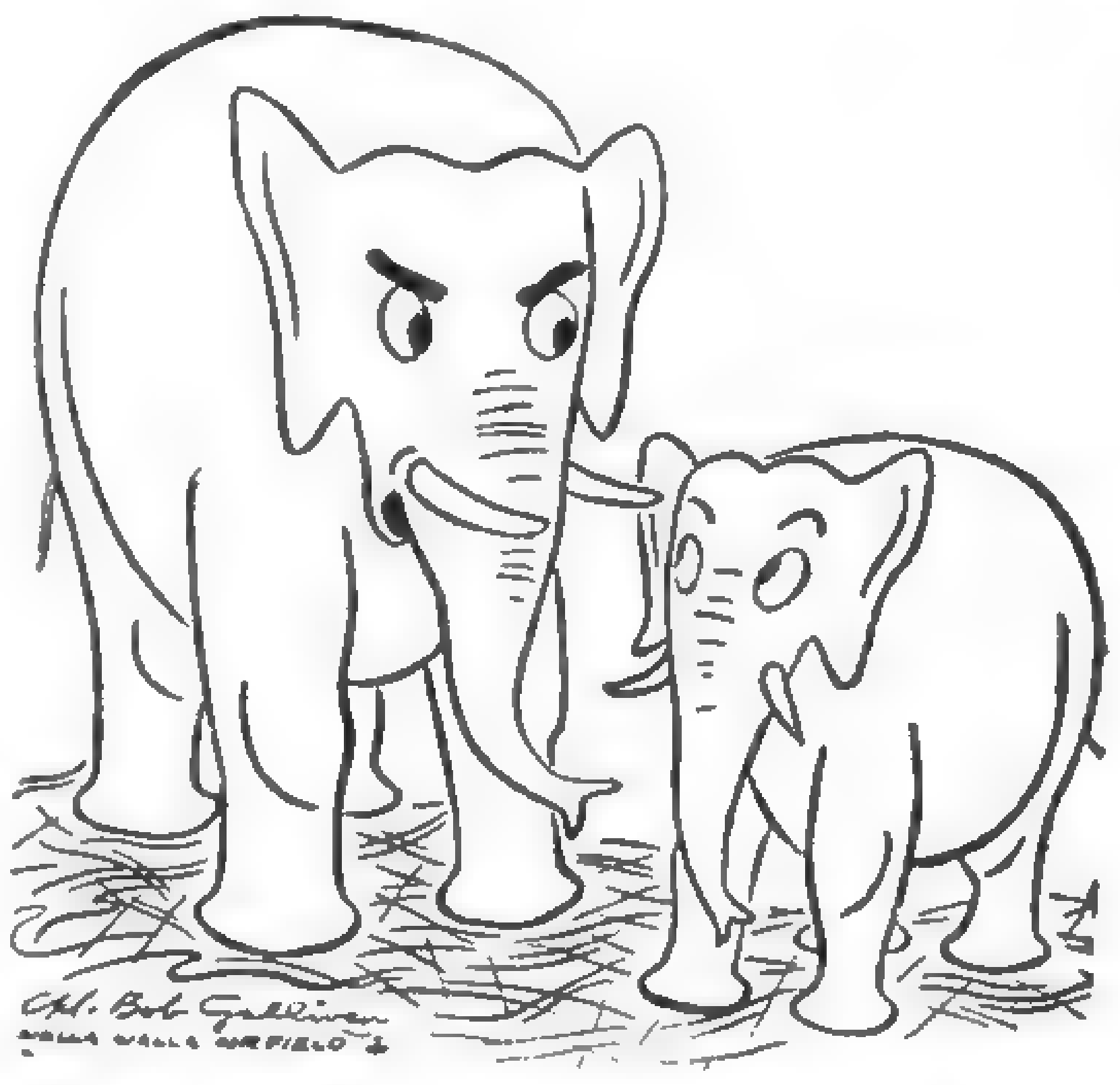
Army Exec.: "Yes, madam. He's away on leave just now attending your funeral."

—*Scott Field Broadcaster*
Scott Field, Ill.

WISING UP

"Chivalry," remarked One-Stripe McGurk, "is man's inclination to defend a woman against every man but himself."

—*The Range Finder*
Camp Callan, San Diego, Calif.



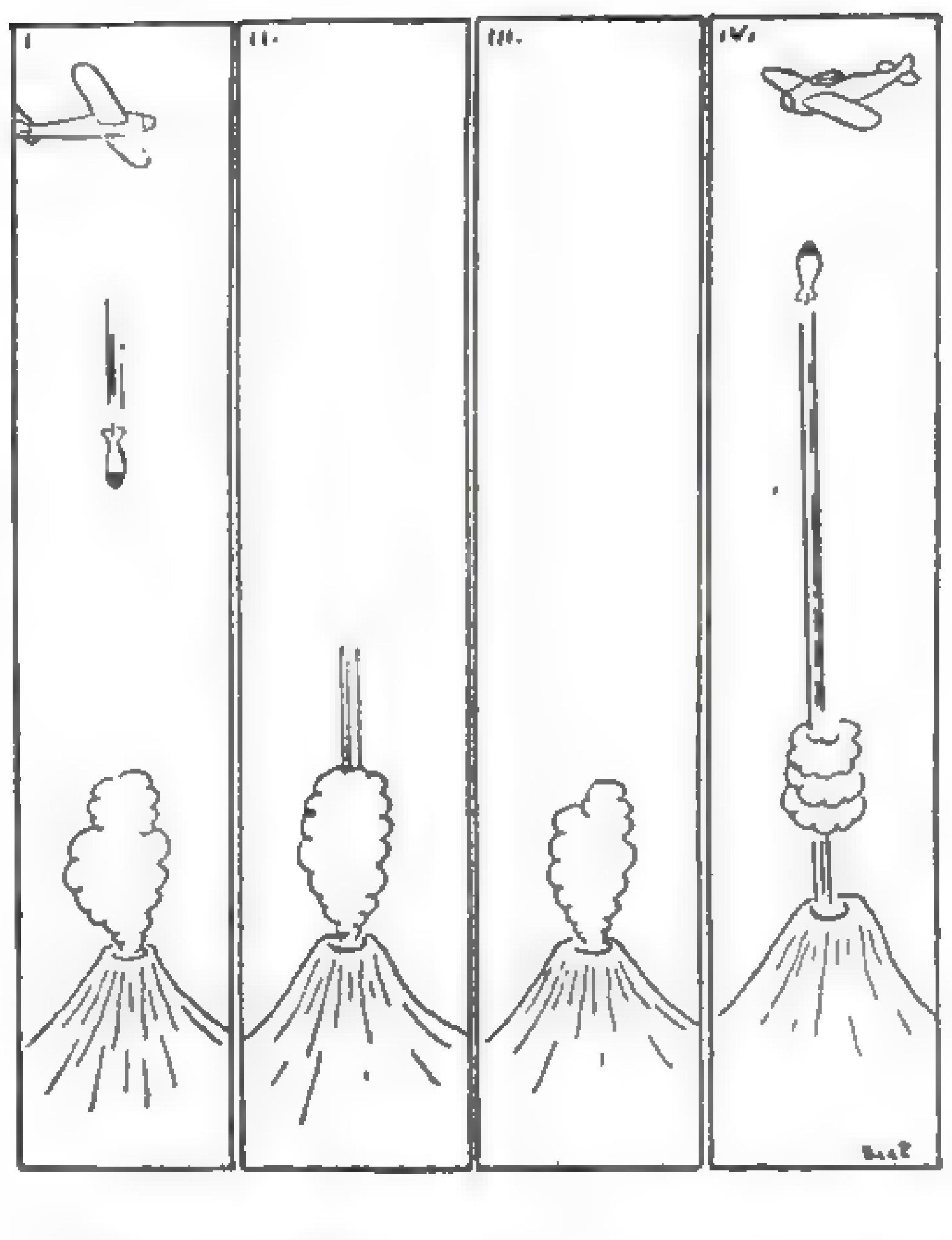
"It was about 60 years ago and she was 40 at the time —if I remember correctly"

"Confound you," roared the general, "why don't you be more careful?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, instead of addressing this letter to the intelligence officer, you addressed it to the intelligent officer. You ought to know there's no such person in the Army."

—*Scott Field Broadcaster*
Scott Field, Ill.



Time Magazine recently reported the results of an investigation to determine what foods Army men like most. The results of the investigation were incredible, to say the least. They showed that with regard to meats, soldiers liked frankfurters most, beef least; that they disliked French fried potatoes; disliked pie or cake, liked puddings best of all desserts. We've been doing a little detective work on our own to check up on *Time's* story. We've found that beef is the favorite meat, pie the favorite dessert, next to ice cream; French fried potatoes a sought-after luxury, usually unobtainable at the mess halls.

So how come the facts and figures in *Time's* report? It seems to us that the system used to determine the likes and dislikes was erroneous. They decided it by what had to be thrown out. However, it is obvious that there is some waste in a side of beef, while that old American standby, the hot dog, is entirely consumed. The same holds true for puddings versus pie. Puddings do not make for waste, pie crusts, when badly burned, are often left on the plate. Are there any arguments? If so, please refer them to *Time* Magazine. As the old lady said when she kissed the cow, there's no accounting for tastes!

—*The Guidon*
Fort Riley, Kansas

Corporal Dickson received this little dope from his wife in a letter: "If a baby grabs a gun, he's sure to be a soldier; if a boat, a sailor; but if he makes a grab for the nurse, he'll be a marine."

—*Terminal Topics*
U.S. Naval Air Station,
San Pedro, Calif.

Once There Was A Farmer's Daughter, etc.

Then there's the silly about the soldier who was sent to the Signal Corps and was broken because they caught him wig-wagging dirty stories.

—*The Upton Nooz*
Camp Upton, N. Y.

Jimmie Durante Is Exhubilant

After all the flops and the lawsuits in stage, screen and radio, after all these ill-starred years, a sensation

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

SOME time between 1926 and 1928 I wrote, for *The New Republic*, a piece about Jimmie Durante, under the above title. That's all I remember about the piece, except for one thing: Mr. Durante thanked my confrere, Gilbert Gabriel, for writing it.

The career of our Jimmie in the 1930's was almost as crazy as his own antics. He appeared in the biggest show conceived up to that time by Billy Rose, "It will make Rose or break Whitney," *Jumbo*, which is said to have done both, within reason. He appeared in some of the saddest flops in musical-show history; he was involved in a lawsuit which established the damnedest rule about reading poems over radio; and once, at least, Jimmie discussed Soviet Russia for several hours with young Randolph Churchill who thought he was talking to Water Duranty. (Apocryphal—but let it ride.)

In all that time, Jimmie Durante was the supreme night club entertainer of his generation—usually without a night club. Today he is still the supreme night club entertainer of his time. Today every word he says on the radio is immensely funny, which it wasn't when he followed Ed Wynn and was fresher and newer. Things being as they are, I would not be surprised to hear that he is going into a musical, a movie, and a radio show simultaneously. But if he does—this time let *them* look out. For now he has gone through the mill, and he will turn whatever he does into his special line. He'd make a night club out of an executive session of the National Association of Manufacturers—which mightn't be a bad idea.

Jimmie's troubles on stage and screen—and partly on the air—rose from his single-truck mind. (I never misspell.) He is no more an actor than he is a singer or dancer. He knew perfectly well that he was put into a vaudeville unit travelling into movie houses because people wanted night club entertainment at four in the afternoon between two movies. He was wrong; they didn't want it at all. In Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where I caught the act, they sat and stared at him with a wild surmise—they thought he was crazy. Once he gave them the straight night-club stuff; he kissed a woman in the audience—and she sued him! They didn't know quite what he meant when he shouted to the orchestra leader, "Your union ain't too strong."

In radio Jimmie tears into a word with a sort of ravenous expectation of destroying it, and odd consonants split off and fly away. When radio was rigid and careful, this upset people. Recently he read a script posing the problem of environment versus heredity—and the devil take the hindmost. "Did the circumstances over-ride the innate—" he asked, or words to that effect, and dropping the script inquired, "Who wrote this? Shakespeare?" It's no use being prepared for his ad libs, because new ones occur to him after the dress rehearsal, and his mission in life is to cause confusion.

I've never known anyone else in the field of entertainment who can take a routine full of great comedy and play it years later with none of its original meaning—or comedy. One of the great acts of the Clayton, Jackson and Durante days was "Again You Turn-a"—the making of a dance in which Durante acted as inventor and had Eddie Jackson doing turns—"and Again You Turn-a"—for ever and ever, answering the telephone meanwhile, slanging the customers—and whenever Jackson started to weary, shouting "Again You Turn-a" for a smash finish. This year Jimmie is surrounded by what used to be called a bevy of girls, and does the routine without the basic comedy, which lay in the instructor going about his own business, but keeping the pupil turning just the same. The confusion between Jimmie and the orchestra is, however, not real. When he throws hats at the men, it means nothing more serious than his throwing the piano at Mr. Ombriagga.

And that is in his hands one of the masterpieces of entertainment. The idea is simple: Jimmie and Mr. Ombriagga play a duet. But Jimmie is unreconciled to the fact that in a duet, the second part occasionally is heard. As soon as Mr. Ombriagga plays so much as two bars, Jimmie shouts, "We begin again, Mr. Ombriagga!" If Jimmie plays a dainty trill and it is repeated on the other piano, in the treble, Jimmie shouts, "There is no echo in this room, Mister Ombriagga!" And, in the nature of things, he finally throws the piano at him, piece by piece.

This is the violence which makes Jimmie a direct descendant of Punch—the ugly man with the slapstick. He's a dangerous anarchist who smashes through everything, and one of the most endearing characters in the world.

I said that he isn't an actor—yet I once saw him do a bit which few great professionals could have improved. Jimmie played the guard-guide at the Metropolitan Museum; he had in tow a group of women and children, including Ilka Chase and, I think, Mrs. Waterfowl. It was Jimmie's job to keep his herd moving; theirs to dawdle and refuse to be instructed. And the pain which came over his gaunt face, the passion in his voice as he begged them—"won't you *please* come over here"—was remarkably touching.

Back of all the violence by which he lives, there is this sweetness of soul. I'm speaking of the professional person. The running fight Jimmie has with the help is based on this understood affection. He encircles a heavenly chorine and asks, "Is it cold out tonight?" And when she says, "No!" he cries out, "Never mind trying to build up your part! Everybody tries to get a line in this show." He no longer has Bennie the Coatroom Boy who used to rush out and do horrendous imitations of Ted Lewis; but Jimmie's devastation among the waiters is on a large scale. He spots fancy dishes, calls out the probable prices, condemns the management for extortion, mocks the patron for being a sucker, pounces on the return of the same dish twenty minutes later—and later—and manages to make everyone feel fine. In his laughing way he's been saying what we felt. Everyone enjoys a night club and everyone feels a fool for spending so much money—that's part of the pleasure. Jimmie emphasizes both sides.

I think one of his greatest triumphs is living down the Schnozzola phase. He used to be caricatured in animated cartoons and his nose was as famous as Lionel Barrymore's hiccough. But he doesn't live on the great nose. Of course the nose fits in. It is grotesque and extravagant—and all things Jimmie loves to tell and sing about are extravagant, too. The walks he takes are full of pitfalls and dangers and quirks of fate. And he storms through this amazing imaginary life, full of tempestuous passions; he gets angrier than anyone else; he throws more hats; and he sails off, in profile, his hat high in the air, and a wild and beautiful gleam in his eye. He is, in his own word, exhubilant. After fifteen years, he is still terrific. #

AFTERNOON OF A SAILOR

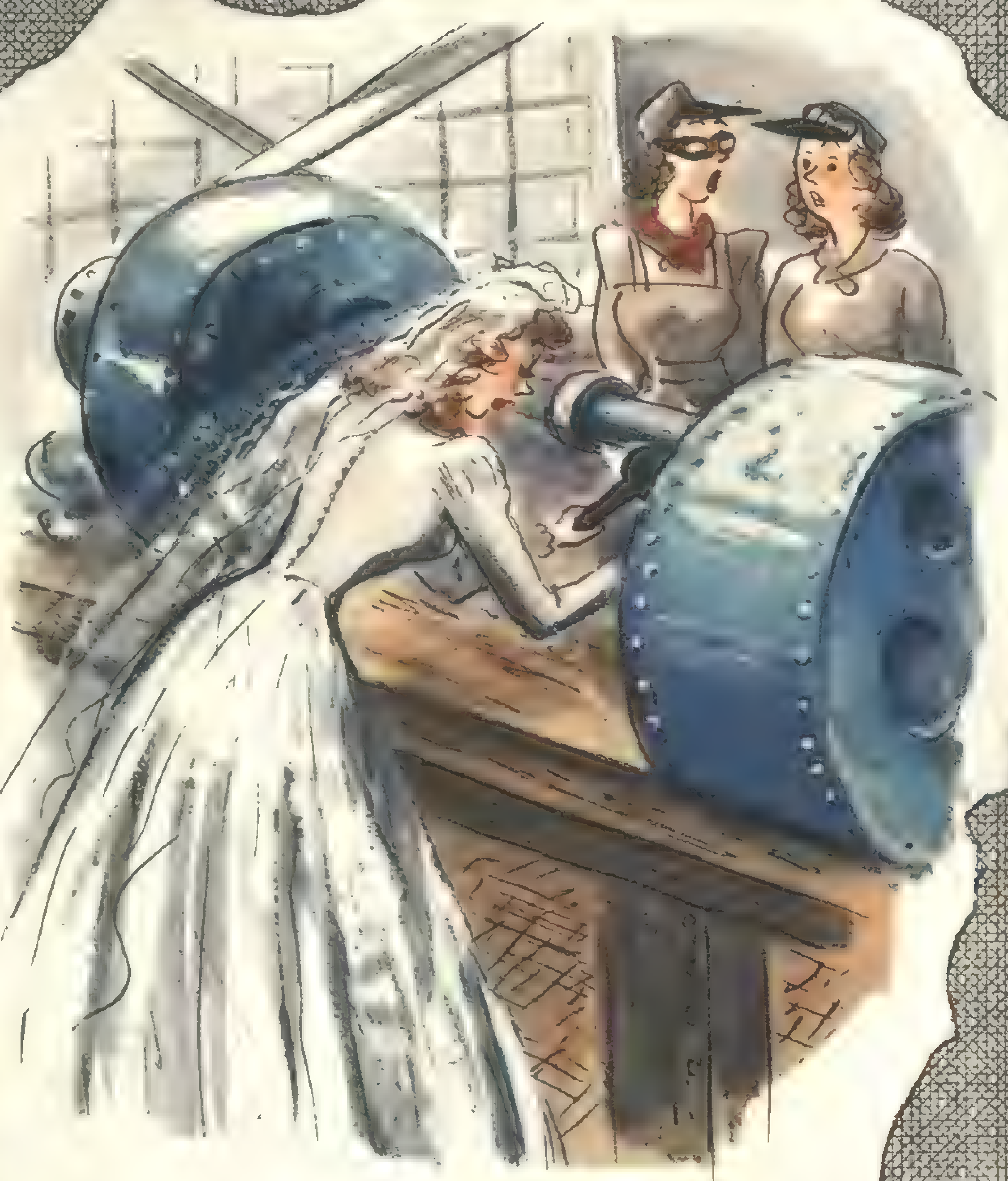
LAST MONTH the Marines had their day and in ensuing months the Army and the Air Corps will have theirs. But today is Navy day—sing hey the merry maiden and the tar! Perhaps few sailors remember the old-fashioned photographer's vise, a hangover from the Spanish Inquisition, which held the head of the victim, glassy-eyed and rigid, before the camera. After the picture was mounted in plush, callers would exclaim: "Doesn't he look natural! Just as if he were stuffed." Our daguerreotypist, ever a fellow to think up jolly new uses for old moss buckets, presents the vise in an agreeable modern version, which he calls a genie with chestnut brown hair. Something of a sociologist, this earnest fellow believes bluejackets should find some place to meet nice girls (girls they'd want to introduce to their Aunt Almira or take to Christian Endeavor) besides public parks. Accordingly, he thought of beaches. Resolving to pry the tars and tar babies off the park benches before Christmas, he offers this picture. Thus he hopes to persuade sailors that happiness is right, as you might say, in their own back yard. This streamlined tintype is genuine Coney Island, boys, complete with papier-mâché waves, calendar-blue sky and water baby. To be a Don Juan for a day, you need only paste your own likeness in the indicated blank space. A half-teaspoon of flour from the cook's galley and a drop of water will do the trick. And the nymph in question, incidentally, is Peggy Cordrey, currently playing in *Early to Bed*. She confesses a passion for the principles of navigation, is dying to learn how to brace the main splice, batten down the hatches and all the other fascinating lore that only a sailor knows. So don't hesitate to introduce yourself. What you eventually decide to do with the seascape is your own problem. If you go in for whimsy, you might air-mail it to your family and tell them you're engaged. If you feel philanthropic, donate it to the officers' mess. Or if you want to be really thoughtful, give it to the captain. He gets so lonesome, they say, always dining alone. But, if you are so apathetic as to need suggestions from us, Uncle Sam's sailors are no longer the enterprising lads we think they are—and we think they are.

ERWIN BLUMENFELD PHOTOGRAPH

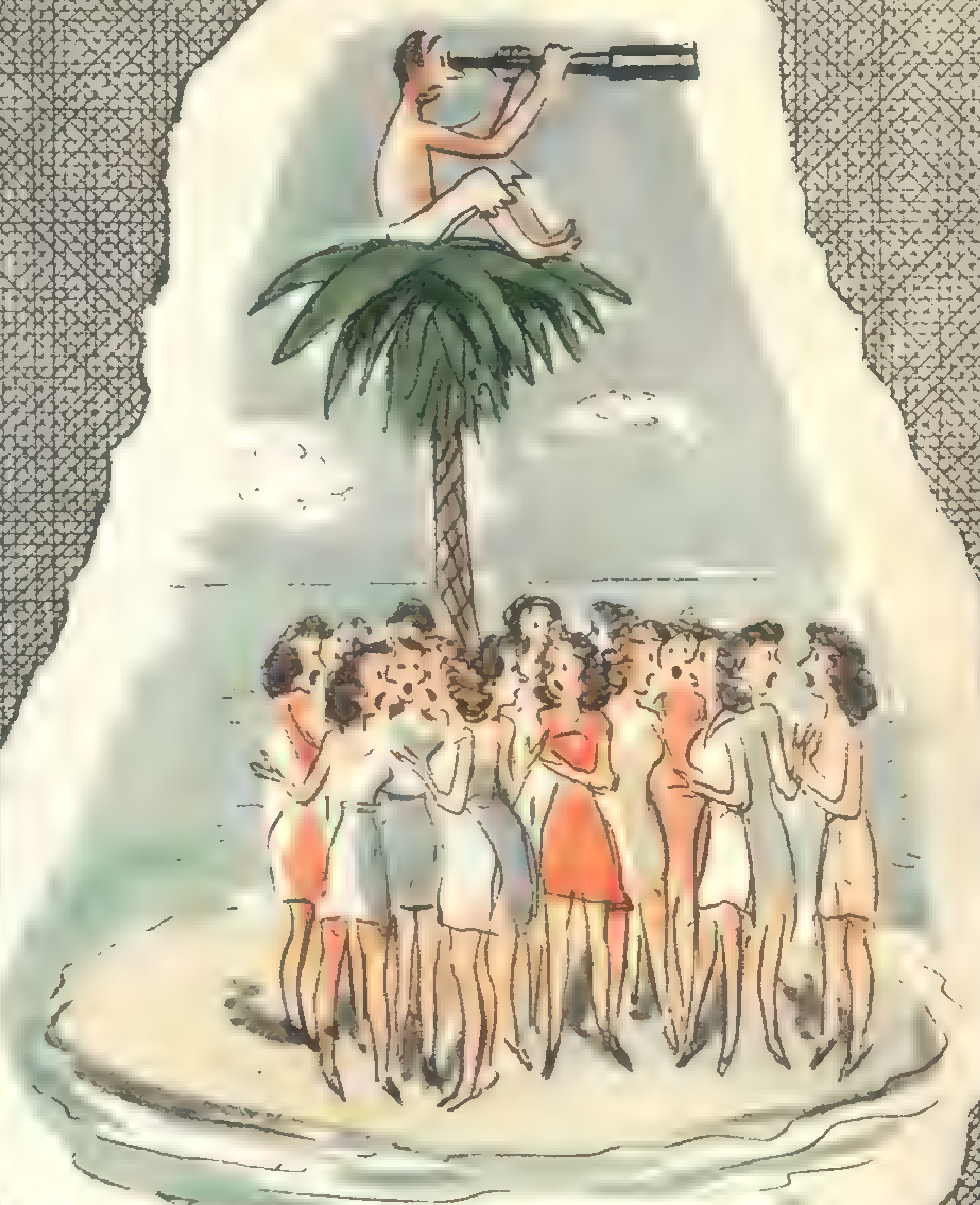
PASTE
YOUR FACE
HERE

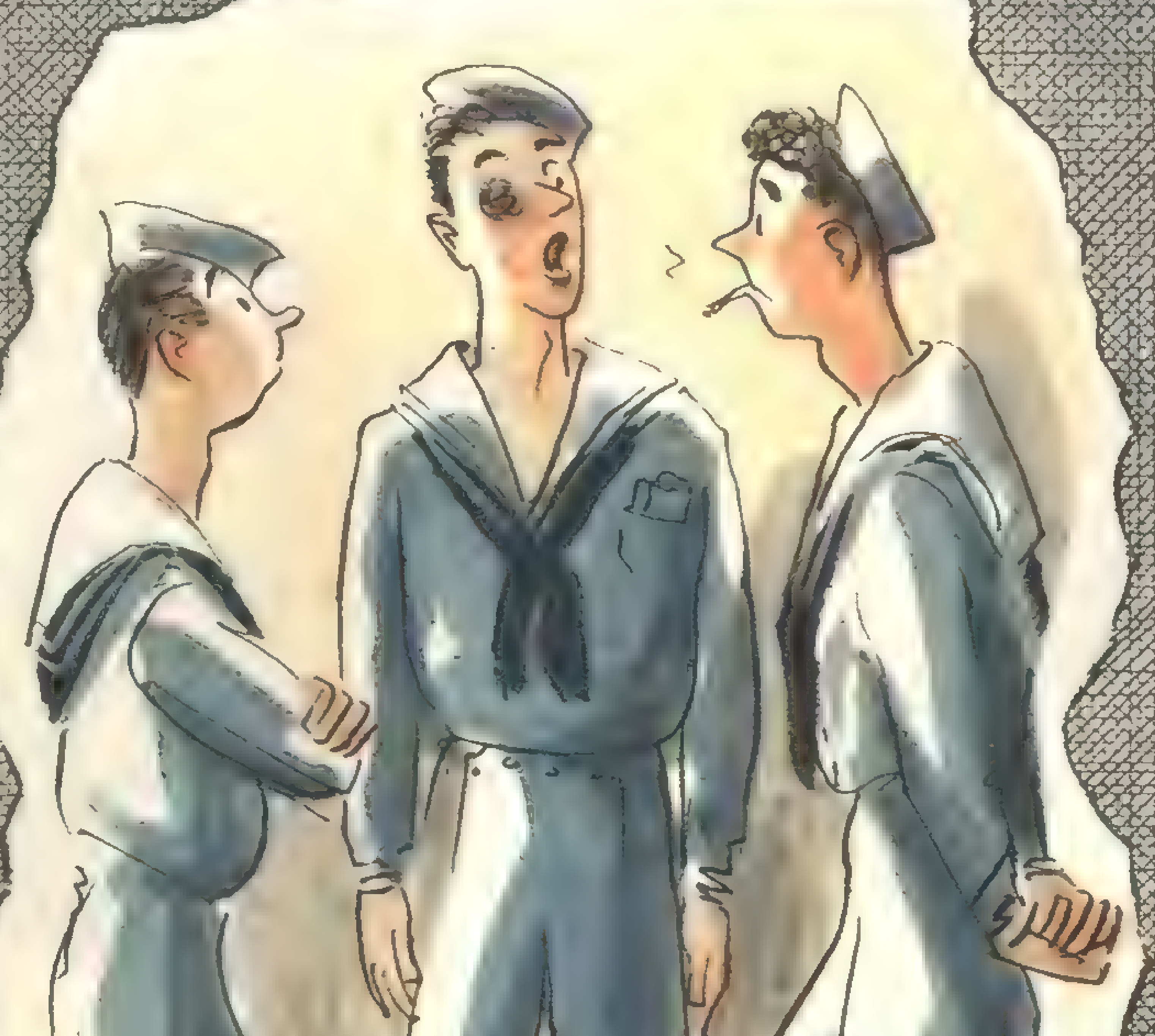
Light in August

by HOWARD BAER

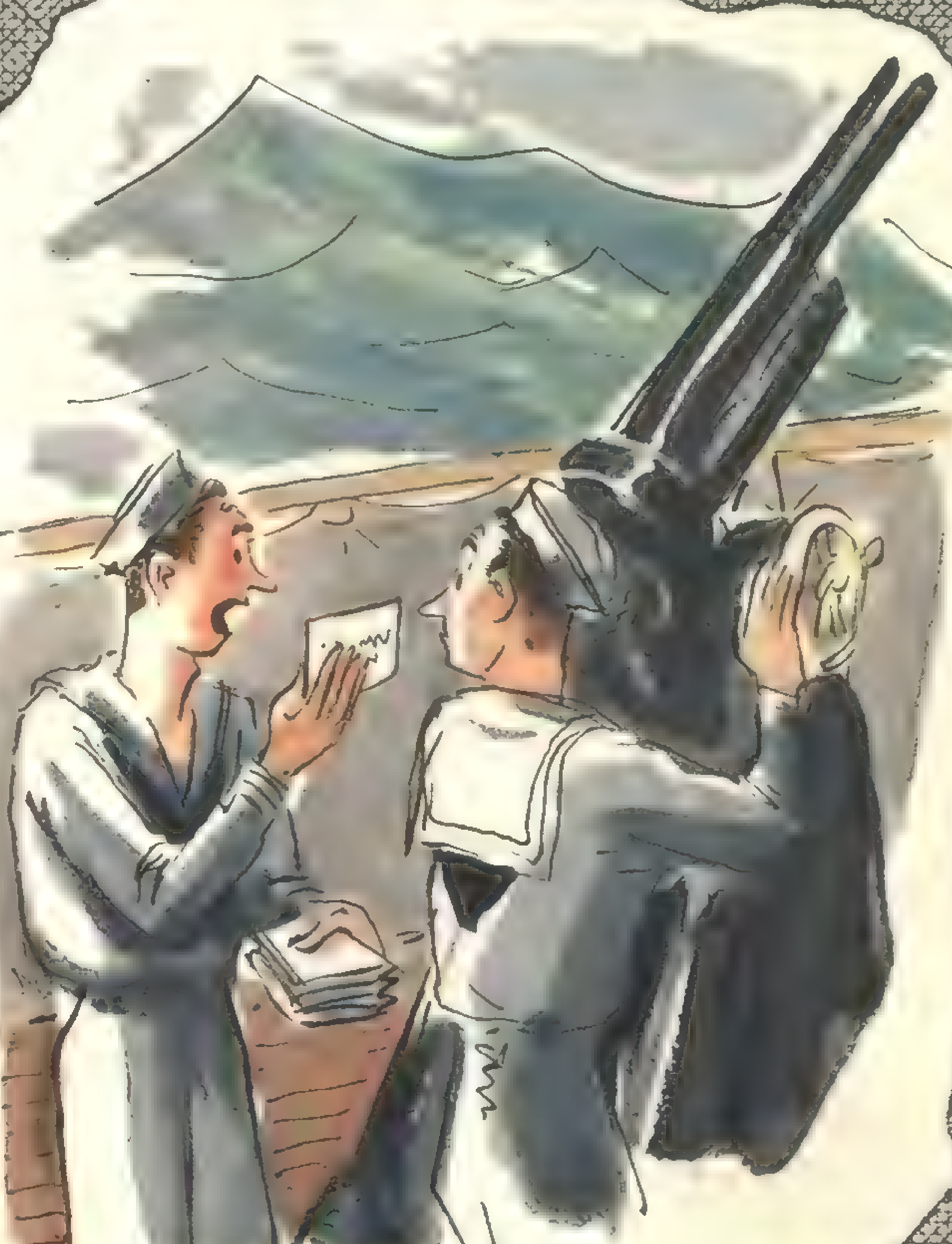


"She came directly from the wedding—boy! that's patriotism"

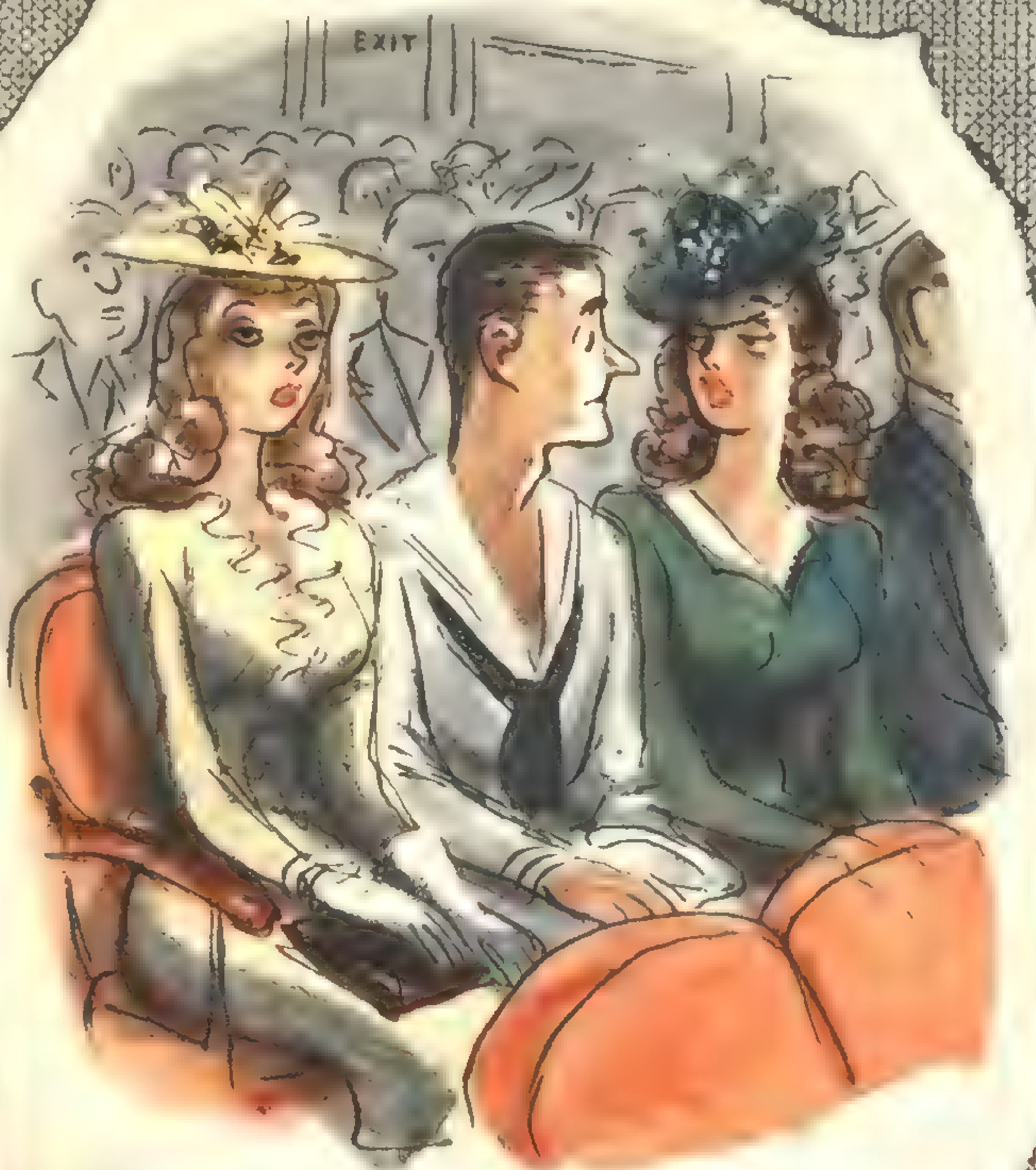




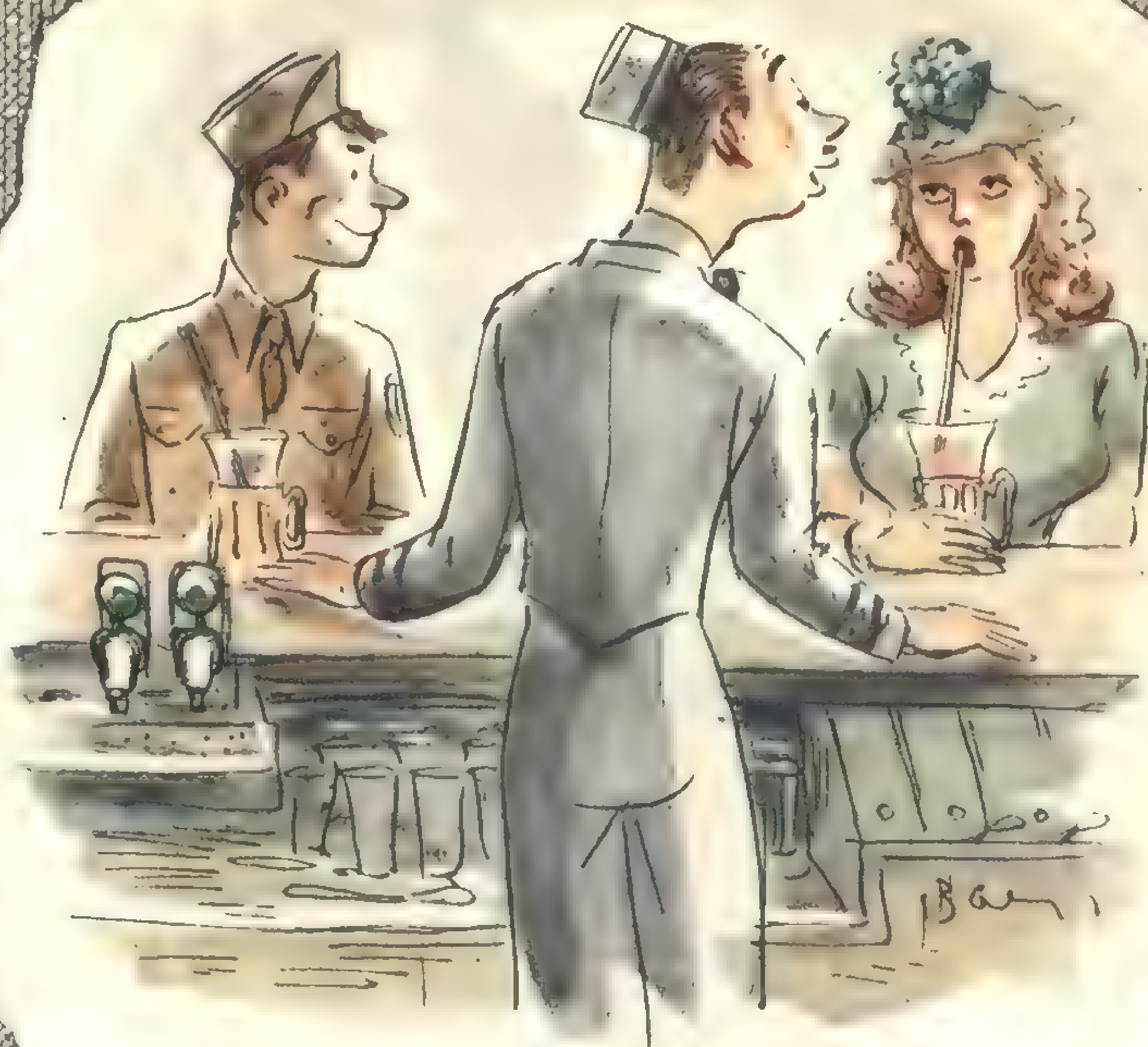
"She's about 18 years old, has beautiful golden hair, lovely eyes, a peaches and cream complexion, a perfect figure, and a fast right cross"



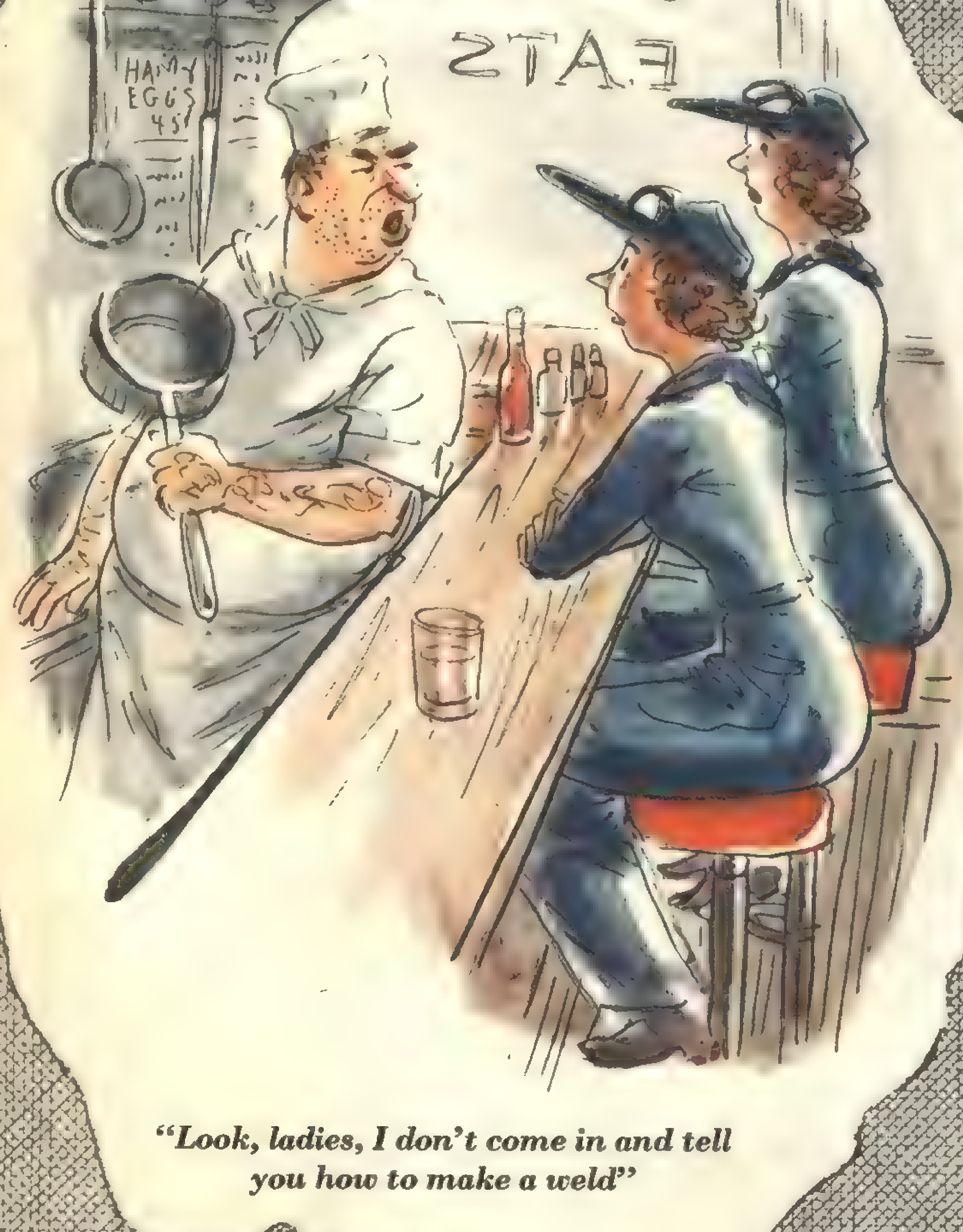
"It's from your draft board—they've changed your classification to 1-B"



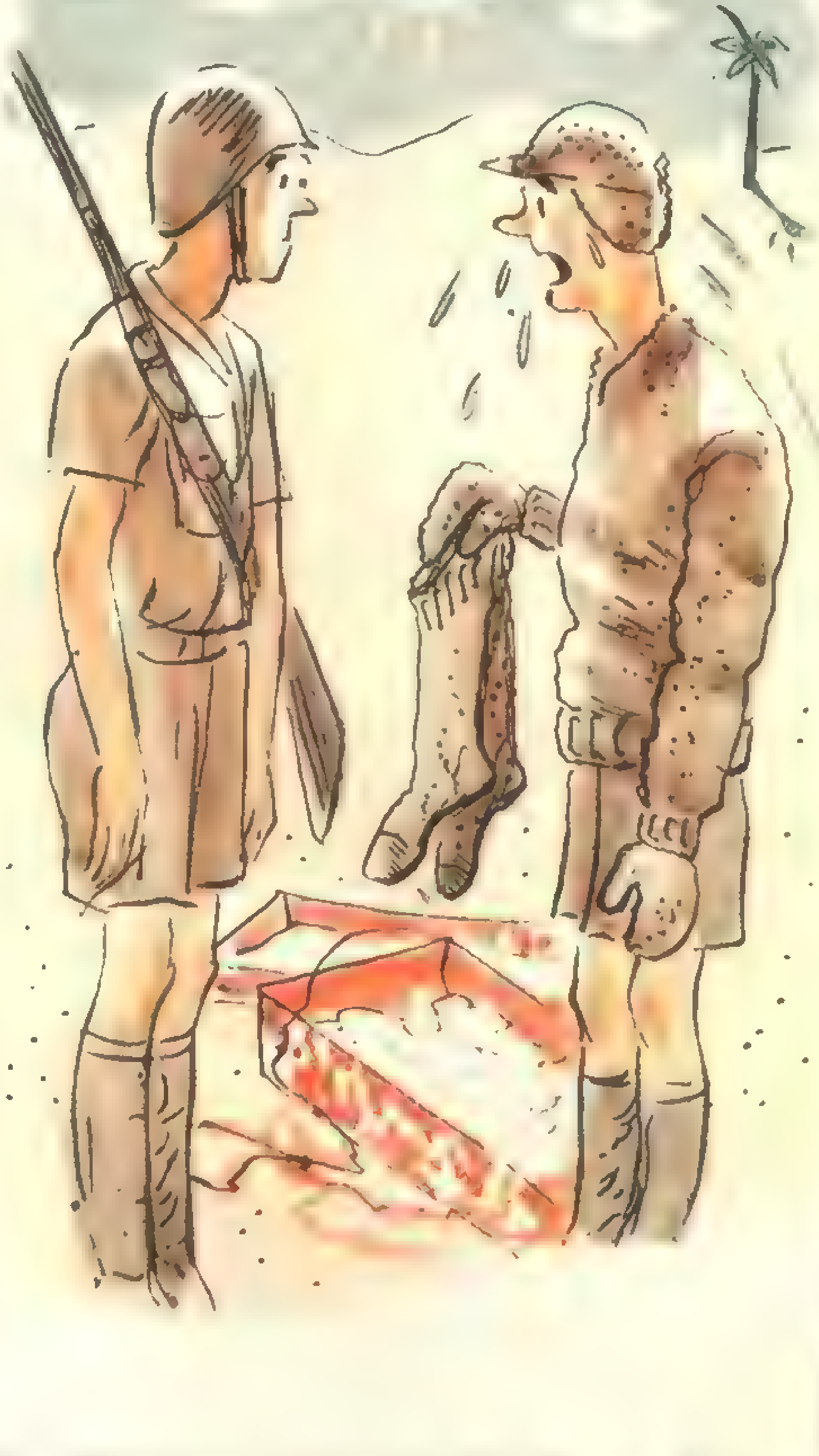
"Explain to her you're with me, Sammy—she might think it odd, your minding your own business"



"This gentleman says he'd like to buy the next round"



"Look, ladies, I don't come in and tell you how to make a weld"



"My Christmas presents finally caught up with me—I got these socks, gloves, sweater and ear muffs today"

Side launching
another
DE

The U. S. fleet of Destroyer Escorts, smaller ships than destroyers, is rapidly being expanded in an effort to combat the submarine menace. Speedy and maneuverable, they have already proved their worth in convoy and patrol duties.

At this launching; first civilian: striped tropical worsted suit, sennit hat, tan mesh shirt, repp tie; second civilian: blue striped lightweight flannel suit, madras shirt, foulard tie; third civilian: tropical suit, buff Panama hat.

Leslie Saalburg

Man the Kitchenette

Gather ye wild berries, sheep sorrel, nuts, nettles, mushrooms and thistle while ye may but consider the lilies

by ILES BRODY

•EDIBLES•

Filets mignon don't grow on trees. Cabbage, carrots and potatoes may become as rare as caviar. You may have to give up your customary apple pie. Nevertheless, we in America are the most fortunate of mortals: we still have enough food to ration. In China or in Greece, for example, there is no rationing system; there simply isn't anything to ration. The Chinese who has the chance shares his food with his neighbor. If you were unlucky enough to exist in Czechoslovakia today, you'd get one quarter pint of milk per day—if you were an expectant mother. In France you couldn't get a drop of the precious beverage even if it were scientifically proved that you were carrying triplets. Poles would be perfectly happy with the three ounces of meat the Nazis allot them weekly on paper; but Warsaw's butchers haven't seen three ounces of meat in one piece in months!

But if there is any consolation in the thought, the food situation was much more painful in olden times. During a certain period in the Middle Ages there was a Lifting Day in England—early in the spring the farmers went to their barns on a designated day, lifted the cattle which were then smaller than donkeys, and carried them to the meadows to graze. Fodder was so scarce (fodder-scarcity is always indicative of shortage in human food) that the poor little cows could not walk to the pasture, and they were so light that it was easy to pick them up. Notwithstanding the small weight, some of the men fainted under the pigmy cattle, they were so horribly undernourished.

I do intend to scare you into realism, but don't fret—you won't starve to death here in America. This vast, kind, merciful land provides us with weeds, wild vegetables, wild fruit, uncultivated nuts and berries, unusual edible roots and tubers capable of taking the place of bread and potatoes.

So turn to "free" greens. And if you can't get cultivated vegetables and fruits, try the wild ones; many of them often taste better than the cultured variety, and all of them contain more vitamins and minerals. Don't forget that man once lived on acorns and water, before he dreamed of the Goddess Ceres, and learned to plow and sow and reap.

I am writing about wild vegetation that can be turned into food, for three reasons; first, because I want to show you that your ancestors here in America actually lived on them; secondly, because I want to assure you that none of us will starve in the U. S. no matter what happens; and thirdly, because I wish you'd gather some wild herbs during your vacation. You've no idea how elated you'll feel picking your own food, and cooking it. Hunting entails a certain profound sadness; you are a killer. But by gathering berries and nuts and mushrooms that grow wild, you harm no one.

The pioneers and the Indians had just as much vegetable-hunger as we have today. What do you think they ate? How do you think they satisfied this craving? Did you think the squaw simply slid off her pony's back and went to market? Or that the pioneer woman rustled out of her covered wagon and drove a hard bargain with the roadside vegetable dealer for bunches of super-sized asparagus, giant Idaho potatoes, champignons, and crisp-leaved lettuce? Not at all—I wish to remind you that the market place at the birth of this nation was Nature itself. Yes, there was Indian corn, some beans, potatoes and squash; but only cultivated by a few peaceful Indian tribes on very small territories and eaten by themselves.

Driving through what is today Illinois and Kansas, the pioneer hausfrau searched for the wild potato (the Indians called it mecha-meck and loved it) and blue mountain tea (sweet goldenrod) to satisfy the family's hunger and quench its thirst. And in the semi-deserts of Texas, Colorado, and New Mexico, she picked horseweed and turned it into a palatable dish, after which the fruit of the Spanish bayonet (yellow passion flower) served as dessert.

In the movies, covered-wagon folk and Indians apparently eat nothing but fresh buffalo meat, if they eat at all; not a yard of film seems to have been spent on the truthful early culinary history of the United States, to show how the Aborigines and early settlers gathered wild plants and fruit for their meals. I'd like to keep Messrs. Goldwyn, Mayer, et al. on a constant buffalo meat diet until they began to howl for mercy—which would probably happen in a couple of days, when they would beg for at least a plate of nettles.

As I found out recently, there is such a dish! But until lately I, myself, was in the dark concerning the usefulness of stinging nettles. I had only painful and itching information about it—when I was a child and ran barefoot to the strawberry beds to pick the best fruit that God created, I forgot in my eagerness that nettles hid near or under strawberries. So I got stung countless times in my reckless youth, for the adage "once bitten twice shy" is sheer bunk, as I still remember painfully.

This prickly plant, tormentor of barefooted children, appeared to me in a different garb the other day at Princess Gourielli's (Helena Rubinstein), who gave a Victory Garden Party luncheon in her palatial penthouse apartment on New York's Park Avenue. The belligerent herb was introduced into a fine dish of vegetables, and since it was puréed, it was impossible to tell how it had originally started in life. When the princess told me that the purée was made of stinging nettle, I at once asked her for the recipe, and I enthusiastically pass it on to you:

Cut off all withered leaves of the young, tender nettle. Wash well, changing the water several times. Let the leaves stand for one hour in cold water into which you put a little vinegar (the latter will kill all invisible insect life). Dry and wash again. Now chop the leaves very finely. Put in a pan, add salt and pepper, cover with water, and cook slowly. When done, trickle off whatever water is left, pass through a sieve. Now melt some butter and mix it with a tablespoonful of flour, and mix this with the purée. Add a little vinegar. Mix in a half cup of boiling milk, and serve with slices of hot toast.

This dish was really delicious; it had a piquant, a novel flavor. I expected the attractive WAAC lieutenant next to whom I sat to express astonishment when she found out what she had just eaten, but she didn't bat an eyelash. "You see," she said with a smile, "I come from Disappointment Valley, Colorado. There we are used to stranger dishes. Have you ever eaten desert trumpet salad or touch-me-not spinach?" I confessed that I had not, and I moved away uneasily. Disappointment Valley! Touch-me-not spinach! Feeling like a complete foreigner, I stepped out on the huge terraces, and let the princess tell me more about her Victory Garden, a veritable vegetable farm in the sky.

She seems to be the first Victory Gardener who thought of the

Continued on page 156

"I think you've got something, dear—if you can bake them in the shape of golf balls, we can clean up"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Highlighting those moments in the past season which, consciously or not, moved this old rock to laughter and to tears

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THEATRE

With the closing of the books on the theatrical season of 1942-43 there lingers in your critical pastor's memory a variety of appetizing antithetical, if now and again humorously consanguine, moments whose juices he herewith shares with his devoted flock:

1. The scene in *The Patriots* where George Washington suggests to Thomas Jefferson that they can best discuss important affairs of state while fishing, goes to a closet to change his clothes and get his rod, takes off his handsome wig, and discloses his bald pate. And critic Burton Rascoe's quaint explanation to critic Wolcott Gibbs that he had not asserted that George Coulouris' performance of Richard III was the best seen since Burbage's performance (*circa* 1594), but that the production was the best seen since Burbage's production (*circa* 1594).

2. Manuela's final curtain speech in S. N. Behrman's *The Pirate* wherein she replies to Serafin's "I lied to you, my dearest; do you forgive me?"—"There are two kinds of lies: lies like Pedro's, intended to pervert the truth—and lies like yours, which widen the borders of experience, and open the windows of the imagination. They may someday blossom into those flowers of the soul that are called ideals. I shall follow you—I shall follow you to the end." And Behrman's preface to his published play, a paraphrase of Ludwig Fulda's of the same title, wherein—after seeking to persuade us that he is a German scholar by referring to the "enchanting transcriptions" by Fulda of Rostand and Molière—he sets down that title as *Die Seerauber*.

3. Saroyan's *Hello Out There* wherein the lost soul in a Texas jail cell describes to the befriending little slavey the beauties of a San Francisco he one day hopes to show her. And publisher Bennett Cerf's note in his anthology, *Sixteen Famous European Plays*, that he omitted the plays of Strindberg, Wedekind, and Maeterlinck "because they are just names tossed about by a George Jean Nathan intent on proving his erudition to the readers of *Esquire*."

4. The scene in *Kiss And Tell* wherein the youngster who has shocked her parents with the statement that she is with child orders up to her room a meal fit for half a dozen longshoremen, and tops it with an order for Jello surmounted by a whopping mound of whipped cream. And the line in Paul Burton-Mercur's *Love Is No Heaven*: "Roland is the kind of gentleman any married woman would like to have for a friend." To say nothing of the one addressed reassuringly by the husband to his wife's young sister whom he has just seduced: "We could all be one happy family if only you would listen to reason."

5. The episode in *Dark Eyes* showing the three Russian females coming to blows in an argument over the respective virtues of Dostoievski, Tschaikowski and other Slav illuminati, while the Long Island household on which they have descended for a week-end looks aghast. And the aforesaid critic Gibbs' argument against *The Patriots*, that "in these days there is little justification for a costume play unless some parallel can be drawn between the problems of the period and the struggle which confronts us now," thus dismissing Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*, among others, as having far less theatrical justification at the moment than such war doodads as *Flare Path*, *Vickie*, *A Barber Had Two Sons*, and *Ask My Friend Sandy*.

6. The scene in *The Doughgirls* in which the FBI man, spying on a highly dubious loving couple in a Washington hotel and ready to have the law at them, learns they have just received an invitation for lunch at the White House. And the scene in *The Time, The Place and The Girl*, wherein a dozen cuties descend upon the Keeley Cure and enter into love songs with the male inmates.

7. The scene in *The Patriots* where Alexander Hamilton, suddenly aware of his nation's danger, decides to abandon his support of Aaron Burr for President and to cast his lot with his enemy, Thomas Jefferson. And the contention of two members of the Critics' Circle that the play should not be given the Circle's award because Jefferson's lines were often direct quotations from the historical record and that as a consequence Jefferson spoke like Jefferson, instead of like Sidney Kingsley. Also, their further conviction that various sophistications of historical fact invalidated the play, thus making it as wholly unworthy as Shakespeare's *Richard II*.

GEORGE WOLFE

8. Bobby Clark, in the courtroom scene in *Star and Garter*, being apprised, upon banging an actor over the head with a bladder, that he is guilty of hokum, critically arching an eyebrow, hauling forth half a dozen more bladders, walloping the heads of everyone on the stage with them, brushing off his hands, resuming his seat on the judge's bench, and drily observing, "*That's* hokum!" And the management of *Apology* refusing to seat anyone while Elissa Landi was opening the play with a twenty-two minute lecture on the origin of man, and the girl ushers after the first fifteen minutes of it boredly exclaiming The-hell-with-it! and showing the mob down to their seats.

9. The last act of *Tomorrow the World* wherein, the small Nazi-trained boy come to an American Middle Western household is made to parrot a Hitler speech condemning his father who was killed in a concentration camp and haltingly breaks into despairful tears. And the play's management that saw publicity value in the nervous agitation of a male member of the opening night audience who, it disappointedly found when it tried to quiet him, was simply dying to get to the men's room.

10. The cumulative excitement in *Winter Soldiers* induced by the spectacle of the people of the little occupied countries successively sabotaging the Nazi invasion of Russia. And Saroyan's staging of his *Across The Board On Tomorrow Morning* inside a setting that showed the characters in the barroom entering down a long flight of steps from the street level and then causing one of them to peer out of what was unmistakably a sub-cellar door.

11. The final scene in *The Damask Cheek* wherein the ugly duck-

ling receives a proposal of marriage, lightly badgers the young man for his previous passion for a tarnished actress, and upon his "That's a hell of a thing to say—now," smiles "Jimmy, I don't mind. It's rather nice to be . . . tinsel, for once." And the ingénue in *This Rock* who apparently saved her most beautiful frocks for bombing raids and who rushed up stairs to put them on whenever the Messerschmitts were about to put in an appearance.

12. The brilliant Balanchine waltz ballet that swirled the second act of Johann Strauss' *Rosalinda* into a rousing climax. And the late Woollcott's effusive endorsement of *The Skin Of Our Teeth* as "head and shoulders above anything ever written for our stage," thus reducing *Strange Interlude*, etc. to the level of Popsy, etc.

13. George Jessel, in *Show-Time*, as the near-sighted Czechoslovakian lantern-slide lecturer, Dr. Labermacher, blaming his imaginary assistant, Mr. Flugelman, for everything that goes wrong. And the squad of Nazi soldiers caught in a cellar with two Russian soldiers in *Counterattack* and unable to figure a way to knock them out, for all the stage-load of loose bricks on hand.

14. The sardonic scene in *Richard III* wherein Richard courts the widow of the man he has murdered. And the juke-box joint scene in *The Eve Of St. Mark* wherein, tempted by two very attractive cuties, the two young soldiers morally pass them by to the dubious sniffs of all the young soldiers in the audience, to say nothing of male civilians, save Author Maxwell Anderson.

15. The finely played second act of Chekhov's revived *The Three Sisters*. And the last act played by Ruth Gordon in the role of the sister-in-law as if it were something by Strindberg.

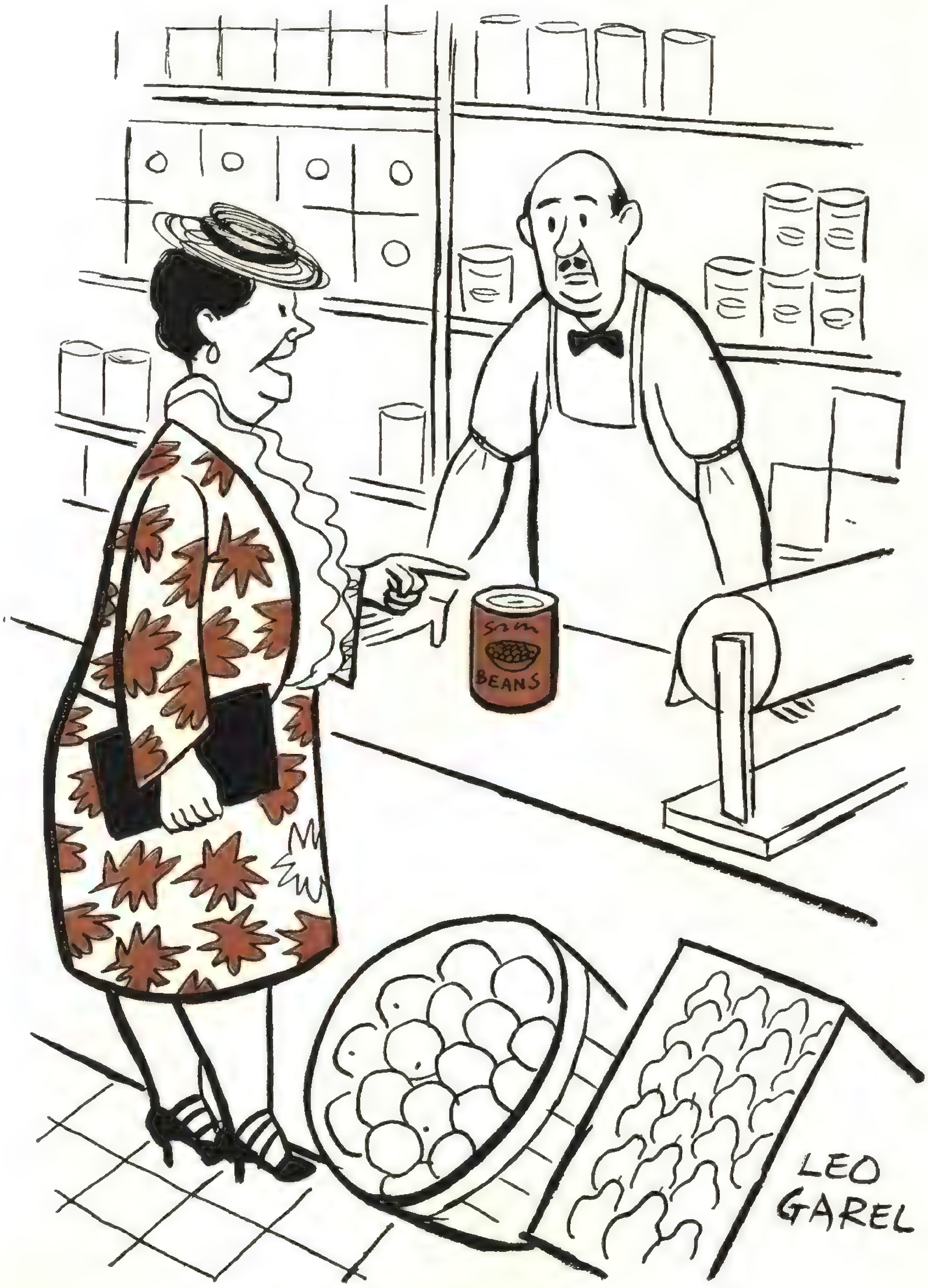
16. The delicately charming final curtain of Chesterton's *Magic* with the Conjurer's inquiry of the young girl he loves as to how their fairy tale can end, and her reply, "In the only way a fairy tale can end—by coming true." And the announcement by various producers that, following the recent dramatizations of Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, Stanton, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, James Monroe, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher, Calvin Stowe, Woodrow Wilson, Edith Bolling Wilson, Tumulty, Colonel House, Judge Brandeis, etc., etc., etc., they are in the throes of preparing plays about Thomas Paine, Roger Williams, Nancy Hanks, etc., etc., etc., thus making the day shortly probable when the only American notable of the past not to have been dramatized will be General Jacob S. Coxey.

17. The hundred soldiers, in *This Is the Army*, quietly singing Irving Berlin's marching song, *This Time*. And the actor in *The Playboy of Newark* who, reciting the line about the vast expanse of the United States, offered an illustrative gesture in waving his arms over the footlights at the two-by-four auditorium of the Provincetown Playhouse in McDougal Street.

18. Johnny Burke, in *Priorities of 1943*, telling of the sergeant who was so tough you'd think somebody ran away with his wife and "the way he looked at me you'd think I brought her back." And Burns Mantle's *Daily News* review of Saroyan's *Talking To You* in which he specified that the scene, which happened to be in a cellar, was in a loft; Brooks Atkinson's *Times* review in which he seemed to believe the Armenian playwright's name was Sarazan; and Louis Kronenberger's *PM* review which bitterly denounced Saroyan so: "That instead of poetizing about life he should really represent it, never seems to occur to him," thus by implication denouncing the Shakespeare of *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It*, to say nothing of such modern dramatists as Rostand, Yeats and Dunsany.

19. The considerable increase in later-day talented stage directors, as exemplified in the cases of such as Elia Kazan, Bretaigne Windust, Shepard Traube, George S. Kaufman, Jed Harris, Margaret Webster, Alfred Lunt, John C. Wilson, Moss Hart, John Van Druten. And the Theatre Guild's fantasy, *Mr. Sycamore*, in which, despite the title, the postman seemed to have become arboreally confused and to have converted himself into what looked like a horse-chestnut tree.

20. Joseph Buloff as the Persian peddler in *Oklahoma!* elaborately instructing another man's fiancée in the art of kissing. And so many different actors and actresses appearing successively at the Empire Theatre in the Day family's various roles (in *Life With Father*) that any repeating devotee playgoer came to the conclusion that the Day household must have been made up of the Actors' Equity Association. ⵘ



"Would you wrap it as a gift, please?"

The Esquire Sports Poll

The "Long Count" fight between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney still counted the tops among century's many magnificent sport spectacles

by HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON

• SPORTS •

THE QUESTION

What would be your selection as the six greatest sporting events of the Twentieth Century?

1. *The Jack Dempsey-Gene Tunney ("Long Count") fight in Chicago, September 22, 1927.*
2. *Bobby Jones' Grand Slam of the four major golf titles in 1930.*
3. *Jesse Owens' three firsts in the 1936 Olympic Games.*
4. *Deciding game of the 1926 World Series in New York when Grover Alexander struck out Tony Lazzeri with the bases full as Cardinals won the championship.*
5. *Babe Ruth's "called" homer against the Cubs in the 1932 World Series in Chicago.*
6. *Red Grange's five long runs for touchdowns for Illinois against Michigan at Urbana, Illinois, October 18, 1924.*

The Next Ten.

1. *The Jack Dempsey-Luis Firpo fight in New York, September 14, 1923.*
2. *The second Joe Louis-Max Schmeling bout in New York, June 22, 1938, or when Louis scored his revenge K.O. in the first round.*
3. *Jim Thorpe's victories in the 1912 Olympic Games at Stockholm.*
4. *The 1914 World Series in which the Boston Braves beat the Philadelphia Athletics four straight, for the first time this had happened in World Series history.*
5. *Johnny VanderMeer's two successive no-hit games for the Cincinnati Reds in 1938.*
6. *The Chicago Bears' 73-to-0 rout of the Washington Redskins in the 1940 professional football championship game.*
7. *Cornelius Warmerdam's 15-foot pole vaulting, 1940-43.*
8. *Gertrude Ederle's English Channel swim, August 6, 1926.*
9. *Whirlaway's 8 lengths victory in record time in the 1941 Kentucky Derby.*
10. *The performances of Knute Rockne's Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, including their 1925 Rose Bowl victory over Stanford, 27 to 10.*

SIXTEEN years ago it was, come next month, when Dave Barry's right arm whipped chill early autumn air over a recumbent gladiator. Gene Tunney, his eyes filmed by goof-glaze, watched that count. Five precious seconds had been lost by Jack Dempsey in getting to a neutral corner. Those of the 104,943 crowd that favored Dempsey—and they were a roaring, bellowing majority—had clamored for Barry to begin counting, but Barry knew that neutral corner rule too clearly to be rushed by hysteria.

That seventh round at Soldier Field, Chicago, September 22, 1927, was history and a hundred years long for Tunney and his partisans. It was history as history used to be figured and time as time can drag when one man is on the canvas and another, frantic with primitive instinct, has a fist cocked for the kill.

Those 14 seconds of that ten-round heavyweight championship fight, out of the more than a billion and a quarter seconds that have been ticked off since the beginning of the century, compacted the drama of the sporting event this month's Esquire Sports Poll voters rated the greatest of the Twentieth Century.

By a long margin the Long Count fight between the now Commander J. J. Tunney of the Navy and the warrior who now is Lieutenant Jack Dempsey of the Coast Guard was voted the top sporting event of the past 42-and-a-fraction years.

As Bill Kinney, *Rock Island Argus*, commented: "For the amount of space devoted to it, I believe the Long Count fight tops all other events. There was the controversial angle of the 'long count', the financial tops of $2,658,660, real heavyweight fighters, the question of the ring's 'comeback'. In short, it was *the* event of the 'era of wonderful nonsense', and what wouldn't we all give to have it back?"

Second to the Tunney-Dempsey fight as a standout sporting event of the century was the 1930 performance of Major Bobby Jones, long before he was in the Army, in winning the United States and British Open and Amateur championships. One has only to recall the margins of Jones' victories that year to appreciate how emphatically he dominated golf. In the British amateur final, he defeated Roger Wethered 7 and 6. In the British Open, the Jones 291 led Leo Diegel and Macdonald Smith, who divided second money, by two strokes. Macdonald Smith finished second to the Emperor Jones in the U. S. Open at Interlachen, Minneapolis, and again Mac was two strokes shy of the winning 287. On September 27, Jones completed his conquest by mowing down Gene Homans 8 and 7 at the Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia.

"In winning the four major championships in golf," wrote Frank Craven, the actor, who is also a great golf and sports fan, "I think Bob Jones gave a great exhibition of concentration, condition and determination. He had time between championships to relax, but to keep at the peak of his game over the span of time was a great feat. Championship golf is no sissy game."

Jesse Owens' performance in the 1936 Olympics won third place in the voting. In nine of his 12 performances in heats and finals, 22-year-old Owens either equalled or bettered the existing Olympic records, and in five appearances he bettered or equalled the existing world's records. As Norman S. Thomas, Lewiston, Maine, *Journal*, pointed out: "Owens won the 100-meters in :10.3, equalling the world and Eddie Tolan's Olympic record made at Los Angeles in 1932. He took the 200 meters in :20.7 for a new world and Olympic record. He won the broad jump at 26 feet 5 21/64 inches, bettering the Olympic record. And he ran on the winning 400-meter relay team with Ralph Metcalfe, Foy Draper and Frank Wykoff in the time of :39.8, which lowered the world and Olympic record." Don T. Wattrick, WXYZ, Detroit, seconded the nomination with "Owens' performance in the Big Ten track meet at Ann Arbor, May 25, 1935, when he ran the 220-yard low hurdles in :22.6 for a new world record; did the 220 in :20.2 for another world record; broad-jumped 26 feet 8¼ inches for a third new world record, and equalled the world mark for the century of :09.4."

Baseball registered in fourth place with the 1926 World Series performance of Grover Cleveland Alexander in the seventh inning of the seventh game. The Alexander feat was that of relieving Jesse Haines with the bases loaded with Yankees, and striking out Tony Lazzeri. The Cards then went on to win St. Louis' first world championship. "When Alexander hurriedly warmed up and rushed to the mound in time to strike out Tony Lazzeri with the bases full," wrote Gene Kessler, *Chicago Times*, he performed the outstanding diamond feat of the century."

Fifth in the parade of the century's sports hits also went to baseball with that mighty clout Babe Ruth made over the right field fence at Wrigley Field, Chicago, in the third game of the 1932 World Series. "The star-spangled 20th century," wrote John O'Donnell, *Davenport Democrat & Leader*; "had a wagon load of outstanding and thrilling sports events, but I believe the top moment came that afternoon in the World Series in Chicago in 1932 when Babe Ruth, turning around to the Cubs who were jockeying him, pointed to the right-center field fence and told them that he would knock the next pitch over it—and then did it! That was the biggest moment of confidence in sports history!"

No. 6 on the list the Sports Pollers compiled was that series of gallops by Red Grange for Illinois against Michigan at Urbana, Illinois, on October 18, 1924. Ellis Veech, *East St. Louis Journal*, recollected that: "Grange ran back the opening kickoff 95 yards for a touchdown without a hand being laid on him, and then the next three times he had his hands on the ball he made runs of 67, 56 and 45 yards for touchdowns—all in the first 12 minutes of the first quarter. Taken out then until the final period, he scored his fifth touchdown of the game on a 15-yard jaunt as Illinois swamped the champions of the previous year, 39 to 14, for the first defeat in the high school and college career of Herb Steger, Michigan's great captain."

Closely pressing for places in the first six were a couple of short and fierce fights. Jack Dempsey again figured in the voting by having his fight with Luis Angel Firpo placed well up in the list of runner-ups. This one was one of fistiana's most devastating and delirious presentations. This was the bout in which Dempsey was knocked out of the ring and down into typewriter row, but climbed back in to win sensationally. **W. N. Cox,** *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*, said there was "nothing ever like it in heavyweight championship history."

Then there was Joe Louis' sudden-death knockout of Max Schmeling in the second fight between that pair. Previously knocked out in a 12-rounder with Schmeling, Louis didn't spar for any opening on the return engagement. Louis's first punch turned Schmeling completely around. The second, to the kidneys, sent the Uhlan writhing and crying to the floor. Two years' stored-up slaughter went with those punches and Schmeling was a screaming victim after those two leather blockbusters hit. **Floyd Olds,** *Omaha World-Herald*, commented that: "Louis' knockout of Schmeling in the first round avenged the only blemish on his record."

Jim Thorpe's trophies were taken away from him after his spectacular victories in both the Pentathlon and Decathlon in the Stockholm Olympic Games in 1912 because he had played professional baseball, but his noble feats have not been forgotten. Two years later came another unforgettable event—the spurt of the Boston Braves. **J. G. Taylor Spink,** editor of *The Sporting News*, which is publishing a special Overseas Edition for the soldiers, rated the 1914 World Series when George Stallings' sensational team which came from last place on the Fourth of July to win the pennant, went right on to sweep Connie Mack's Athletics with their "$100,000 infield" in four straight, for the first time this had happened in Series history.

Arthur Krock, chief of the Washington office of the *New York Times* and winner of the Pulitzer prize for Washington correspondence in 1935, was among those listing the Braves' 1914 drive from cellar to championship.

Baseball scored again with Johnny VanderMeer's unprecedented two successive no-hit games for the Cincinnati Reds in 1938. This was followed by the Chicago Bears' amazing 73-to-0 rout of the Washington Redskins in the pro football championship game of 1940. **Bob Johnson,** *Spokane Chronicle*, was one of many voting for: "Cornelius Warmerdam's vault in April, 1940 when he first cleared 15 feet, and since then has consistently shattered the 'human ceiling' for pole vaulting." **Sec Taylor,** *Des Moines Register*, was among those who thought Gertrude Ederle's channel swim should not be forgotten. Trudy, the first woman to make the crossing, did it in 14 hours and 31 minutes, which was the best time up to that date. There were many votes for Whirlaway's 8 lengths victory in the 1941 Kentucky Derby when he set the track record of 2:01 2/5. **Bob Foote,** *Pasadena Star-News*, voted with others for the feats of Knute Rockne's Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, including their "defeat of Stanford in the Rose Bowl game of 1925. The Four Horsemen, 27; Ernie Nevers, 10."

Fred Digby, *New Orleans Item*, along with many others, thought there should have been at least sixty instead of six events chosen. Among his selections not already specified were: "Carl Hubbell fanning Ruth, Gehrig, Simmons, Cronin and Foxx in succession in the 1934 All-Star Game in New York; Greg Rice's victory over Tati Maki in world record time; Mel Ott's debut in the big leagues at 16; Willie Pep's feat of winning 62 fights in a row; Lou Gehrig's consecutive game streak of 2,130 games extending from June 1, 1925 to May 2, 1939; Boston College's last minute touchdown to beat Tennessee in the Sugar Bowl, and so on *ad infinitum*."

Barnet Hodes, Chicago's Corporation Counsel, wrote: "Drop-kicking on the dead run from unbelievable distances, Pat O'Dea of Wisconsin is the closest thing American football has produced to Paul Bunyan. The ancient Greeks would have made Pat a demigod, booting the planets and comets about the sun in a titanic game."

Ty Cobb, whose own stupendous diamond feats were cited by many voters, correctly enough included Lindbergh's flight to Paris as one of the big sporting events of the century.

Tee Casper, WISH, Indian-

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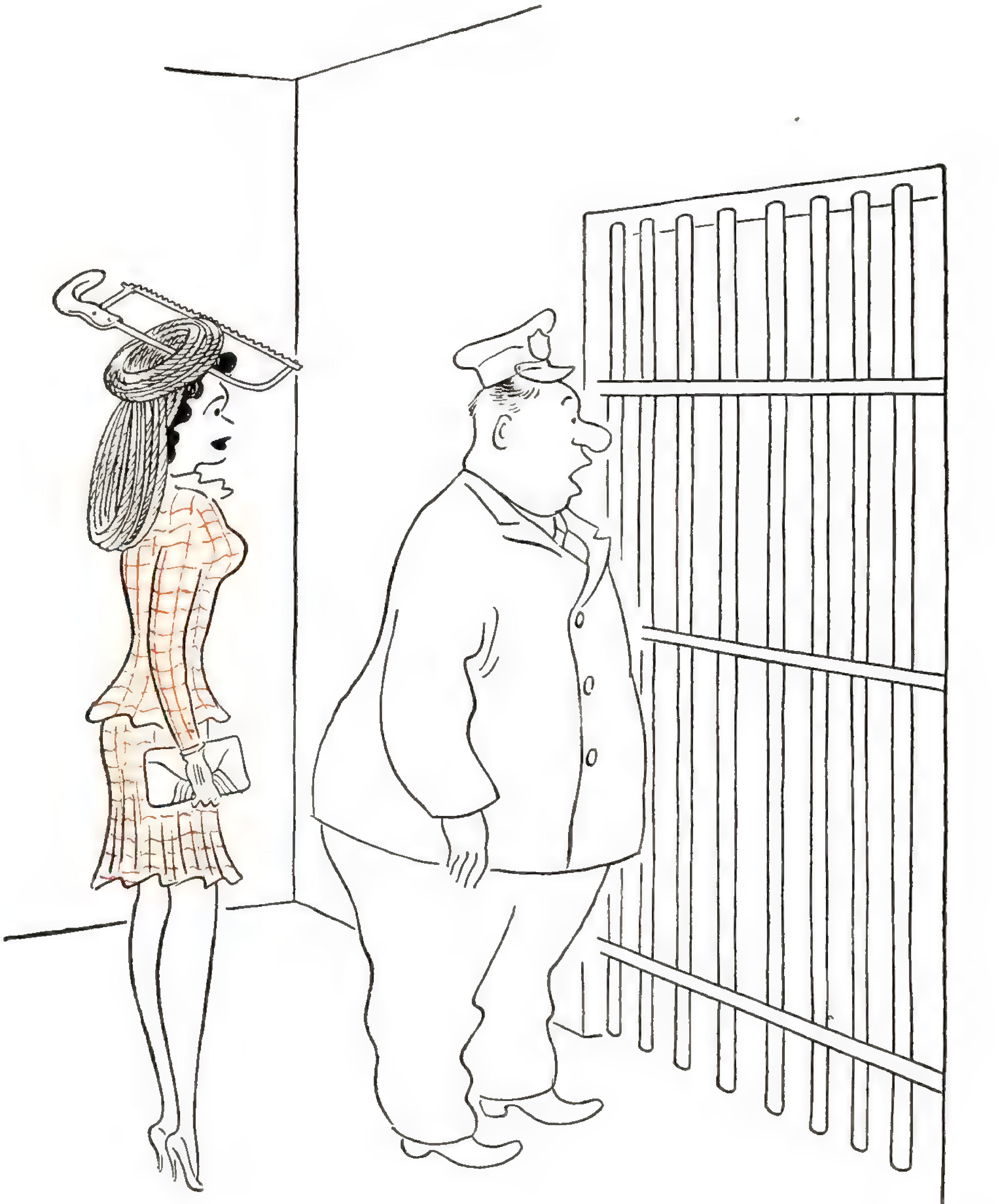


"Visitor to see you"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Sir Thomas Beecham writes about the song of the yellowhammer, and the dearth of sex education in England

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

A *Mingled Chime*, autobiography by Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., is one of the notable books of 1943. The word "mingled" might with equal propriety refer to the variety of positions he held until his lifework became clear, and to the obstacles and triumphs that marked the finally chosen road. To musicians and to intelligent listeners to music anything written by Sir Thomas has professional interest; and on the general public every chapter will make a deep impact, because of the author's striking personality, abounding in wit, humor, and principles that are held with such tenacity and expressed with such violence that to those who disagree with him they will seem to be not principles but prejudices; they add immensely to the book's readability.

There have been conductors of operas and of concerts who say the entire orchestra including the leader should be precisely the opposite of children—heard but not seen. Except for certain festivals that take on the air of religious intensity (Bayreuth and Bethlehem) I do not agree with this; nor do I agree with those who say that with a good orchestra it makes little difference who the conductor is. It is not merely the fact that every conductor has his own tempo and interpretation, but Mr. Oscar Levant has told us how very differently an orchestra will both *work* and *play* with different conductors. Incidentally, I love to see the members coming in, tuning up, etc., and I would no more miss the moment when the conductor raises his baton or his hand, than I would miss the kick-off in football or the first pitch in baseball. These are psychological moments. And think of the difference in personality among famous conductors! Nikisch, Toscanini, Weingartner, Stokowski, Koussevitzky, Mitropoulos, and Sir Thomas himself!

Even as a child music made to him an irresistible appeal; and so did Shakespeare; he had no difficulty in learning and reciting the entire play *Macbeth*. Later he went to public school and to Oxford, but it was music that possessed his soul.

Quarrels between fathers and sons are not always fortunate; but in this case he had reached the age of twenty without knowing what he was going to "do." As he says, perhaps business, politics, or diplomacy, anything "safe or respectable." Neither he nor his family or friends had "the vestige of an idea that one day I might take up music as a profession." But suddenly came a quarrel with his father; and they neither saw nor heard from each other for nine years.

Then in the summer he went to Bayreuth. It is interesting that the *singing* there did not affect him so deeply as the singing of a yellowhammer. He was out in the country for a walk, taking a small score of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony with him, when he heard a yellowhammer calling and another repeating. Now I have seen and heard (and in boyhood shot and eaten) many yellowhammers; but I am an exception to what Sir Thomas says:

> "Everyone is aware that the habitual song of the yellowhammer is identical with the motto theme of the first movement of Beethoven's C Minor Symphony. But this is sometimes varied and on the occasion to which I am alluding, the second voice of the duet answered with the last of the four notes of the phrase a third above, instead of below the preceding three."

Although he does not say so, this bird had the same effect on him as the Forest Bird had on Siegfried. The bird saved his life and directed its course.

The young man was well read in Elizabethan drama, and calls attention to the "unaccountably brief period" in every nation of any art of supreme merit, especially *poetic drama*, which he says is true of Athens, England, Spain, France, Germany—something worth thinking about.

There are innumerable *obiter dicta* in this book, many good anecdotes, and many uncompromising expressions of opinion; here is one of them concerning school and college education.

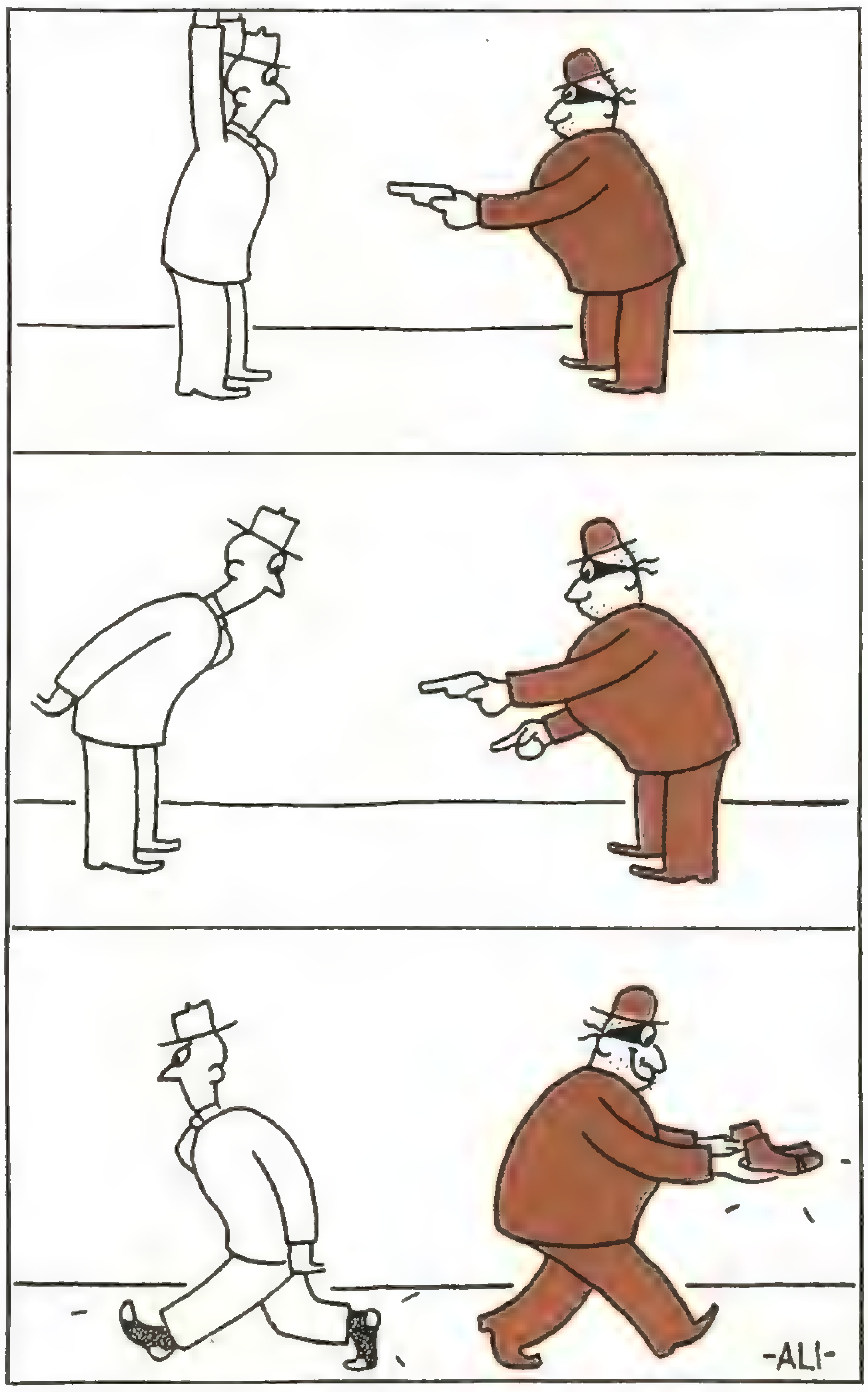
> ". . . Whatever differences of view there may exist among foreigners as to the merits or demerits, the virtues or vices of the Englishman, there is general agreement that he knows less about woman and her ways than the masculine creature of nearly every other civilized country. Several years ago I read in a novel by a Spanish writer whose name I have forgotten, a suggestion that every university ought to have at least one 'Chair of Amoristics,' and I cannot imagine why this admirable idea has been adopted nowhere. What a heaven-sent boon it would be to both sexes, and how the unhappy effects of an over-indulgence in Hellenic and Hebraical research could be relieved and lightened by the diversion to a topic, which after all occupies the mind of the ordinary man more than anything else in the world!"

I believe in Rollins College, Florida, they had a *professorship of evil* admirably filled by Corra Harris.

Since August 1st, 1914, New York City has been the musical capital of the world; and I regard it as exceedingly fortunate that we "have with us" Sir Thomas Beecham. Some years ago, when I was speaking over the radio between the acts of an opera at the Metropolitan, I said the Metropolitan was a League of Nations that worked in harmony. But Sir Thomas told me that the Metropolitan is *the only one in the world*. Covent Garden has closed, hence the Metropolitan is unique. It is a happy and astounding illustration of how individuals of various nationalities in the midst of a world war can live and work together in peace.

Let me call attention to a recently published colossal reference book—*The Oxford Companion to Music*, by Percy A. Scholes. This, the second American edition (1943), is based on the fourth British. It contains 1,132 pages, with hundreds of illustrations illuminating the biographies, definitions, digests of librettos, etc. Many of the pictures are extremely diverting. The book is self-indexed with a pronouncing glossary.

In the vast production of new books several slender volumes of poetry are like silver streams in a forest. *Slow Harvest*, by Louis K. Anspacher, with an Introduction by Joseph Auslander, contains many very fine poems, combining thought with felicity of expression. The author is a scholar and a philosopher and an artist; years



ago he wrote an admirable play, *The Unchastened Woman*, which, with Emily Stevens, ran a year in New York. *Slow Harvest* is well-named; for its two hundred pages are the result of years of observation and meditation; and there is food for all readers.

Robert Frost, who has been called the perennial Pulitzer Prize winner, whose *The Witness Tree* has won it again in 1943, appears in a charming anthology of his own poems, called *Come In*. The poems are chosen with a biographical introduction by Louis Untermeyer, and the illustrations are by John O'Hara Cosgrave, II.

Castle in Spain, by the late Walter Brooks Drayton Henderson, is edited by Wayland Wells Williams, with an Introduction by Leonard Bacon. Mr. Henderson was born in Jamaica in 1887 and died in Montreal in 1939. He attended Brown and Princeton, taught English at Yale and Dartmouth. He served in the British army in World War I. I knew him well; he had an original mind, of which these poems are the expression. They are full of beauty, of whimsies, of shades of thought and emotion.

The Healing of the Waters, by Amos N. Wilder, is a collection of original poems, profoundly spiritual, and glowing with a passion both of denunciation and of aspiration worthy of the Prophets of the Old Testament. Individual lines are magnificent, and the Sonnet at the top of page 54, beginning "God loves the shabby hero," I shall not forget.

To those who collect first editions of T. S. Eliot; a thin book of 39 pages, containing four long poems, has the title, *Four Quartets*. Mr. Eliot, though living in England, is an American; hence the first American edition is the First Edition. These poems are caviare to the general, but the particular seem to be becoming more general.

Murder stories: the following are fine: *The Case of the Buried Clock*, by Earle Stanley Gardner, with Perry Mason and the fair Della; *Having Wonderful Crime*, by Craig Rice; *Jungle Harvest*, by Tom Gill. The following are dull: *Siren in the Night*, by Leslie Ford; *Neck in a Noose*, by E. X. Ferrars; *The Smell of Money*, by Matthew Head; and *The Chinese Shawl*, by Patricia Wentworth—O Patricia, how could you?

In a recent number of Esquire I praised Baynard H. Kendrick's murder story, *Blind Man's Bluff*, where the detective, Captain Maclain, is blind. The author writes me:

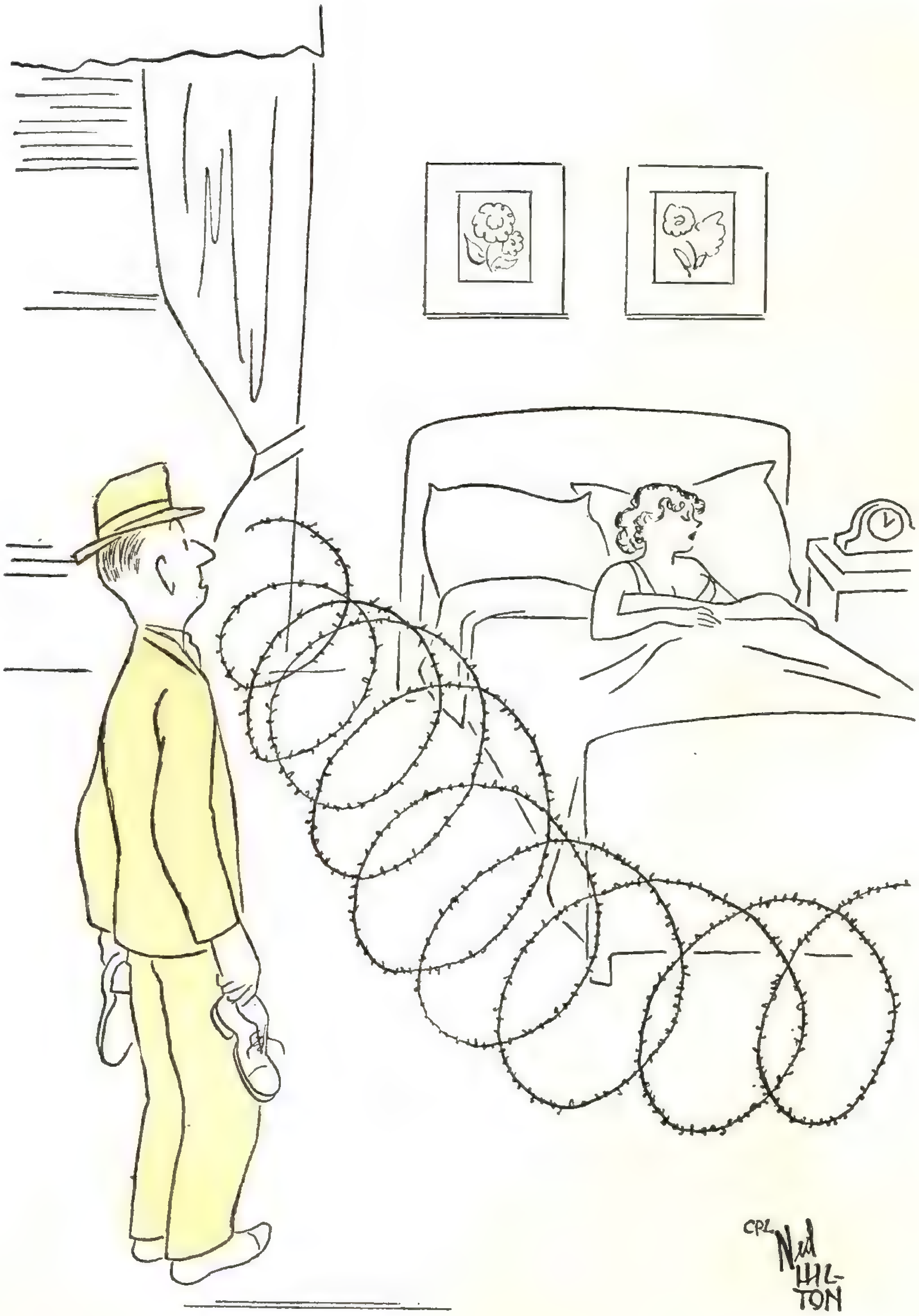
> ". . . the idea of Captain Duncan Maclain came from a young blind soldier in St. Dunstan's Home during the last war. This boy, standing behind me as I was playing the piano, traced my entire war record with the Canadian Army by fingering the emblems on my uniform. This astounding example of sensory perception made a lasting impression on me, but it was not until fifteen years later, and after intensive research into the blind, that I started to write about Duncan Maclain . . ."

All who play checkers should buy *The Modern Encyclopedia of Checkers*, by William (Willie) F. Ryan, world's champion checker-player. The book is published by himself at Inwood Station, New York City. "Checkers is the oldest intellectual game played by mankind," and here is an "authentic and extensive reference guide." I call attention to it, for it will be of consuming interest to players. I have an uncanny admiration for the world's checker champion.

Alfredo De Oro, eighty-one years old, born in Cuba, and during forty years eminent at pocket and three-cushion billiards, gave some reminiscences recently about the original Jake Schaefer, father of the present expert. Schaefer was like Shakespeare, in that he did his work with speed and ease. He was known as the *wizard;* and in the big four Esses, as I myself call them, Slosson, Sutton, Sexton, Schaefer, the last-named was the Magician. I saw him beat the great Frenchman, Vignaux, at the beautiful game of cushion-caroms. Mr. De Oro states that in San Francisco in 1890, Schaefer bet 1,000 dollars he could beat McCleery at "straight" billiards and discount him. McCleery made 15, then Schaefer ran 1,000. And it was because of Schaefer's long run beating Ives at balkline, when he got the two balls in the corner and kept delicately brushing them both with the cue ball, that this so-called "anchor" shot was thereafter barred.

Speaking of American slang, the Englishman Herbert W. Horwill, in his letter from London to the New York *Times*, says, "As an international language too, it is American that the world increasingly learns." And he quotes, "English is a language in whose ownership and control we are now only minority shareholders."

I confess I thought the title of Thornton Wilder's splendid Pulitzer Prize play, *The Skin of Our Teeth*, was American slang. Opening the Bible two days ago, I found in *Job* XIX:20, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." ⧻



Calm, Cool Collecting

With distilleries brewing for war let us carry on bravely with Timoshenko cocktails, Russian Winter and brandy

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

THE other day an acquaintance of mine played me a despicable trick. A round of Manhattans, which he was buying, had just been set down before us and I, electing myself consignee of one of them, was labially checking its merits, of which it had plenty—yessir, it was good whiskey and good vermouth, concocted with the right touch of bitters—when off he launched on a story so interesting I couldn't help listening to him. And by the time he'd finished, so was my drink, as I discovered, staring down into emptiness. If he had drunk it himself I couldn't have been worse robbed.

Honestly I was so indignant, I just hoped that somebody would buy *him* a drink sometime and talk *him* out of it. And I'd have done so myself, then and there, if I hadn't been too annoyed to think of a story.

I feel deeply on these matters because of the one-part Scotch in me, inherited from a people who frowned on conversational excesses during the moistening season (January 1—December 31). Indeed, in upper Hieland circles anybody who "diluted" smoky whusky with words was a disgrace to his kilt, kith, and clan. Even "Here's how!" was considered long-winded and presumptuous, for those fellows *knew* how (and how!) without anybody's telling them. In the Lowlands, where standards were more lax, a raconteur might conceivably have been permitted to live, but all he'd have reaped in the way of response from his audience of profound meditators on flavor would have been an occasional nod signifying that his "By the way, could I persuade you gentlemen to have another with me?" had brought sudden restoration of hearing.

No true Caledonian's attention was ever caught off base. Not a single curl of peat-smoke eluded his schnozzle. His tongue was made for clicking, not talking. Prose, I mean. Poetry his lips were ever ready at, whether quoted from Burns or poured from the bottle, both styles of lyricism (Muse and mash products respectively) being exclusives which the outside world has been smokelessly incompetent to duplicate.

Today, with Scotland's supplies depleted by the war and our inroads (which succor the Pound Sterling), thirst-bedeviled Jock has to pay upwards of ten bucks for a bottle—if he can find one. By winter, snorts will be practically extinct; whisky will be sold at the rate of so much per sniff of the cork, and a shilling extra for the privilege of kissing the label.

Imagine Jock's appall if some tactless babbler spilled to him the fact that over here Scotch still rates as a beverage rather than a red letter event. And even more astounding from Jock's point of view, the customer can still specify brand, and get it. True, the price is higher than formerly because of tax uppage and the U-boat risks in transit, but a Scotch and Soda is as yet an incidental, not an outlay.

Almost *too* incidental. A guy and his girl will drop into a cocktail lounge and, without giving a thought to glens, crystal rills, fragrant malt-kiln fuel, or quaint copper kettles, they'll order a couple of Scotches (two souls with but a single brand: the clinging vine routine), and sip same while continuing to skip the subject of Caledonian distill-craft, confining themselves to mere personal topics such as eyes, hair, or what has she, and how grand he looks in his uniform. If blending gets into the discussion, it isn't necessarily the blending of Highland and Lowland malts by bouquet wizards in Caledonia. The cherished tipple that poor Jock is languishing for is taken for granted as a casual accessory of romance.

Fact is, we wartime Americans are far luckier than we realize as regards creature comforts, especially those of a liquid sort.

Naturally there isn't quite the abundance that there would be if you and I had been in charge as co-czars of the National Whistle Welfare Planning Authority. We'd have taken that idle gold at Fort Knox and molded it into kettles for corn and rye, and with a few batteries of *them* on the job, simmering away under expert guidance, there'd soon have been something worth guarding. For, unlike bullion or a cross-eyed heiress, a barrel of whiskey grows more precious as the years go by. Also, the payoff in taxes is sweet as a nut, all along the line. In short, if we'd had our chance the U. S. Treasury and Mr. Citizen's tonsils would both be sitting pretty.

Mere private enterprises, worrying along at the task of providing a suitable supply, built up reserves for all likely demands of a public's thirst, estimated to be size 7A. Meanwhile this public, consisting of all persons partial to a nip, hooker, bracer or freshener now and then, grew collectively thirstier. Anything less than an 8C seemed cramping. Production and distribution departments were endeavoring to oblige, when along came War and the need for munition alcohol and lots of it. So for nearly a year now the distilleries have been war plants, simmering feverishly for Uncle Sam. Whiskey fanciers have only what's in the warehouses to look forward to, and a considerable part of that will have to be reserved for blending when resumption time arrives, because the industry has too much pride to be willing to start green at the expense of brand reputations. So we are being scrimped. And ouch, Mr. Sawbones, it pains!

To avoid confusion with rationing, which is governmental, this restriction of quantity sold is called conservation, and therein lurks no blah, for the distillers are game-wardening their branded drinkables exactly as though the latter were wild ducks or deer. You can take a shot any time the spirit moves you, but you can't exterminate wholesale so that there's none for the next fellow, or for yourself next year.

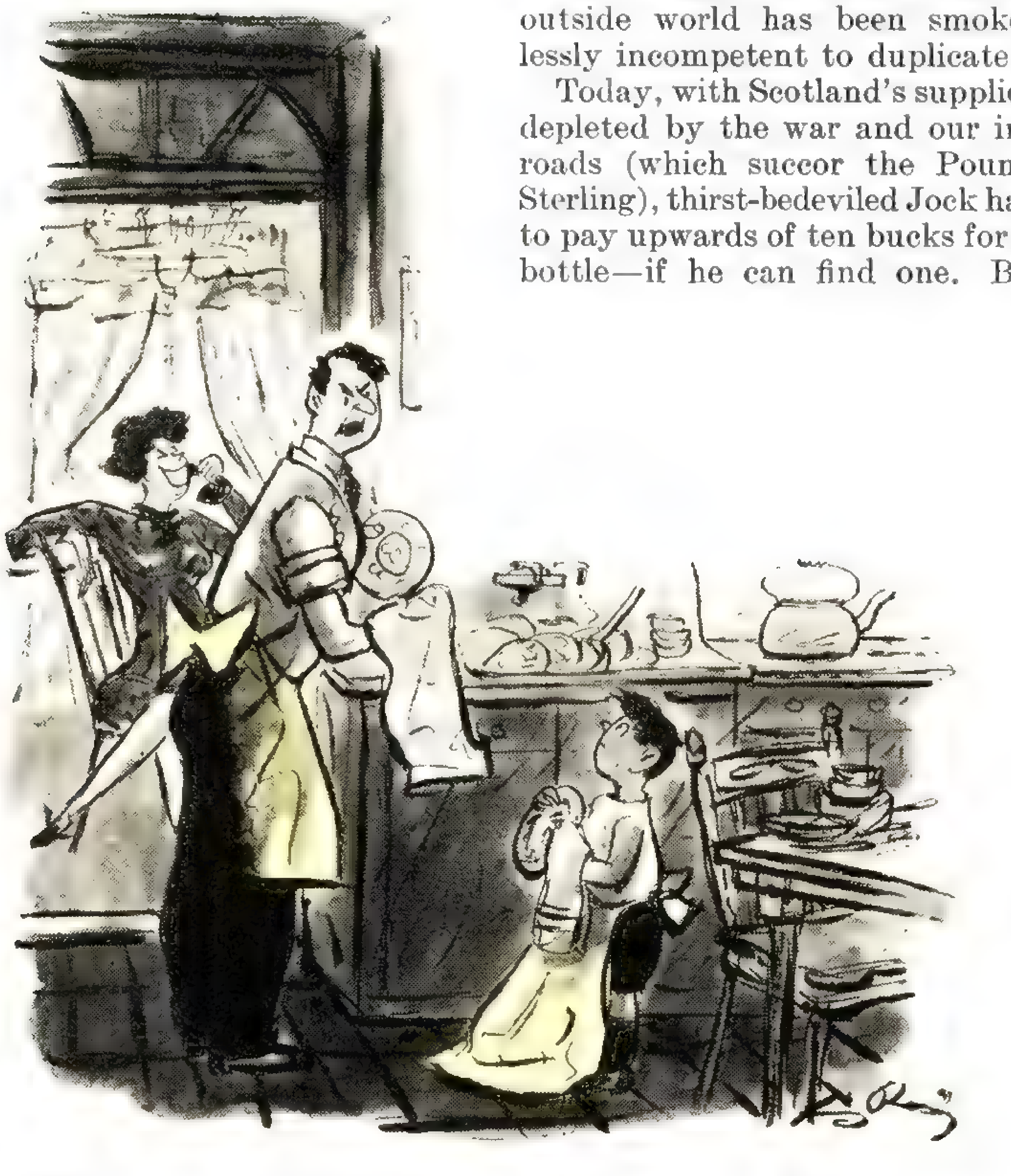
When the other fellow happens to be somebody in a different section of the U.S.A., it is human to wonder if he isn't getting the longer end of it and you the short. Brooding on this, you can work up quite a lather. And if you live in a state-stores state and he in an independent-stores state, or vice versa, your homicidal urge heightens. Soiled work at the crossroads! Skullduggery and discrimination! Up to now nobody has picketed a distilling company with a placard announcing that they are unfair to Bridgeport or the Nebraska State Monopoly, but I'm expecting it any day. And distillers dream of such things nightly. It's such fun keeping customers contented when they're calling you "Ogre!"

To grouse at Uncle Sam, rationer, would be unpatriotic. But a large corporation, doing its perspiring best to conserve its disappearables, is a tempting target for fingerpointers.

Didn't corporations like that turn down Louisville's s.o.s. for enough Bourbon to float Count Fleet's enactment of Esky's predictions? They did!—sooner than break promises elsewhere.

While the pointing is going on,

Continued on page 149



"The same stork brought you and me, son, but the one that brought your mother was half parrot!"

Arrow selects

COLBY STRIPES

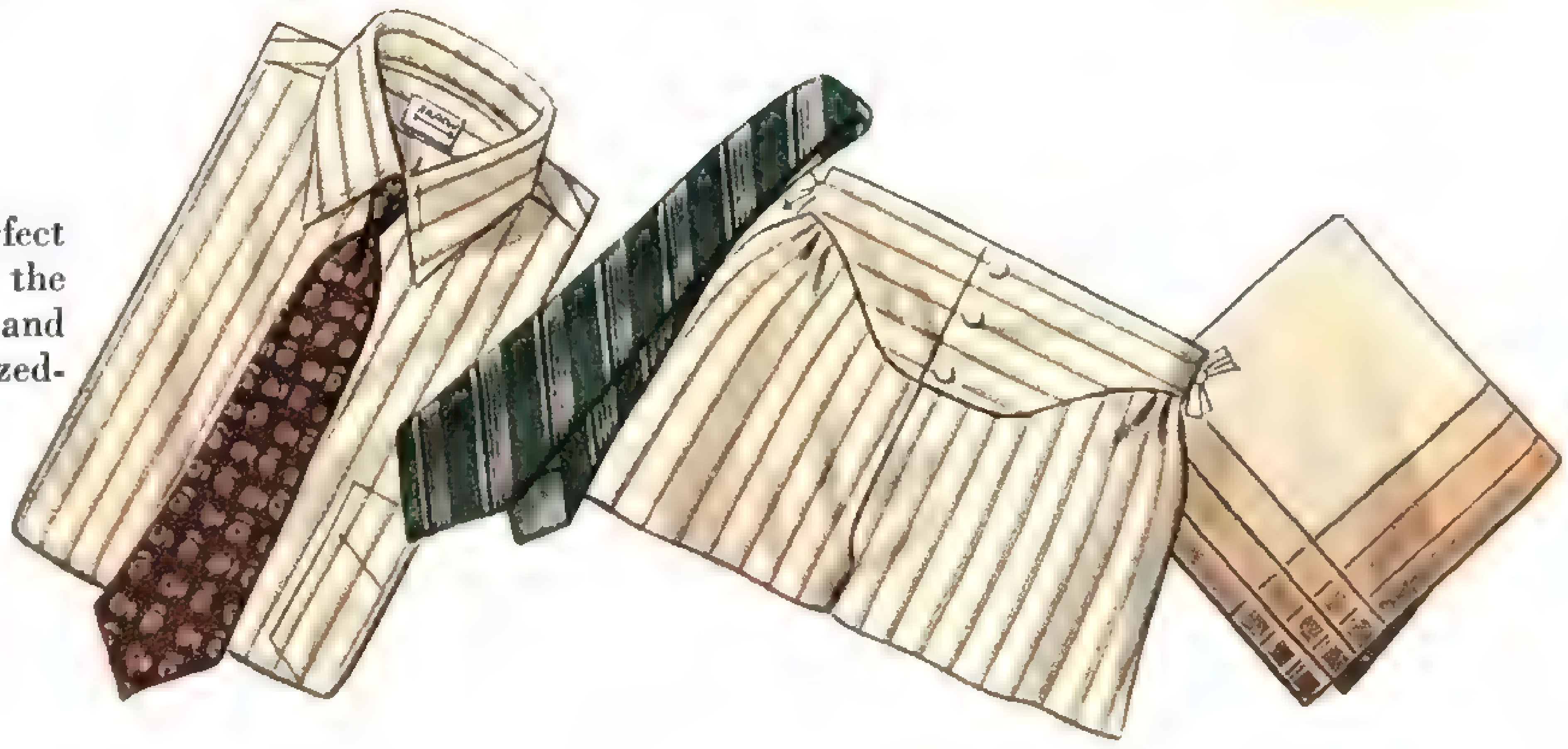
for July

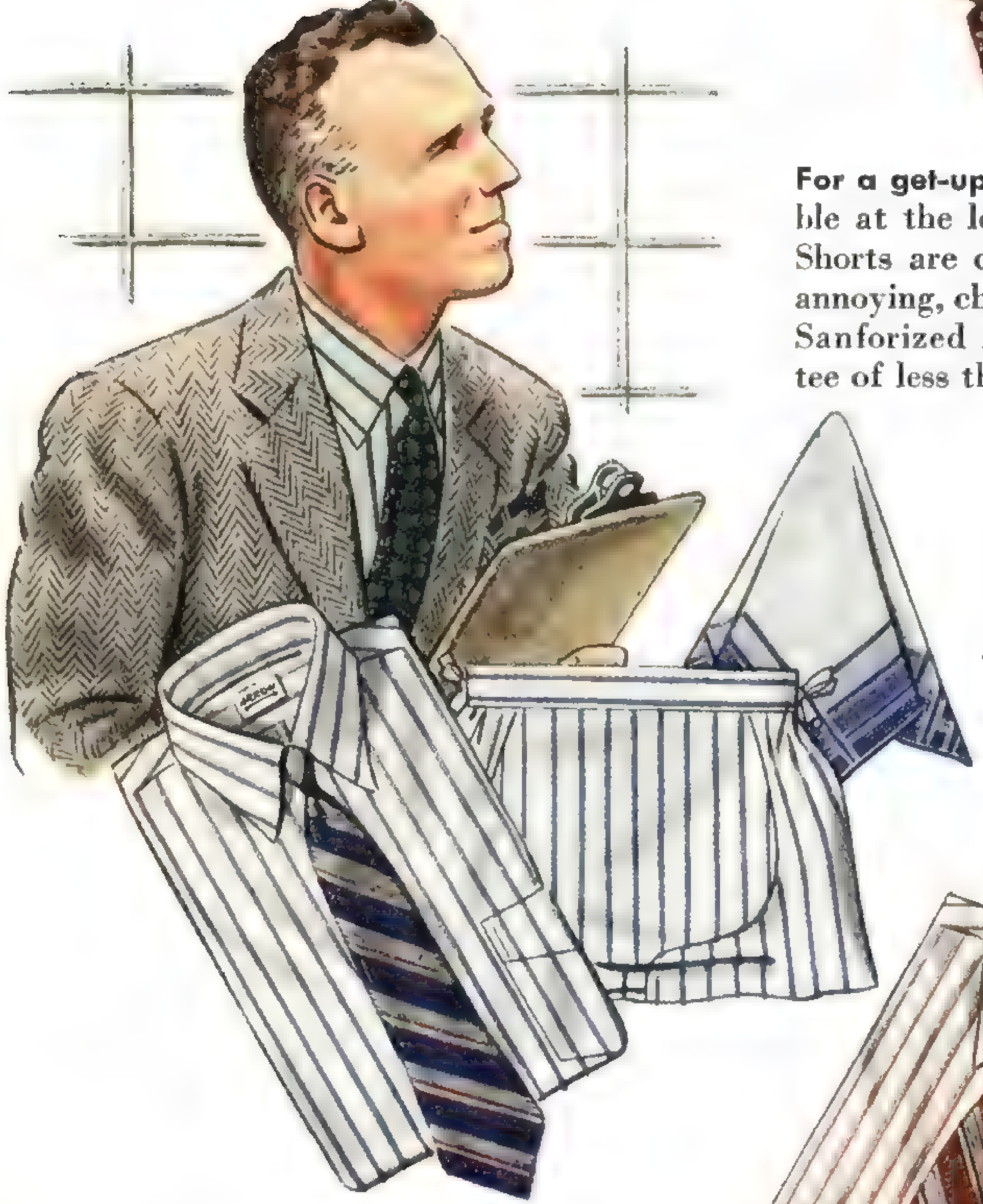
Talk about teamwork — Arrow's new *Colby Stripes* ensemble teams up beautifully, like a well-trained baseball nine. Shirt, shorts, handkerchief, and tie were *planned* and *created* to co-operate neatly and smoothly, to make up a handsome, huesome foursome.

The Colby Stripes Shirt has a stripe that is broad but soft-colored, blending harmoniously with the rich ground tones. In four colors: blue, brown, grey, and green.

Two Colby Stripes Tie patterns have been especially designed for this smart ensemble. You choose between a striped Repp and a circular-patterned foulard. Ask your Arrow dealer to show you Colby Stripes.

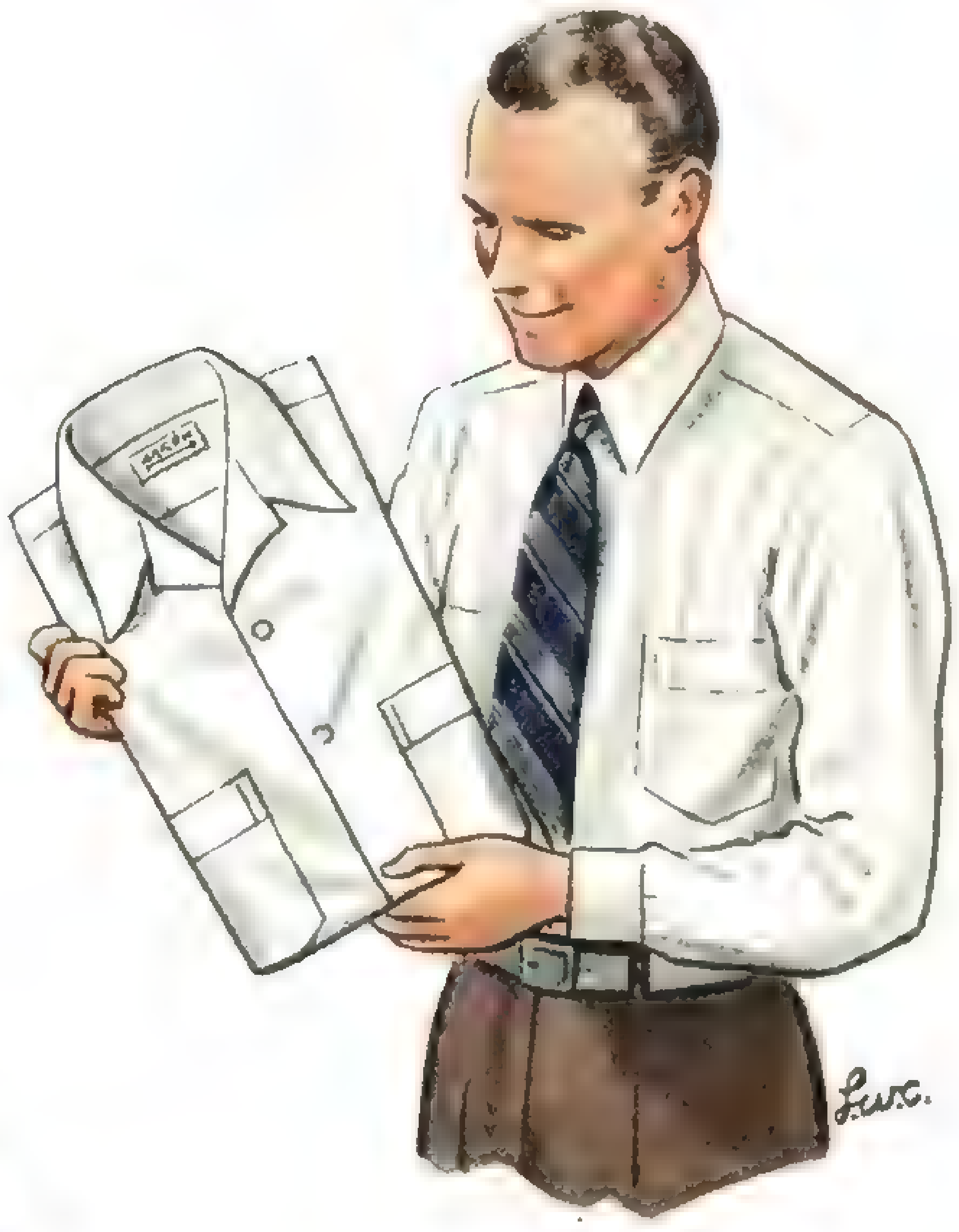
For a brown combination, here's the perfect Colby Stripes ensemble. The shirt has the exceptionally fine-fitting Arrow Collar and the famous "Mitoga" figure-fit. Sanforized-labeled. $2.24

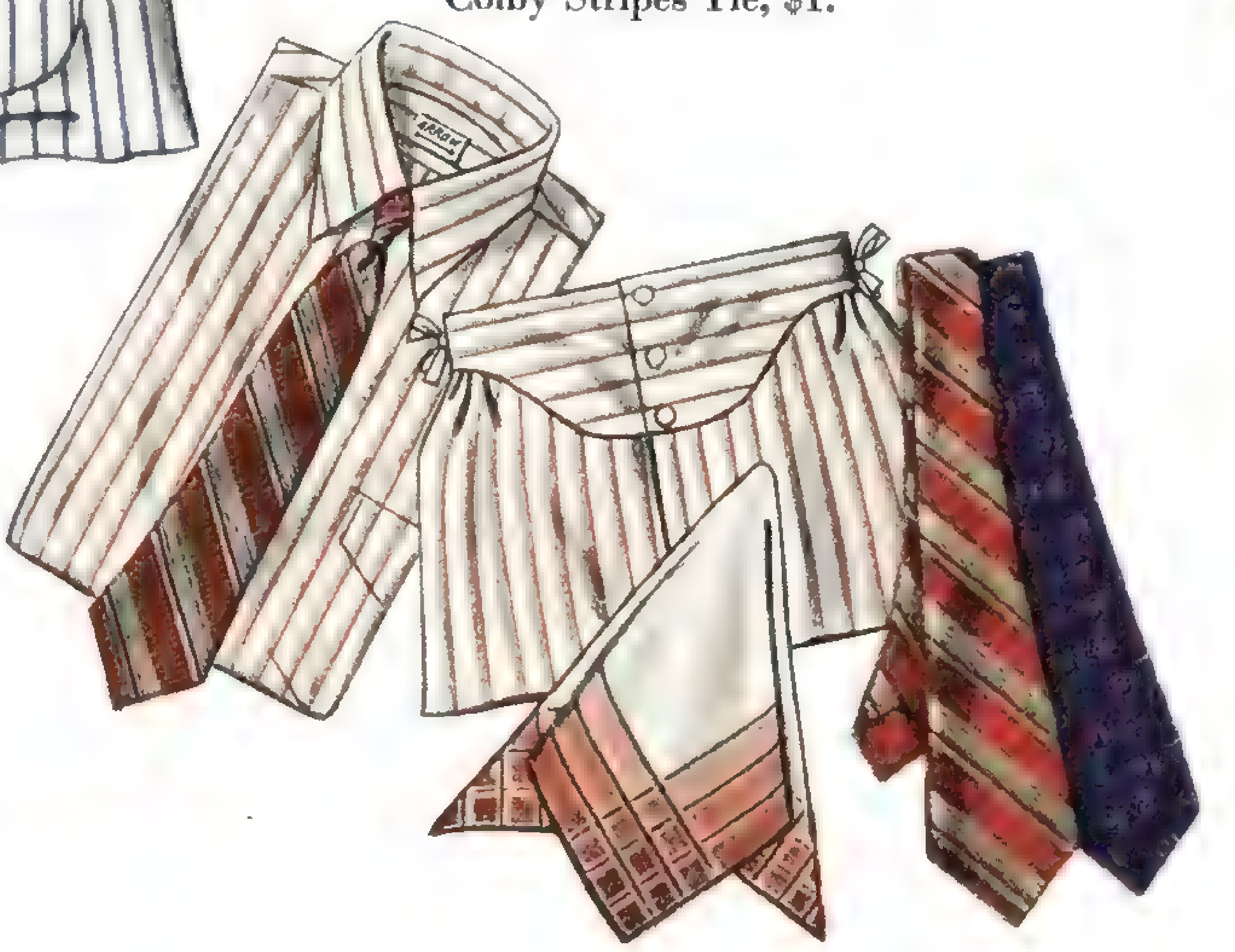




For a get-up in grey, try the ensemble at the left. The Colby Stripes Shorts are cut fully, and with no annoying, chafing center seam. The Sanforized label is your guarantee of less than 1% shrinkage. 75¢.

For harmony in blue, may we suggest the group below. Any one of the three special Colby Stripes Ties, plus the handsome Colby Stripes Handkerchief make a warm, please-the-eye team. Arrow Handkerchief, 35¢; Colby Stripes Tie, $1.



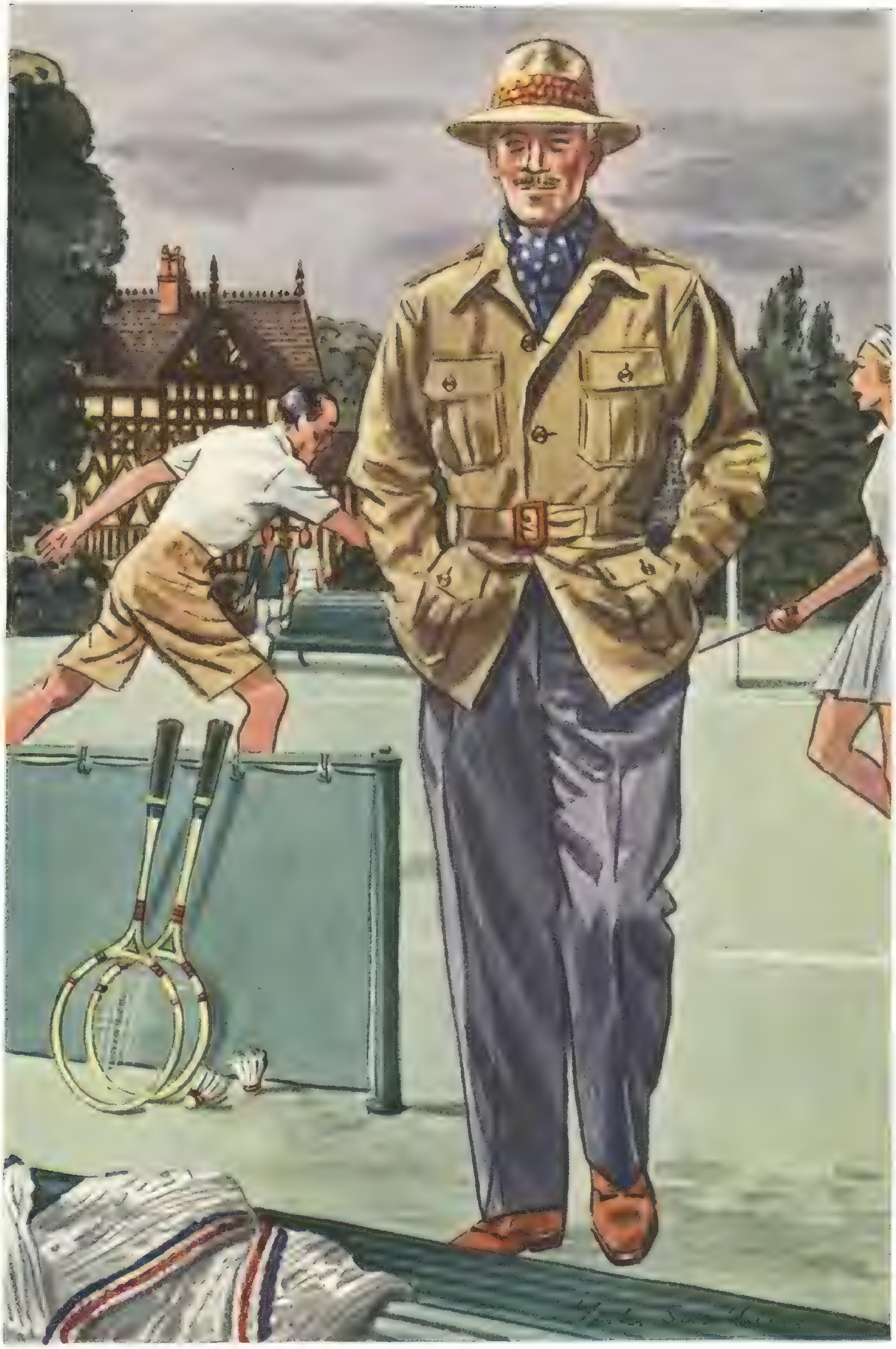


Hitting the target with many, many men is Arrow DOUBLER. It's the shirt that does double-duty . . . collar *buttoned* for business and collar *open* for sportswear. $2.46. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, New York.*

ARROW

A new shirt if one ever shrinks out of fit

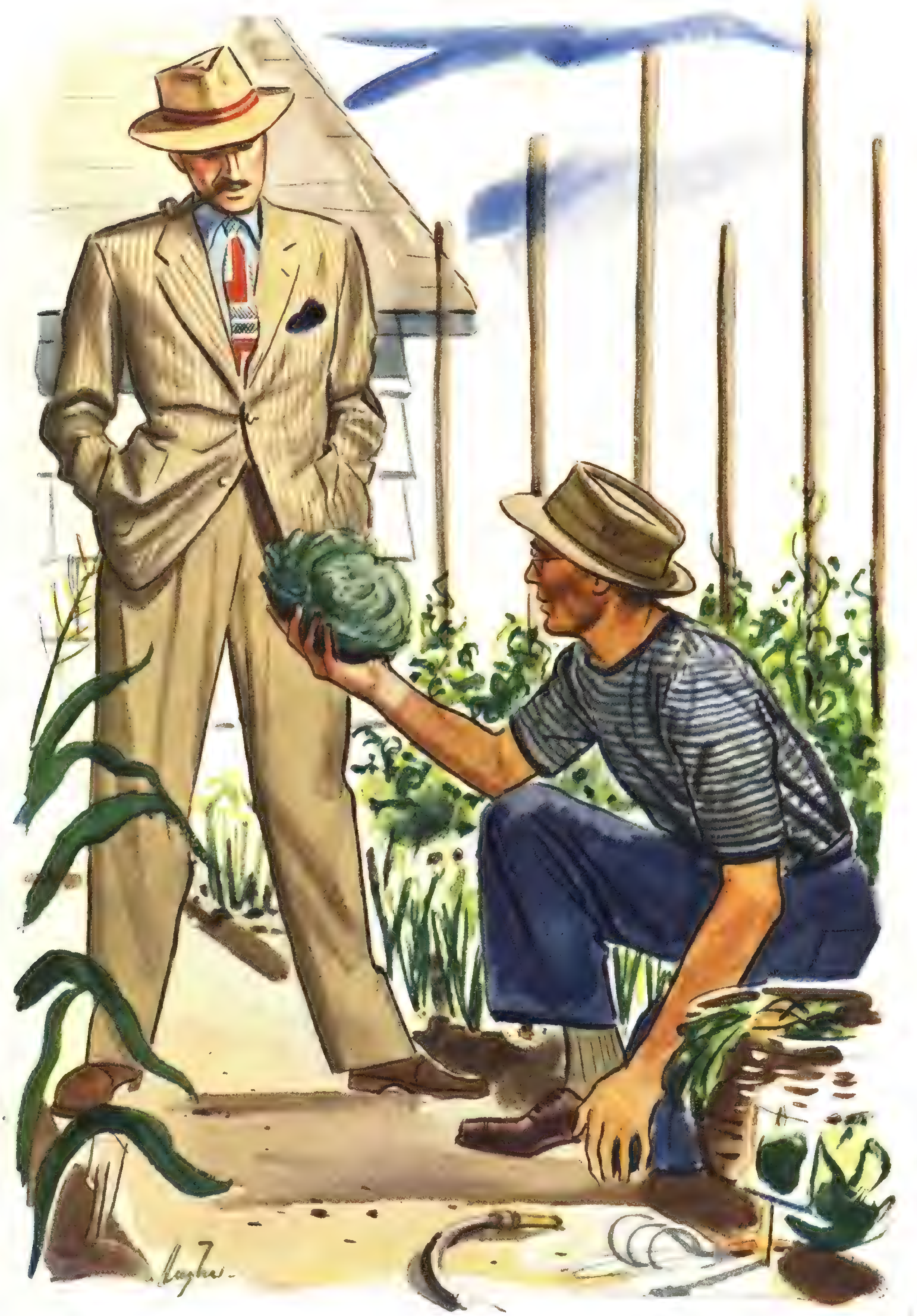
★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



bird in the bush jacket

Here's for a brief refresher course in spectator sportswear—or would you call it non-spectator sports? Whatever the reason for his indifference to the badminton game (and fair game she is, too), it gives us a chance to see the outfit in detail. Maybe *that's* what he wanted all along. . . . It's difficult to understand why the bush jacket went into a dim-out several years ago, but it's easy to explain the comeback: it's not only cool, commodious and practical, but it makes you look like a general on his day off. This model, in cotton gabardine, is lightweight and washable. The four patch pockets provide ample room for personal impedimenta. Pants are still being worn in the usual places, and this pair in lightweight flannel is a minor achievement—as cool as they come and yet with all the drape of heavy flannels. For the rest, a mesh weave panama hat, blue polka dot scarf and brown reverse calf shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



three heads are better than one

Heads you win in a Victory Garden . . . like for instance this hefty hunk of lettuce. Don't squat there, chum, like the third grave-digger in *Hamlet.* It'll never get any bigger. Off with it to the chopping block. . . . Gardening is as gardeners do; and this one is very well done, at least on the outside. The blue denim slacks are right down to earth. They stand plenty of rough wear and, when soiled, emerge triumphant from a brisk workout with your home washing machine. The striped knitted cotton sport shirt is a comfort, and the knockabout cotton hat is equally practical. . . . That's a sharp outfit on the party of the other part. The tan and white seersucker jacket combines well with the Roan Tan tropical worsted slacks. A mesh panama hat with narrow striped band, scrim shirt (meaning in a porous open-weave fabric), figured foulard tie and reverse calf monk front shoes fill in the gaps.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

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Stars in the Service

Our ex-football players are schooled for action and with superior staying power, they take war in their stride

by RALPH CANNON

• SPORTS •

It is remarkable and perhaps significant how often football is being used as an analogy of the war. Herb Kopf, athletic director at Manhattan College, recently received this letter from Joe Migdal who played halfback on his team a couple of years ago. From North Africa, Migdal wrote:

> You know, coach, the more I think of it, the closer the war is to a football game, only there is no such thing as rules and fair play. The man who thinks faster, acts faster, and is in better condition than his opponent, is the one who will live to tell the tale. I know that unless you are physically fit to face the hard tasks to be performed in warfare, you may as well not be in the theater of operations. If you are physically fit and your thinking and acting comes natural, you have definitely got the jump on the other fellow. The bumps, bruises or injuries you receive while fighting don't bother you much because they are similar to the ones that you receive playing football and you are already hardened to receive them, as you know what it is to take it. Where, in football, the team with the most points wins, it is now the Army that is best equipped that will do the job. But, whatever happens, I do know that we Americans will be the team with the most points at the end.

Another Manhattan athlete, John Gaynor, was torpedoed three different times at sea, after which he was sent to Officers Training School. It was his boat that picked up a lifeboat with Clint Frank of Yale in it, and it was quite a reunion since Gaynor is a New Haven boy. Vincent DiFiore, another Manhattan athlete, was with Gaynor in this same boat.

* * *

Herbert E. Baisch, who played basketball at State Teachers College, Fredonia, New York, was awarded the Purple Heart and the Silver Star by General MacArthur last October. Although wounded in the arm by shell fragments, he maintained communications with his base and at the same time manned a machine gun to keep Zero fighters away from his Flying Fortress, which returned to its base.

Another former Fredonia athlete, Brigadier General Louis E. Woods, in charge of Henderson Field from November 9 to December 27, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. His units destroyed 22 Jap surface craft and 65 planes.

* * *

Major Charlie Brush, of the Marines, a 155-pound guard on the eleven while in school at New Jersey State Teachers College at Montclair, was one of the first to land on Guadalcanal and won the Silver Star there. Lieutenant Neal Takala, one of the best all-around athletes ever to attend this school, starring in football, basketball and baseball, was shot down in Australia while serving with the Army Air Forces.

* * *

Colonel Brian O'Neil played end on the football team and also competed in baseball and basketball at Lafayette. After his graduation in 1934, he entered law school at the request of his father, a well known New York lawyer. But at the end of the first year he became restless and entered the Army Air Force. One of his favorite stunts was to swoop low over the Lafayette diamond while the team was playing and throw a scare into the players and fans. More recently Colonel O'Neil, or "Shanty" as he is known to his squadron, has been swooping over Jap ships. He has participated in many raids on Buna, Gona and Rabaul, and has had scores of dog fights. His squadron played a big part in the destruction of 22 ships and 15,000 men in the Bismarck Sea battle. He helped knock out 55 planes in that battle. After that one, he said of his men: "I am proud of them. When I looked over the wings, I always got a thumbs-up or a big grin, as we headed in to unload our bombs, or strafe."

* * *

Lieutenant Edward J. Gignac, 1940 national college ski champion who won the Ski Meister trophy at Lake Placid his sophomore year at Middlebury College, was awarded the Silver Star by General MacArthur. He earned his decoration in air combat over New Guinea on June 18 when three fighter pilots went up to intercept nine Jap bombers only to be attacked from above by eight Zeros. Lieutenant Gignac downed one bomber and damaged another before being wounded in the head and leg, after which he managed to land his plane.

Another former Middlebury star, Lieutenant John P. Stabile, captain of the football team in '39, was awarded the Purple Heart posthumously. He was leading an infantry anti-tank unit against a beach head on Guadalcanal on November 20. Going to the rescue of a wounded marine in a shell hole, he administered first aid and had started back with the man to the American lines when a sniper got him.

* * *

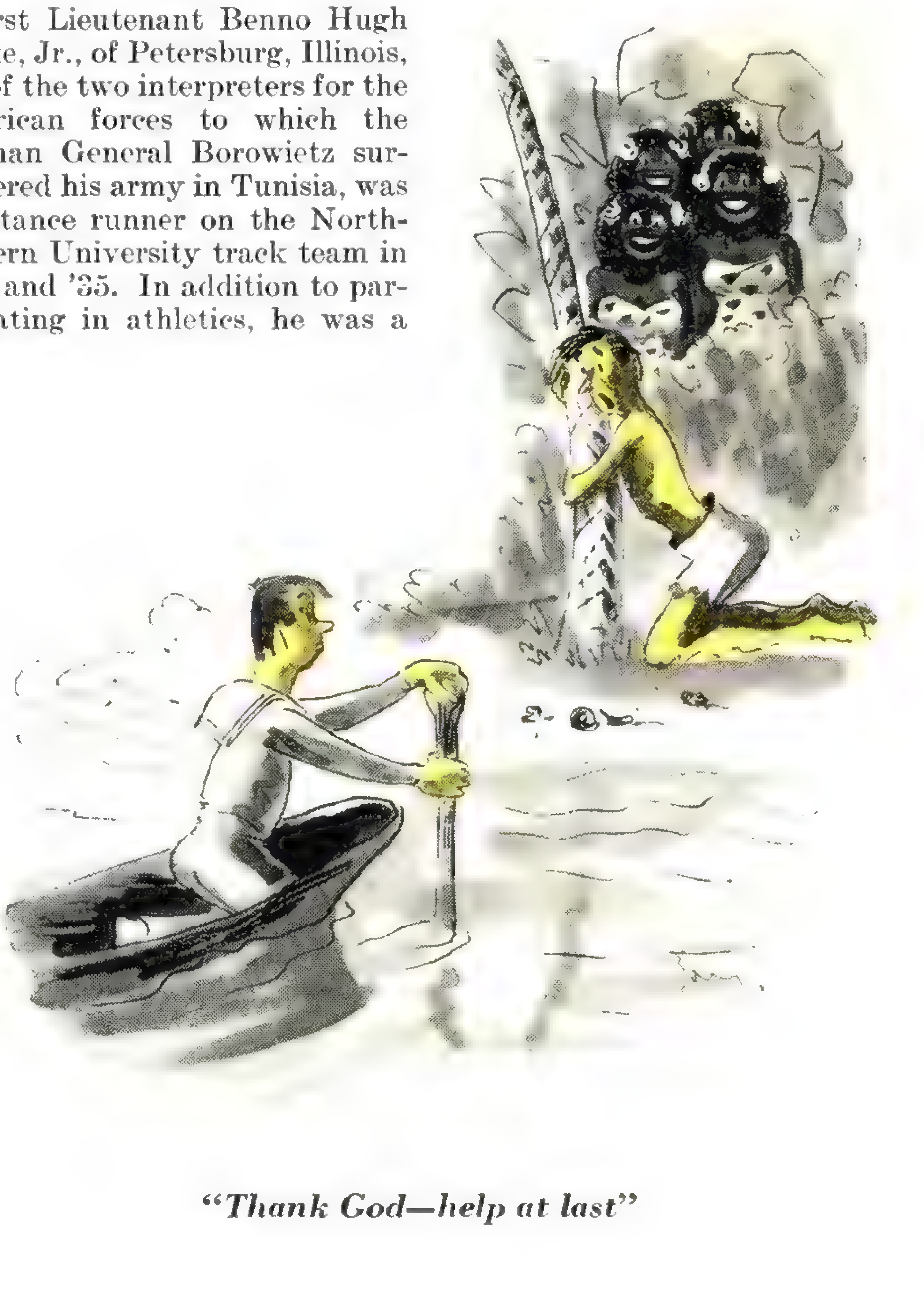
Captain Robert Dillard, who played basketball at Mercer in his college years of 1936-40, won the Silver Star for meritorious service with the Marines in the South Pacific. His citation read:

> Captain Dillard, in command of one section of guns from a weapons company, was attached temporarily to a battalion at a site near the airfield at Guadalcanal. He displayed the utmost ability and efficiency in tactical employment of his guns and they were pushed forward on a line with the assault units of a company sweeping the area occupied by the enemy with cannister and playing a very important part in causing the Japanese to fall back to the beach while the infantry closed on them.
>
> In the heat of the battle, the officers and senior non-commissioned officers of this infantry company all became casualties. Captain Dillard was immediately ordered to take charge of this company in addition to his gun section, which he did in an efficient manner and directed the final stages of the assault and the mopping up operations.

* * *

First Lieutenant Benno Hugh Selcke, Jr., of Petersburg, Illinois, one of the two interpreters for the American forces to which the German General Borowietz surrendered his army in Tunisia, was a distance runner on the Northwestern University track team in 1934 and '35. In addition to participating in athletics, he was a Phi Beta Kappa student. He took his Ph. D. in German language and literature in 1939, and was on the faculty of Wesleyan University when he entered the service as a private the day after Pearl Harbor.

Another former Northwestern star, Lieutenant Frank Young, who played tackle on the eleven in 1937, '38 and '39, has been awarded the Silver Star and the airmen's medal for 25 successful raids on the enemy as a bomber pilot with the China Air Task Force. He entered the Army as an infantryman and after reducing from 225 pounds to 186 he transferred to the Army Air Corps. After receiving his commission, he ferried a bomber to China via South America, Africa, Persia and India. En route he was forced down in the Egyptian Sudan and after taking celestial bearings at night to determine his location was able to take off the next day on his course. #



"Thank God—help at last"

The Sporting Scene

Uncle Herb, your faithful ballot box stuffer, conducts his Dog-Days Sports Poll in his happy, irrepressible way

by HERB GRAFFIS

SPORTS

SINCE Esquire's monthly Sports Poll was started almost two years ago, sports polling has been taken up by others seeking the great light of truth eternal. The Camp Newspaper Service, that excellent division of the Army's special service division, the Spokane Athletic Round Table and George Gallup, who is Old Man Poll Himself, have polled uniformed men and civilians on sports subjects.

Millions of votes have been cast in Esquire's Sports Polls. Bright luminaries in military affairs, business, government, sports, press and radio have expressed in these pages intriguing opinions on sport's controversial subjects. The poll has given Joe Dogface, Jack Gob, Louie Leatherneck and Charley Coaster of the armed services opportunities for expressing themselves to determine the present and future of American sports. And they are the ones all of us are willing to admit should make the final decisions on American sports affairs.

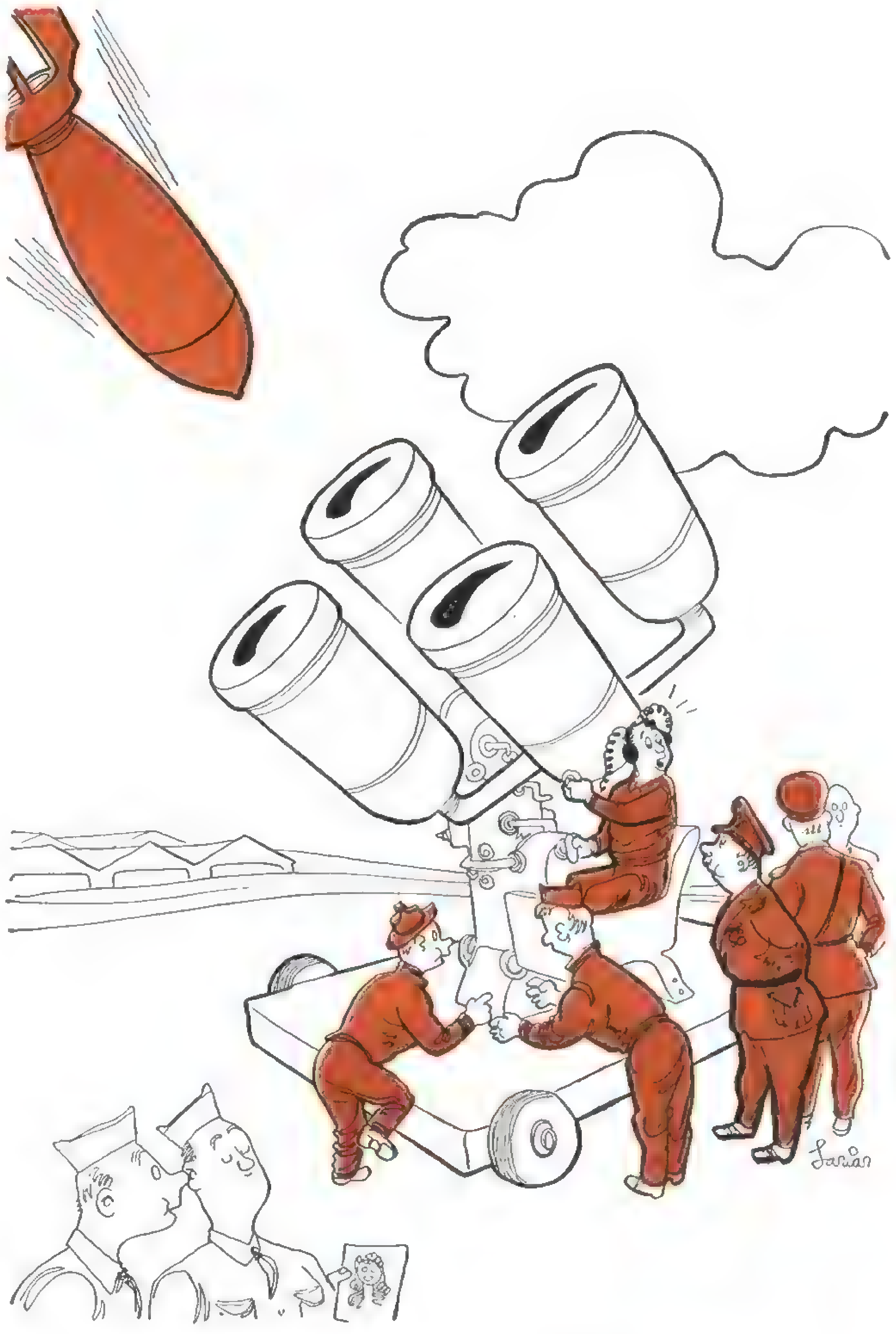
As the Esquire Sports Poll continued to gain in popularity and weight, it began to take on an unexpected element of significance and solemnity. What accounted for that switch from a policy intended to be chiefly entertaining was the good sense and instinct of the American sports-loving public. The hooey that has been written and spoken about that fuzzy word morale hasn't influenced sports fans a bit. If anybody's morale is of such a sort that it is consciously bettered by watching some mug who has mastered a sports trick but is otherwise 4-F, or by cashing a bet on a fleet steed, that anybody's morale is no substantial factor to be counted on in these times.

But if a guy feels good because he's healthy and stocked with competitive zippo, he's got morale that will stand the toil and battering of a long war. So if sports can make the fellow citizens healthy and make them happy and carefree for the comparatively brief recreation chances they get, what the hell more could one ask?

One of the peculiarities of the sporting world is that sports writers who are making an easy living as professional bystanders at the games are notoriously inclined to gripe at and belittle the racket, whereas a successful lawyer or industrialist will enjoy himself for half an hour long-handing a dozen pages of reminiscences about the class rush of '93 at Dear Old Unicorn to be appended to his sports poll ballot. The poll idea thus provides an outlet for these returns to the past. And don't forget that in this little world of memory, every man is once again to himself a hero—which certainly does him no harm.

Hence, to escape for the dog-days the seriousness that has been intruding into Esquire Sports Polls, this one of the collaborators in the monthly survey is conducting an offside Esquire poll, without bending the mailmen humpbacked lugging in ballots and comments, or going to the trouble that Ralph Cannon and his corps of poll clerks do in counting the ballots and figuring the percentages.

I know what the gents I would ask to vote would say, and how they would vote. So here is Esquire's dog-days Sports Poll:



"Something's coming, sir—but FAST!"

Question I

If a guy has done his work and feels like going fishing should he say, "I am going fishing to relieve the strain on the nation's meat supply," or should he say, "I am going fishing because I feel like it"?

MEAT SUPPLY	11.04
FEEL LIKE IT	96.41

The discrepancy in the figures which don't add up in your Mathematics Refresher is caused by some blokes voting for anything just to make marks on paper.

For the meat supply minority, Gerald Useless, the famous retired capitalist who made his roll supplying unnecessary pins for new shirts, said: "I give them the meat answer. Then I ask 'what are you doing to help your country?' That shuts them up fast."

Ludwig Grunt, the black market baron, wrote: "First I tell them one thing, and then another, and if they still have nose trouble I tell them it is none of their damn business."

Maxwell Myopia, famous sports authority of the Delirium, Maine, *Express*, who, by request, quit printing his horse picks when the county ran out of relief money, brought a note of doubt into the results as he remarked, "My answer depends on how the fish look at the morning line. If they bite, I eat; if they don't, I don't."

Other guys said one thing and several others another which seemed so much like Congress that we decided nuts to any more remarks on this stirring question.

So then we popped with:

Question II

This Navy is trying to teach every sailor to be a good swimmer. Should Hollywood let those girls it shows in bathing suits tour naval station swimming tanks to teach the sailors?

YES	50%
NO	50%
DON'T GIVE A DAMN	9 Old Men

Generally the division on this question was Navy for, and Army against. The general public also was split evenly; those who are against fun unless they have it voting in the negative.

Staff Sergeant Gruff of Fort Furious, once a pioneer trading post where the Indians were traded out of everything but their G-strings and hangovers remarked: "I'm definitely agin it. In six months all the sailors will be webfooted. And there goes your Navy."

Rear Admiral Crichton, Capt. Leffingwell Striper, Lt. Comdr. Ben Bowline, Ensign Bodleigh Eager, and 251,934 able bodied seamen, after marking bold X's for the affirmative, commented: "Let me at them."

Expressing the prevailing opinion of the general public, Cuthbert Tonsil, radio celebrity who declaims the commercials between rounds of fight broadcasts, innings of baseball games and plays of football contests, said, in his usual succinct manner:

"Do you fall out of your hammock at the hit the deck call, feeling out of sorts and sluggish? Does the commanding officer say of you, 'I don't know what has happened to Butch; he used to be so full of vitamins, vitality and B.O., and now he shoves that mop as though he were swabbing the decks with the anchor. Something is wrong with the boy!'? Then what you need is a Hollywood bathing doll in your pool. Then you would roll out of your hammock full of energy and ambition. To give you boys that old fighting feeling, pool a cinema doll with those beautiful bulges. Look at them and see what deep breathing can do for you. Remember, it's spelled d-o-l-l. Go swimmin' with wimmin'."

We always turn to another program when those windy commercials come on so now we can turn to:

Question III

As the diameter of a golf ball is not less than 1.68 inches and the diameter of a golf hole is 4¼ inches and the limit distance of a par 4 hole is 5,340 inches, is there any sense to a man trying to make par?

YES..............................98.09%
NO.................................1.01%

This is the spirit that makes America great. The mathematical odds are heavily against anybody making par, but look at the guys who think they can. All they need is pencils.

Douglas McDubb took a scientific angle in his comment. He said: "Figures don't mean a thing. The loft of a club may be 45 degrees but still a golfer can top a shot with that club. Ben Hogan weighs 135 pounds and can drive a ball 300 yards. Alexander J. Tallow weighs 300 pounds and can't drive a ball 135 yards. Where does that leave you?"

Julius K. Divot, one of the thoughtful minority who voted NO, pointed out: "The question entirely avoids consideration of shots out of bounds, which account for 3% of the strokes in golf; kicking the ball to a good lie in the rough, which accounts for another 22% of the strokes; and conceding putts, which accounts for another 14% of the strokes. Play with the sort of burglars who take my money at two bits a hole and anything is possible except honor."

Many, many letters told in detail how voters got par and too many letters in detail gave stroke by stroke accounts of games they'd played that didn't interest us.

Question IV

If a kid who got off from work to see a ball game by telling his boss his grandmother died is now in the Army or Navy and wants a pass to get off to see a game, should he try the same old gag?

TRY..................................75%
DON'T...............................25%

Those voting from Army and Navy addresses were unanimously and practically in the negative. Their opinion is tersely reflected by the statement of Private Herman (Dummy) Flop who wrote: "I did. I am in the guardhouse."

The civilian bloc was all for taking a chance. They usually are when it comes to deciding matters for the men in uniform.

The distinguished publicist Philbert O'Dope commented: "Denial of this liberty for which the founding fathers were knocked off is a concession to the Communist ideology and contrary to the letter and spirit of the constitution. If a guy has to go, he has to go; ball game or any place else. My paper is starting a campaign to provide every young American in training camp with a supply of spare grandmothers. Absenteeism of grandmothers puts the nation in peril. Our 'Grandmas for goldbricks' crusade will prove to be one of the highwater marks of American newspaper performance in preserving the American way of living."

Question V

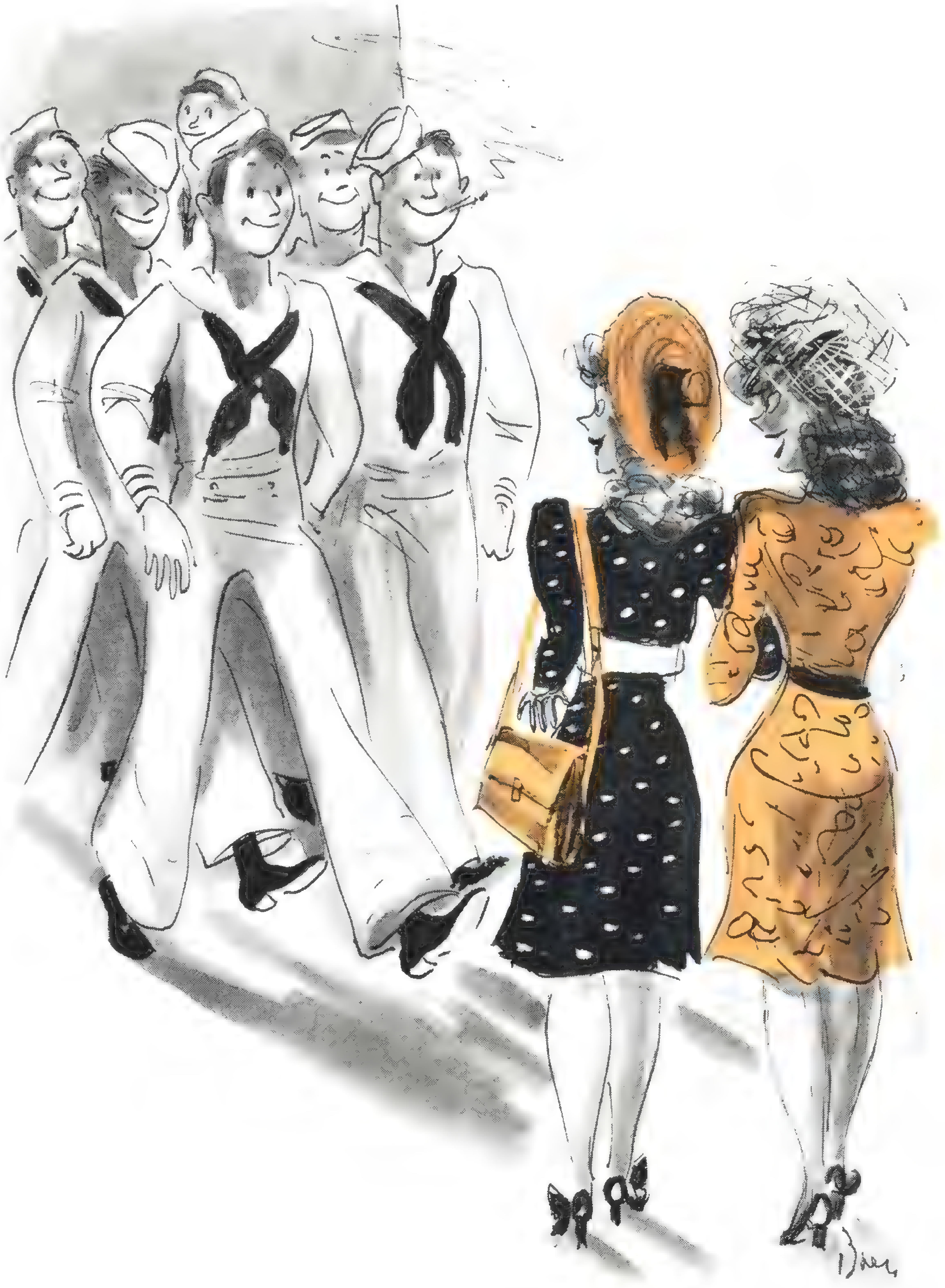
Is judo, as taught to the armed forces, going to make each returning soldier and sailor a one-man mob?

NO...................................100%

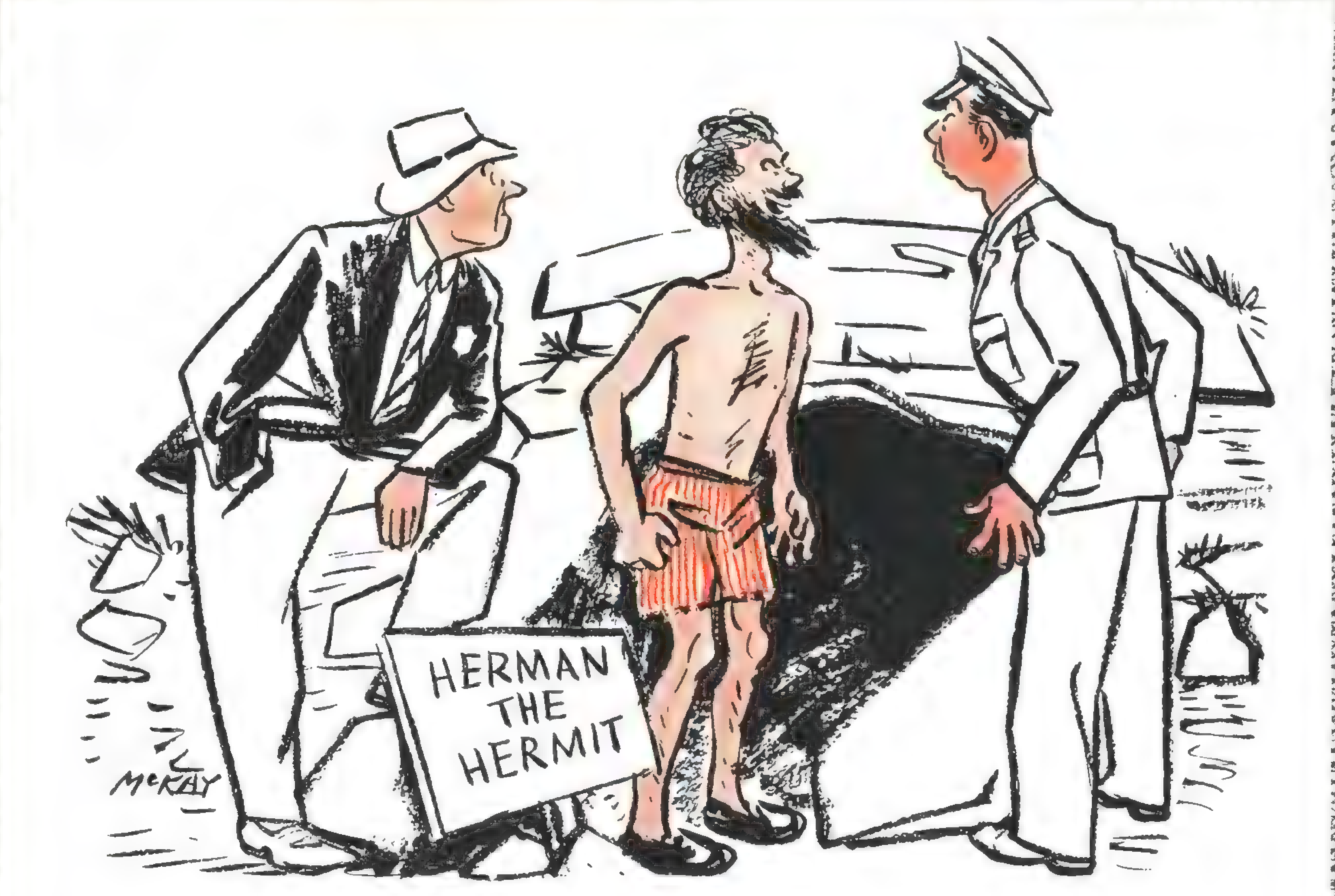
"What is neglected in the public consideration of this question," wrote Dr. Hugo Cuehead, eminent psychiatrist, "is that WAACs, WAVES and SPARS may get the same training and after the honeymoon is over use it when Papa gets hostile. Papa, who thought he learned all the holds in the service, will soon find out that he is a very bum actuarial risk."

Ben Slug, noted sports scribe and author of the syndicated column, "Slug Nutty," advised: "I have seen little coppers club heavyweight hopes into the count of 25,603 in street corner brawls, and am playing the coppers to win, strictly on past performance."

Lt. J. G. Overnight took an interesting view of the question when he remarked: "I am so good at judo—or maim and murder keno as it is technically called—I am scared of myself. Every American will become so good at it we will find ourselves just where we began in that lesson headed, 'When nature won't, Smith and Wesson will.'" #



"Look—a task force!"



"Goodness, no—I'm not thirty-eight yet! Why?"

The Dowager on the Dining Car

Pleasant excursion in wish thinking from the Fort Ord, Calif. *Panorama*

by PVT. FRANC SHOR

The Truth of the Matter: An officer from Fort Ord was in charge of troops bound east. Somewhere in the Midwest these troops were hooked on to a regular passenger train. Then somewhere a little farther east all the dining car waiters got drunk and were left behind by way of reprisal.

The dining car steward asked the Ford Ord colonel if he could hire a few soldiers to fill in as waiters for the emergency. The colonel told him it was okay if he could get volunteers. The steward got eight. For the rest of the trip, passengers on this crack train got their soup straight off a GI cuff. The service may not have been quite according to Emily Post—but everyone got fed. And all but one passenger joined into the spirit of the thing like good democratic Americans.

Now I Can Dream, Can't I? Corporal Breckenbridge Goldfrab accepted the steward's offer with alacrity and pleasure. Corporal Goldfrab was never a man to turn down an extra buck. And since Goldfrab was the only two-striper among the volunteers, it was fitting and proper that he should be made headwaiter.

I guess it was at breakfast that the passengers first sensed that something was wrong. Instead of the customary low-toned gong to announce that breakfast was served, the clarion strains of "Soupy, soupy, soupy, without a single bean" rang through the train. The distinguished Mrs. Postlethwaite Montague Schmaltz, lounging in her roomette, was annoyed.

"This is too much," she said to her traveling companion. "Why must we be constantly reminded of this awful war? As it if weren't enough to have to suffer so at home, now it even bothers us while we're traveling. Terrible, I say."

Mrs Postlethwaite Montague Schmaltz appeared in the diner half an hour later, giving Corporal Goldfrab a regal snooting through platinum rimmed Oxford glasses as he appeared before her.

"Wheah," she wheahed, "is the headwaiter?"

"I'm him," said the corporal.

"You mean you're HE," condescended the dowager.

"The hell I am," snorted Corporal Goldfrab. "HE is drunk back in Omaha, and I'm headwaiting. You want breakfast, or you want to stand here an argue all day. You better decide now!"

Mrs. Schmaltz decided she wanted breakfast. Breckenbridge took her to a table, held a chair for her. She promptly sat down at the opposite side of the table.

"I cawn't bear to ride backwards," she said.

"You will this trip," snapped Corporal Goldfrab. "I gotta stand at this end of the car, and if you ride forward, I'll have to look at you all during breakfast. That I can't stand. Here's your chair over here."

Mrs. S. moved. She picked up a menu and studied it. Then she ordered.

"I'll have orange juice," she said, "grapefruit Maraschino, a rasher of bacon, eggs Delmonico, Melba toast and a demitasse."

Corporal Goldfrab spoke to a soldier-waiter. He hurried to the kitchen, returned with a plate heaped high with s.o.s. Mrs. Schmaltz paled.

"What on earth is this horrible concoction?" she gasped. "Take it away immediately."

"What's in it I ain't saying," said Corporal Breckenbridge Goldfrab. "We in the Army been trying to figure that out for years. But what it is I know: It's your breakfast. It's all the breakfast there is on this train, cause we got a mess sergeant doing the cooking. And you'll eat it or go hungry. And when you're through you'll take your dishes out to the kitchen and wash 'em, cause we ain't doin' no K.P.—we're just cooking and serving."

Mrs. Postlethwaite Montague Schmaltz ate it. She washed her own dishes. She emerged from the kitchen just in time to see two lovely blondes smile up at the soldier-waiter who was setting before them, with loving care, plates of crisp bacon, fluffy scrambled eggs, and buttered toast.

"But I thought—" she protested.

Corporal Goldfrab escorted her to the door.

"Think nothing of it," he smiled. "The mess sergeant has an eye for beauty. For dolls like that, nothing is too good. If they'd ordered liver, the sergeant would of cut his own out and cooked it. But for some people—"

The corporal looked Mrs. Schmaltz up and down.

"Be sure to come in for lunch," he smiled. "For you we'll have hash."

"We're not supposed to wear sweaters after today—I guess that's to save wool or something"

Often a Duster but Seldom a Beaner

The lowdown on that outlawed sport of pitchers as told to Sgt. Ernie Harwell

by WHITLOW WYATT

THEY call me a bean ball pitcher. So what? It's one of the tricks of our trade, though there isn't a hurler in the majors who habitually tries to hit batters. In one game last season I set my sights for some real beaning. But that's only once in my entire fourteen-year career. I've dusted plenty of them off, but a duster isn't a beanball. Beaning means actually aiming for a batter's skull; dusting 'em off is merely throwing a fast one in close to keep the man at the plate from getting a toe-hold on one of your pitches.

I lost a no-hitter by failing to use a duster in 1941. With one out in the ninth, I had retired twenty-five straight Boston Brave batters. The man I hoped would be the second out was Phil Masi, a .222 hitter. I had two strikes on him, and he dug in. Instead of shooting one inside to drive him back and loosen him up, I fed him one right down the middle, and he slapped a single to center.

Another pitch often mistaken for a bean ball is one which simply suffers from lack of control. Then there is the "sailer," which takes off and is also out of a controlled zone. Beanings also occur occasionally when batters are crossed up on signals from the third-base coach. The hitter may be given a sign that a curve is coming, then either because the sign is wrong or the pitcher is onto it, a fast ball comes instead and clips the hitter on the noggin.

As I said before, in only one game throughout my whole baseball career have I deliberately tried to bean a batter. Earlier in the season when we met Boston in Brooklyn, I had thrown a high, inside ball to Eddie Miller, then the Braves' shortstop, but now with the Reds. It was almost three feet over his head. But the Braves hopped on me about that pitch.

When we moved into Boston for the game on August 8th, there was more Boston bean trouble. I tied up in one of those tight hurling duels with Manny Salvo. The first time I pitched to Max West I had him two and nothing and threw the inevitable, high and inside one. The Braves began their beaning chant again. Max popped up and Boston kept crying about my dusting West off.

My first time up I found myself playing dodge ball with Salvo. Then when Salvo batted, I gave him the same treatment. Only I hit him. Both teams were snarling at each other. When I came up again, I knew the dodge-ball game was getting dangerous. Salvo let go a fast one. I saw it coming—straight at me. Yet I couldn't move. The ball caught me on the shoulder. Seeing red, I let fly my bat at Salvo. Luckily, it missed him. Our whole club rushed out of the dugout. The Braves ran to meet us. Still raging, I exchanged hot words with Salvo. Some of the cooler heads pulled us apart. My only experience at beaning was over.

The memory lingered on. President Ford Frick of the National League fined me 75 dollars for my performance, and took in 25 dollars from Salvo. I guess the fine was fair. Although Salvo and the Braves had started all the trouble, I shouldn't have tossed my bat.

The bean ball will remain a part of the game, but always a minute part. Last year in the National League 41,769 at bats were recorded. Using four pitches as an average to each time at bat, we find a total of 167,076 pitches for the season. Of the 174 hit batsmen, I doubt if more than five were hit on the head. Five so-called beanings out of 167,076 pitches indicates that the bean ball is terrifically over-rated.

Of course, literally the identification of a bean ball rests entirely on the *intention* of the pitcher. Two pitches may be identical, and one a bean ball and the other not, depending on what the aim of the pitcher was on the pitch.

In the American league there is an anti-beaning rule, but there are just as many bean balls as ever—except they are called "wild pitches." In our league, soon after the Boston fiasco, President Frick issued a statement that he would fine a manager 200 dollars if one of his pitchers deliberately threw at a batter.

If they want to stop serious injuries, let them make every player wear a helmet. These gadgets, invented by Larry McPhail, are the solution to the problem. When Pete Reiser was kayoed, he would have been hurt much more if he hadn't been protected by his helmet. Dolph Camilli was hit twice, and the helmet did its part. Many of the National Leaguers are now wearing this light, airy, inside-the-cap armor and are finding it real insurance. #

Hunting the Dragonhead

Big Cypress Swamp in southern Florida breeds the largest of those man-eating, prehistoric monsters called alligators

by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

• SPORTS •

BIG-GAME hunters rarely mention the most ferocious killer of them all—the American Bull Alligator. They speak respectfully of the Rocky Mountain grizzly bear or of the African buffalo. But right here along the low coastal shores from Albermarle, North Carolina to the Gulf of Mexico, they can hunt black-armored death—the dragonhead bull gator.

Here is a brute, who, with his jaws, can crush every bone in a man's body. Ferocity, cunning, unbelievable speed in water, and an overpowering instinct to kill, make the bull gator tops in any catalogue of bad news.

In hunting most big game the sportsman attempts to bring his quarry down 100 yards away. In the event of a miss, he can fire again and again. But in jack-light-hunting of bull gators, fifty feet is the maximum distance. The mortal target is a spot the size of a quarter between two glowing yellow eyes.

If you only wound the gator, you're in for a tornado of trouble. He may charge up underneath your canoe, upsetting it, and your chances of losing life or limb are excellent.

I'll never forget the first time a big bull gator charged the shallow cypress canoe in which I sat!

With three companions I drove from Fort Myers, Florida, to Bonita Springs, on the fringe of Big Cypress Swamp. This vast primitive jungle on the southern tip of the Florida peninsula is real gator country. We met our four Seminole guides and left early in the afternoon of a bright February day, anxious to penetrate deep into the swamp before midnight. Our guides assured us the bulls, bent on mating—the season extending from February to April—would be out in great numbers.

Darkness came swiftly in the steaming, fetid swamplands. Millions of insects swarmed in the flickering light of pine knots the Seminoles carried. At seven we had supper on a sandy beach on one of the countless islands into which the swamp is cut up. My Seminole told a story of a hunter in a party of four he had brought out three years before. The sportsman had missed his first shot at a big alligator. The gator's charge upset their canoe. The Indian swam to shore with the carbide lamp strapped to his head. By its light he saw on the opposite shore a big gator, crouched with the white hunter clamped in its jaws.

"He big man," the Seminole said. "He weigh 'bout one hundred ninety pound. He holler—'Quick! Kill me or this brute'!"

Men in the other canoes fired at the monster. The gator, uttering a terrific bellow, swiveled about on its broad belly, and slipped into the water with its prey. Where the gator had vanished only air bubbles disturbed the black surface of the pool.

The yarn—definitely ruined my appetite.

By nine o'clock we were twenty miles into the swamp, and I heard the first thunderous bellow. I reached for my Griffin and Howe. "May be mile, two mile away," the Indian said. "Sometime when wind right you hear three, four mile," he continued.

More bulls joined the chorus now. I made certain the carbide lamp was firmly secured to my pith helmet. The lance of light swept the water ahead. I picked up my rifle, and made certain the razor-sharp handaxe and the lengths of rope were nearby, ready for instant use. My eyes burned with intentness as they searched for that first big gator head.

It isn't a pleasant sight — that flat, ugly head with the luminous eyes set in two bony humps; the vast, lipless jaws revealing in all their ragged ugliness the eighty conical-shaped teeth.

We passed several bellowing bulls but they were too small, not over ten feet. One bellowed mightily at us and for a second I thought he would charge. His eyes glowed blood-red, indicating he was small, you can tell the big fellows by their yellow eyes.

Around a tiny neck of land we glided into a weedy creek about 170 yards wide. Ahead of us two yellow spots glowed like twin harvest moons.

"Big one," the Seminole whispered excitedly.

We were about ninety feet from the brute. His snout was lifted a few inches off the water. He watched our gradual approach unconcernedly. His ugly head was covered with slimy green and yellow marine grass. I took aim, holding on that spot between the two eyes.

The brute stirred, his jaws opening slowly, the fleshy adherent tongue wiggling in the vast maw. At fifty-five feet I started slow pressure on the trigger. Suddenly the gator's tail curled up, the end dipping in the water. He uttered a series of short "umph-umph-umph" bellows. My taut reflexes jerked the trigger. The bullet spanged into the brute. Lashing the water with his tail he charged with dolphin speed. I fired and missed. Before I could fire again his jaws had clamped on the canoe bow only three feet from where I knelt! The pungent, repellent odor of musky discharge, which a gator expels when aroused, was sickening.

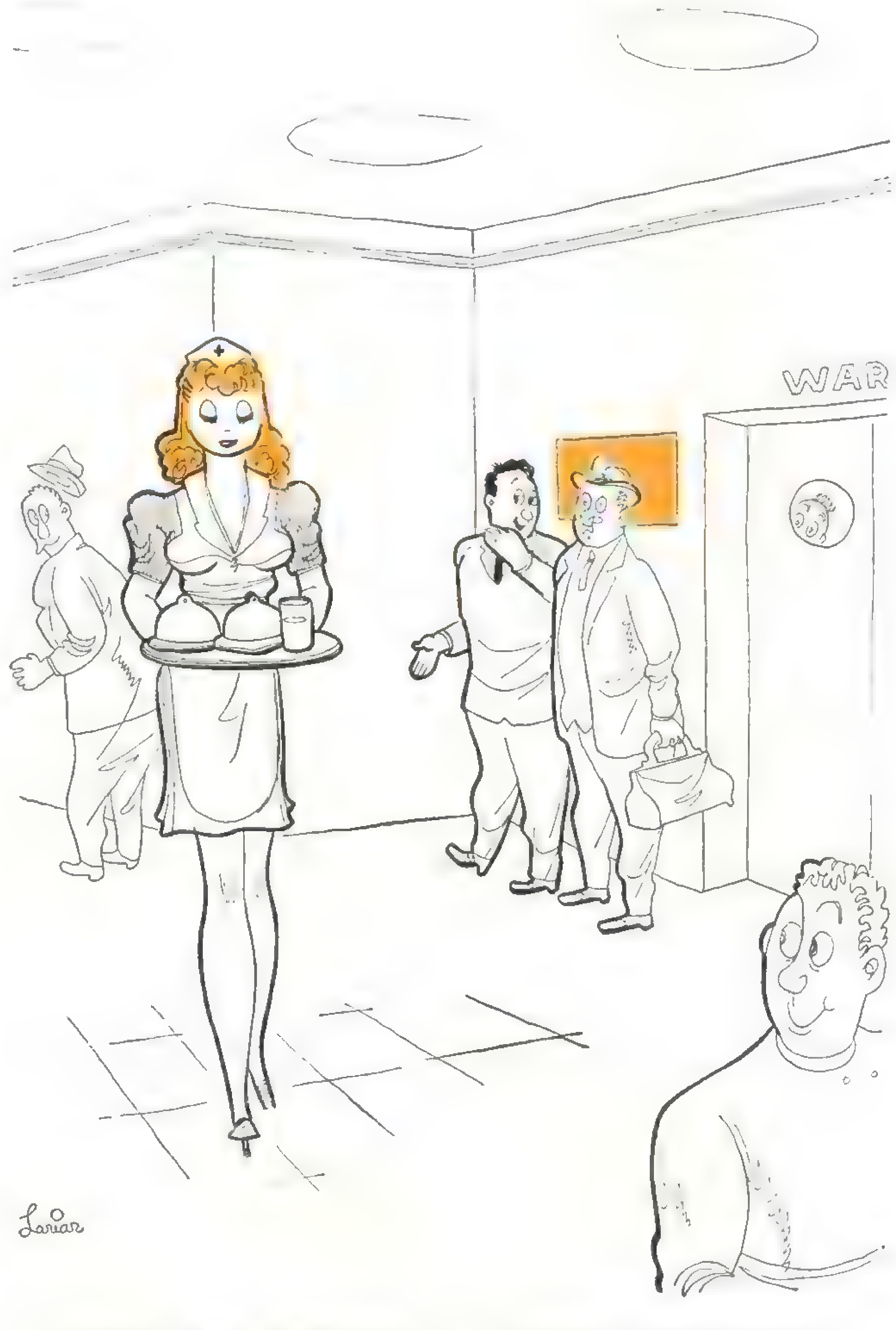
"Shoot! Shoot!" the Indian cried. "He'll roll us over."

I rose to my feet, the canoe rocking perilously and fired down smack between those hate-filled eyes. The great jaws opened convulsively; the teeth grated off the bow and the big reptile slipped back into the water, rolled over slowly, its yellow, scaly belly and short grotesque legs uppermost.

This *was* a big fellow. He measured eighteen feet nine inches and weighed close to 1700 pounds. Ike looped a length of rope around the jaws. Twice the brute almost upset our canoe with post mortem reflexes of his armored tail. Finally I drove my handaxe into the vertebrae between the hindquarters and the tail, rendering that weapon useless.

Since that time I have killed many many gators. One of the things I have learned is to respect them, even *after* you have killed them.

Tom Horgan, a friend of mine, bagged a big gator, and he not only severed the vertebrae at the tail, but he decapitated the brute. Posing for a picture he playfully



"That's Miss Blimpton, our special nurse for low blood pressure patients!"

stuck the heavy toe of his hunting boot into the half-open jaws. Tom's big toe had to be amputated it was so badly crushed!

I have learned, too, that gators are deadly on two ends. The tail plays an important role in the brute's killing tactics. When in striking distance it curves its body bow-shape, whacks its prey from behind with its tail, and pitches it unerringly to the gaping jaws. Nature has provided this auxiliary weapon because the short neck of the brute confines its head movements.

I have seen a gator lunge from the water at a fawn and snap it up in its jaws before the fleet little creature could stir. I saw the tail of a big bull dragonhead fell a small tree with one solid blow.

The belief these brutes won't attack men is as fallacious as the belief that their armored hide sheds bullets from heavy rifles. They *will* attack a man and have been known to invade camps.

Dr. James Kerr, a geologist, pitched camp near a river outside Neblett's Bluff, Texas. During the night the yells of one of his colored porters roused him. A big gator was dragging the man toward the river.

Seizing a burning stick Dr. Kerr jabbed it into the brute's eye. Another porter ended the fight by firing six shots into the gator's head.

Farmers in the romantic Carolina plantation country wage a ceaseless war against marauding gator packs who slaughter their small livestock.

R. N. Lobdell, of the Mississippi state plant board, relates that a 14-foot gator in Alligator Lake, in Bolivar County, seized a small Negro boy playing on the bank near his mother, who was washing clothes.

On St. Vincent's Island, Florida, R. V. Pierce was driving two mules across a muddy stream. Three gators attacked the mules. Plunging and rearing, the mules finally reached the opposite shore. As Pierce got down from the wagon to examine the mules' wounds, thundering bellows startled him. The horrible trio, having tasted blood, were out of the water and pursuing him! The mules bolted. Pierce ran for his life. Finally the alligators quit their pursuit and Pierce found his mules dead a mile away.

Texans retreating across Trinity River, during the war between the Lone Star State and Mexico, were the victims of the worst mass gator slaughter recorded. Thirteen soldiers and eleven mules fell prey to an alligator pack.

These brutes, survivors from the Jurassic period, have diminished in size in the past four centuries. Commercial slaughter is the cause. William Bartram, eminent botanist, in 1773 reported killing alligators twenty-six to twenty-eight feet in length. Sir Charles Lyell, famed English geologist, one hundred years later confirmed Bartram's figures.

Today the average length of the wild bull gator runs about thirteen feet. In the years 1880-1886 some 2,500,000 alligators were slaughtered. Only the belly hide is used commercially.

The teeth, also valuable commercially, are set in hollow excavations and have no roots. When they are knocked out, nature quickly replaces them. I saw a bull gator on an alligator farm strike a two-inch thickness of steel plate with such force the upper tusks were driven so far through the jawbone they had to be extracted through the top of its head! The Seminoles sell the teeth to commercial buyers for two dollars a pound, or make ornamental jewelry for tourists from them. They bury the head in two feet of mud and allow the teeth to rot out rather than risk breaking them by extraction.

The comatose brutes tourists see dozing in the sun on alligator farms are as unlike the wild species as the lion in the zoo is unlike his brother who prowls the veldt.

During our hunt we saw many alligator nests. The female scoops out a shallow excavation about five feet wide in which she lays her forty to sixty eggs. She may go many miles from her native lair to nesting grounds. Often a female with as many as ten bulls behind her will swim out to nesting grounds on an ocean island. She covers the eggs with mud, twigs, dead leaves and saw grass. This done she quits the scene never to see her young born or care for them afterward. Gatorlings are eight inches long when born. They grow at the rate of one foot a year until they are ten, and more slowly afterward.

On the last night of our three-day hunt Joe Alcorn bagged a brute that went three inches longer than mine. His first two shots failed to stop the monster. I fired as it charged Joe's canoe. That shot slowed him up and Joe delivered the death blow with another well-aimed shot. That's the thrill of gator hunting. The staying power of these monsters is the most awe-inspiring display a hunter can witness. ⧺

DINE AND DANCE
Hot Frankfurters
5¢
McKAY

To the Kitchen, Private Jones!

Every rookie has his turn at K. P. and the only thing that makes it bearable is, something is pretty sure to happen

by HOWARD W. TURTLE

• ARTICLE •

The company formed three ranks on the parade ground.

"Dress right—DRESS!" yelled the first sergeant.

"Ready—FRONT!"

Three files of clean-cut young soldiers stood at attention. You could see the sun glint at the same spot on each shoe toe. The sergeant's gaze suddenly concentrated. Private Pete Cheroti was eating an apple. All the other soldiers stood rigid.

"Cheroti. To the kitchen!"

For a military monkeyshine Pete got conventional punishment—Kitchen Police. Now he was trudging toward the Mess Hall like hundreds of other playboys every day in the U. S. Army. It's the old story—some guy goofs off, he gets caught and the sergeant hollers, "All right, smart boy. K. P." You forget to shine your shoes—K. P. The inspector finds dust under a bed—K. P.

Every rookie catches the job as punishment or in his regular turn. The only way you can get out of K. P. is to be higher than Private First Class. The catch is it is practically impossible to be anything but a buck private during thirteen weeks' basic training.

The job of K. P. is all soap suds and hot water. You wash the dishes and scrub the floor, then do it all over again because the cooks have everything messed up as soon as you have finished. Your fingers smart from the G. I. (Government Issue) soap. Your back hurts from lifting vats of hot coffee up to the stove and then lifting them down again. You are hot and wet from steam. Only way guys live through it is that something is all the time happening.

A guy on K. P. called "Fuzzy" was being yelled at by the mess sergeant. Fuzzy quit washing dishes and began piling dinner plates in a stack on the drain rack. The pile was swaying higher than his head.

"Hey, Jughead," howled the sergeant. "If you break any of those plates, you'll be stopped twenty-three cents apiece for them out of your pay."

The pile was teetering. Fuzzy stepped out of the kitchen door. Somehow the door got slammed hard and down smashed the crockery tower. Fuzzy successfully argued that when the plates fell he was outside the building. Eventually the mess sergeant paid off.

When you go on K. P. at six A. M., you eat breakfast. Next you fix a tank of suds with G. I. soap, wash the dishes and flip them into a tank of clear hot water. Another K. P. puts them in a rack to drain, where the soldiers can pick them up in the line for the next meal. You mop the floor, wipe the counters, eat a hunk of cheese and a sweet pickle, straighten up the supply room, carry in 500 pounds of ice, eat a goose liver sandwich, serve the lyonnaise potatoes in the chow line as the boys come in for dinner, wash the cups and plates after the meal, eat a couple of apricots and a few cookies, empty the coffee grounds, wash the sack and mop the floor. After this the classic job—peeling potatoes.

There is something about peeling potatoes that stimulates conversation. If Dr. Samuel Johnson could have served on an American Army K. P., Boswell could have enriched the world's literature. To hear a K. P. talk over a potato bucket you would think he was Lothario and Jack the Ripper rolled in one. His expositions will go all the way from a victory in a barroom fight to the night with a blonde from Sandusky on the pier at Redondo.

There is a way out of K. P., provided you are on regular detail and not punishment. You can buy out. Standard in the Army is two dollars for week days and three dollars for Sundays. Christmas day is worth five bucks and I have known a heavy date with a blonde to get twenty dollars paid for a substitute potato peeler.

The rare individual who prefers K. P. to any other job becomes known as "permanent K. P." and is considered an asset to any company. I know of one who is on duty at an officers' mess. About once a week the K. P. serves them a familiar Army breakfast, of unprintable name, composed of some kind of ground up sausage in gravy smeared on toast. The Majors and Colonels complain and the K. P. tells them, quite truthfully, that there is nothing else for breakfast. When all the officers have gone, the K. P. goes back to the kitchen refrigerator and takes out for himself a fine sirloin steak. This he grills in style. On the top he melts a large lump of real butter. Feeling of superiority as he consumes this delicacy makes him satisfied with his position in life.

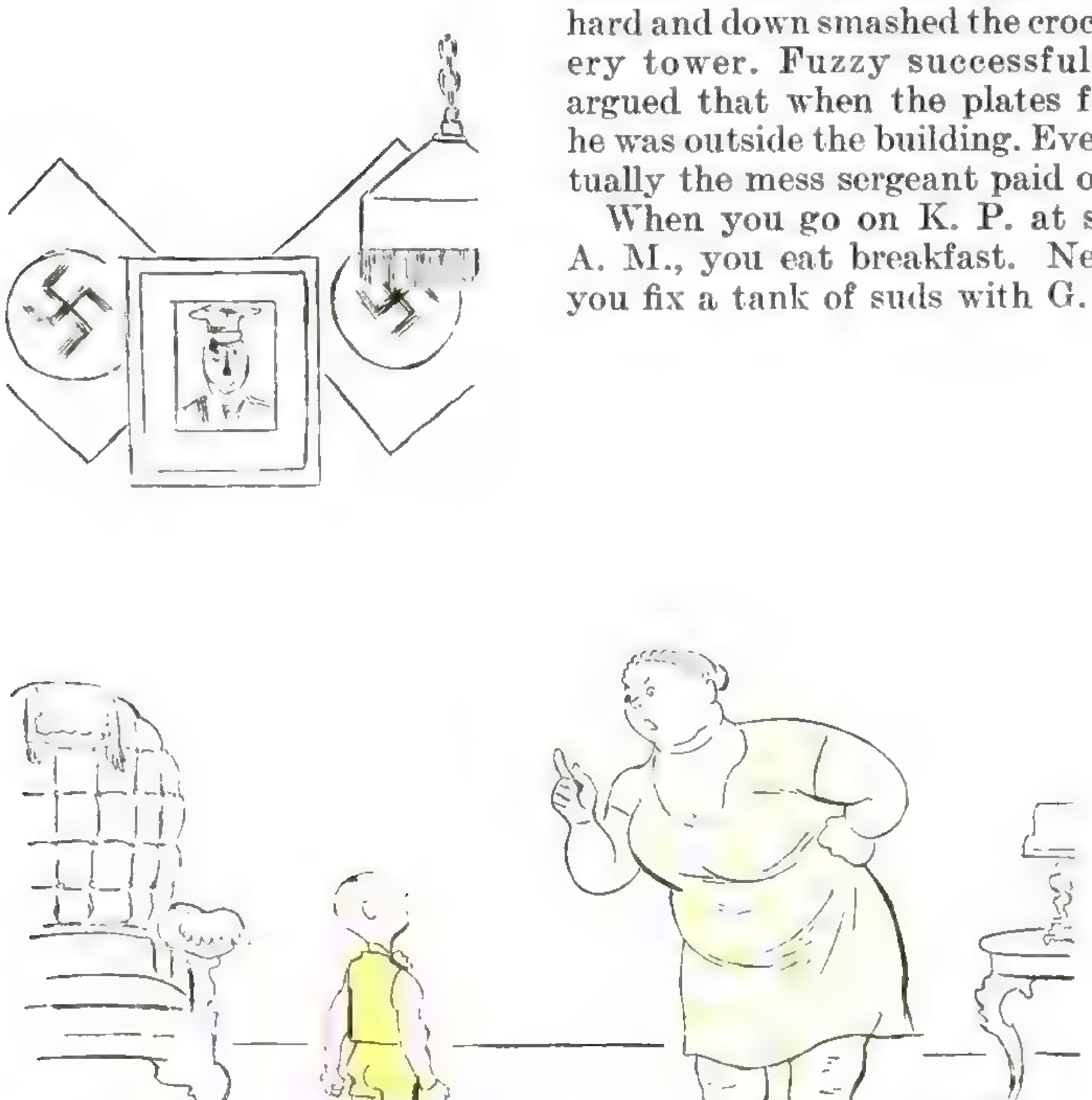
One place where a K. P. hits it lucky, in some respects, is in one of the great chow factories at an Army Reception Center. Here you pour potatoes into an electric peeler. You put loaves of bread into the top of a thingamajig and slices pop out of the bottom. Aluminum dinner plates go into a moving rack through water and steam and come out sterile.

A time when the soul of a K. P. is tested most sternly is on maneuvers. The field kitchen is a big truck, a miracle of ingenuity called a "Sloppy Joe." When the convoy rolls in, the K. P. must jump out of the truck and start digging with a shovel as fast as he can. It's an Army rule to leave a camping area in better shape than you find it. The K. P. is providing a garbage disposal place.

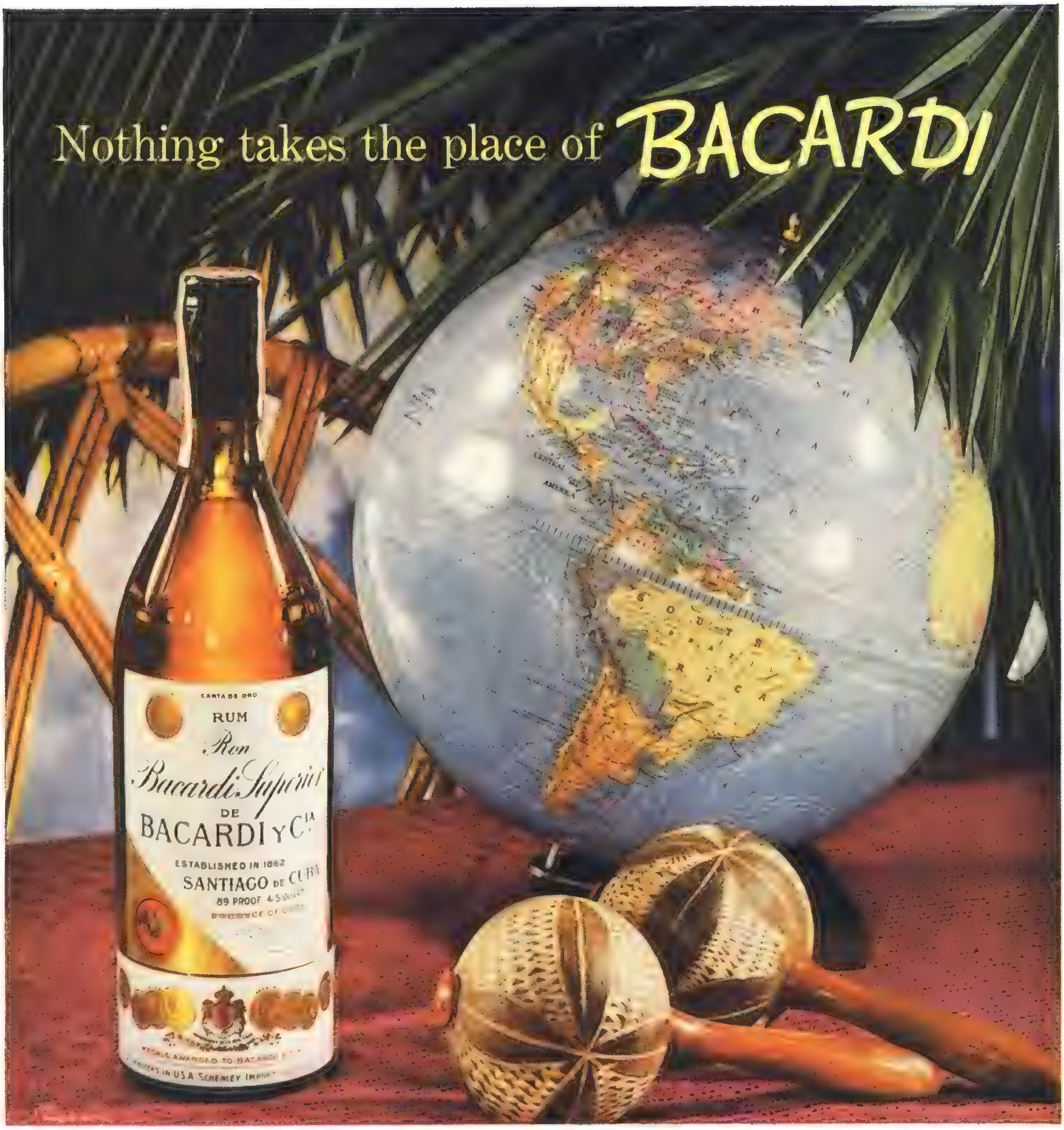
Now the K. P. has to get his head down and fly. He finishes spading up his hole and runs up the back steps into "Sloppy Joe." Inside the truck is a narrow passage with icebox on one side, table and storage space on the other. At the front end three enormous G. I. cans are bubbling on stoves fueled by gasoline under pressure. It's the K. P.'s job now to get these cans out and set them up near the end of the chow line. Into the first can the K. P. sloshes a lot of G. I. soap. The other two cans he leaves clear. After their meal the men scrape their aluminum mess kits into the garbage hole. In the soapy water they wash the kits with a brush provided by the K. P. They rinse most of the soap off in the first clear water and the remaining soap in the second rinse and then wave the hot kits to dry in the air.

Now the soldiers can spread their blankets and sleep, but all the pots and pans the cooks have used have to be cleaned. The gasoline stoves on a "Sloppy Joe" make just enough carbon to coat a kettle with black from top to bottom. So, after chow at night, perhaps when everything is dark, you'll find the K. P. down on the ground rubbing his pots and pans with sand.

K. P. is the screwball job in the Army. But when you are on K. P. you are helping to win the war. It doesn't seem like it at the time. Yet the most important fact in keeping Army morale at its present level is good chow. The Army buys the best foodstuffs it can get. But how are you going to serve it up to the men in attractive style if you don't have someone to scrape the carrots and snap the green beans? Yes, it takes plenty of K. P.'s to beat the Germans and the Japs. ♯



"You be a good boy or I'll tell the Fuehrer, and he'll send you to the Russian front!"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PARIS
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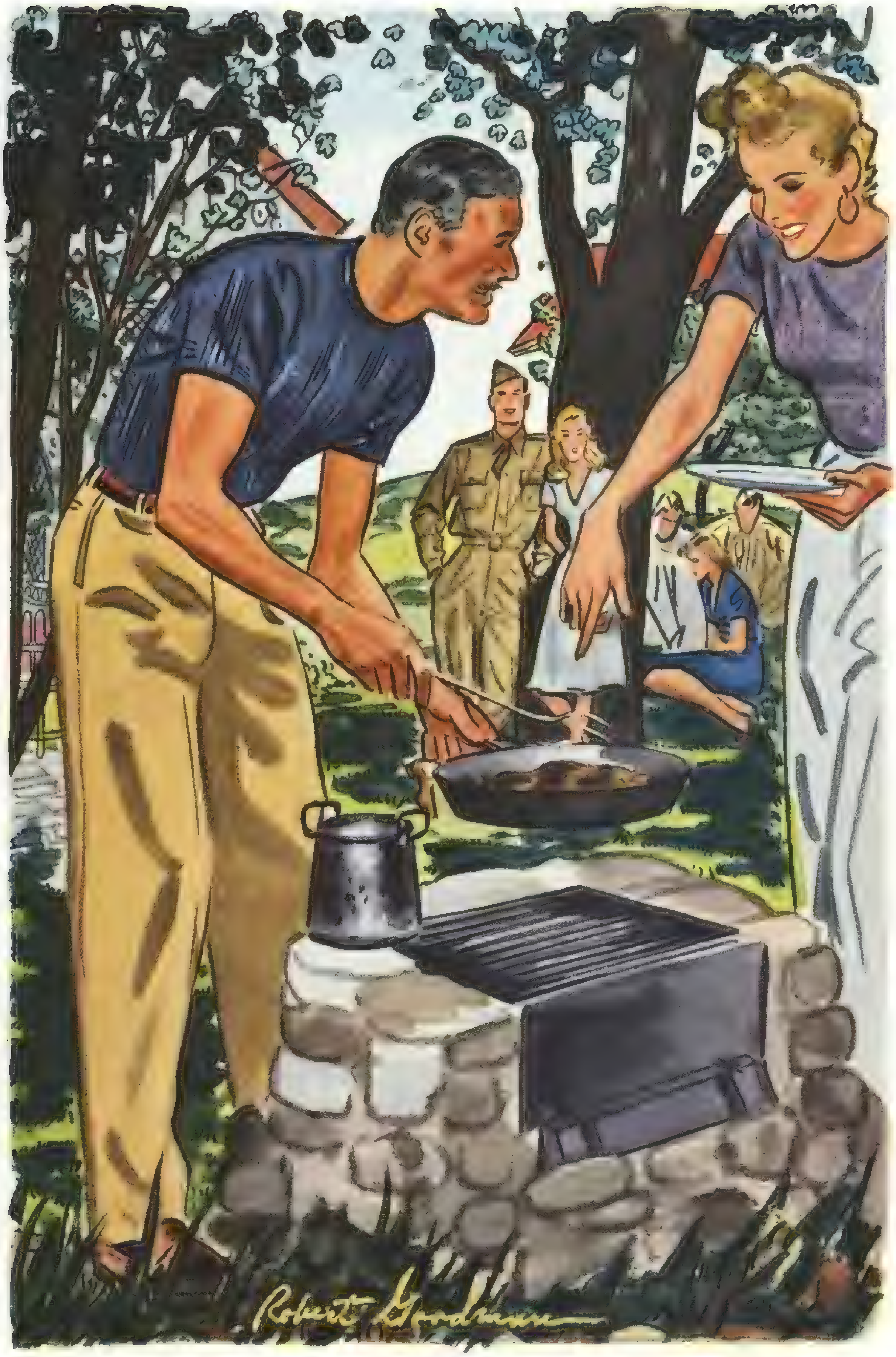
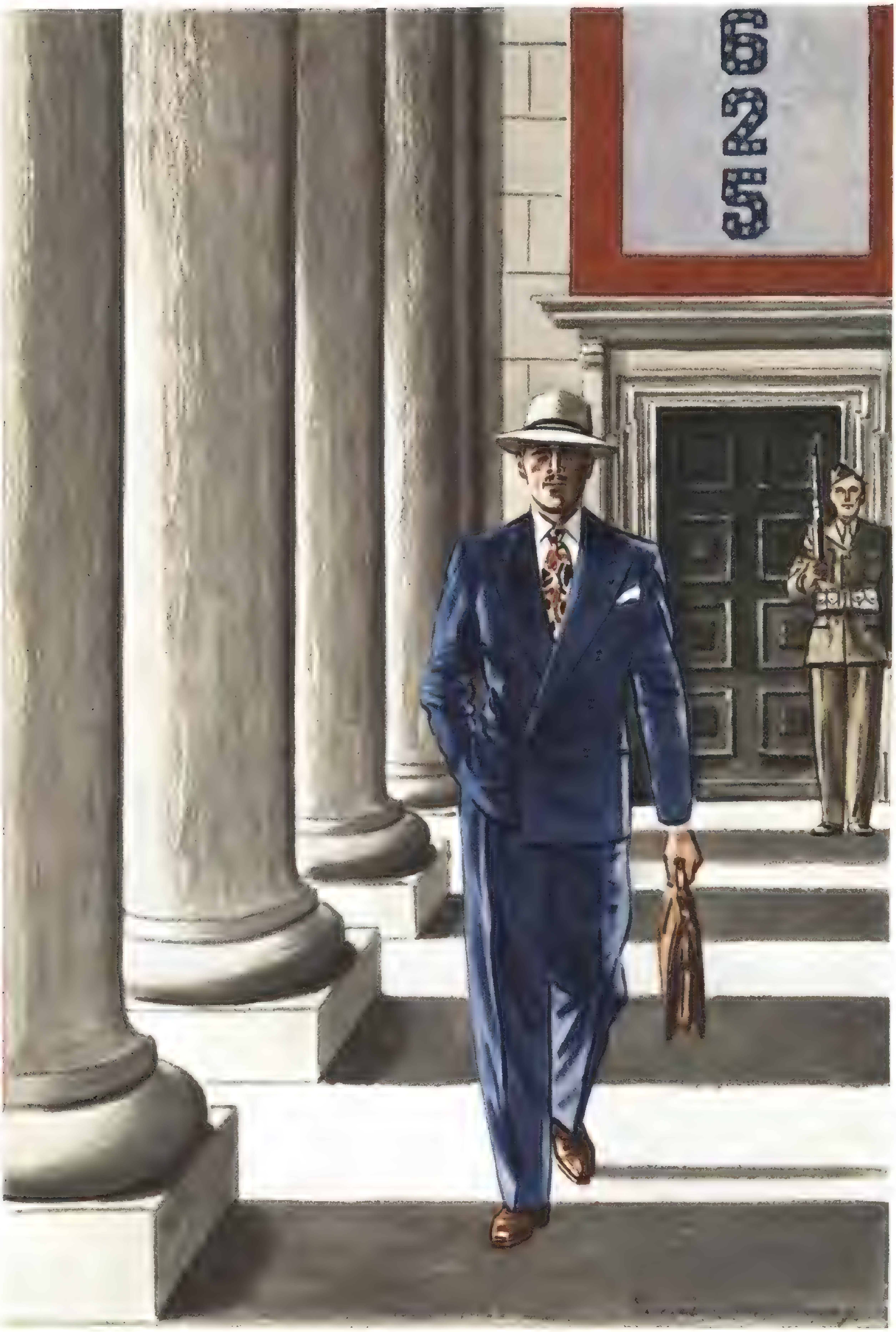


dinner for eight (points)

Bingo! There goes another point down the hatch! This highly pointed hamburger is precious stuff, but after all our duty is clear. How else can we fill that container with surplus fats unless we occasionally blow ourselves to a couple of pounds of cow? And don't overlook those soldier boys getting ready to begin to commence to start to queue up on the chow line. They may be on furlough but the army marks time, as well as marches, on its stomach. The over-age host, playing mess sergeant, has his points, too. His outfit, for example: knitted cotton shirt of cool Alaska Blue with short sleeves and round neck, Roan Tan rayon slacks, red and blue ribbon belt, blue anklets, and brown moccasin slippers. Variations in the knitted rib effect of the cotton shirt accent its vertical lines, making the wearer look taller. All in all, a pretty sensible outfit in which to weather hot weather.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



stripped for action

We don't have this chap's number—could it be 626?—but in any case it's a cool one. Now that the heat's on, the idea is to turn it off. And the trick is that you perform a discreet strip-tease by keeping on all your clothes while taking off half of their weight. Highly recommended for that purpose is this Alaska blue suit of combined worsted and mohair fibres, a neat combination that produces a lightweight resilient fabric with shape-retaining qualities. This particular model is double breasted with long roll lapel. The large pattern foulard tie, a type that is now being duplicated in rayon, combines well with the plain white sheer fabric shirt. The hat follows the pork pie model, although it features a higher crown than is customary, and is an extremely cool and airy contrivance in mesh Panama. Brown straight tip shoes with light soles complete the outfit.

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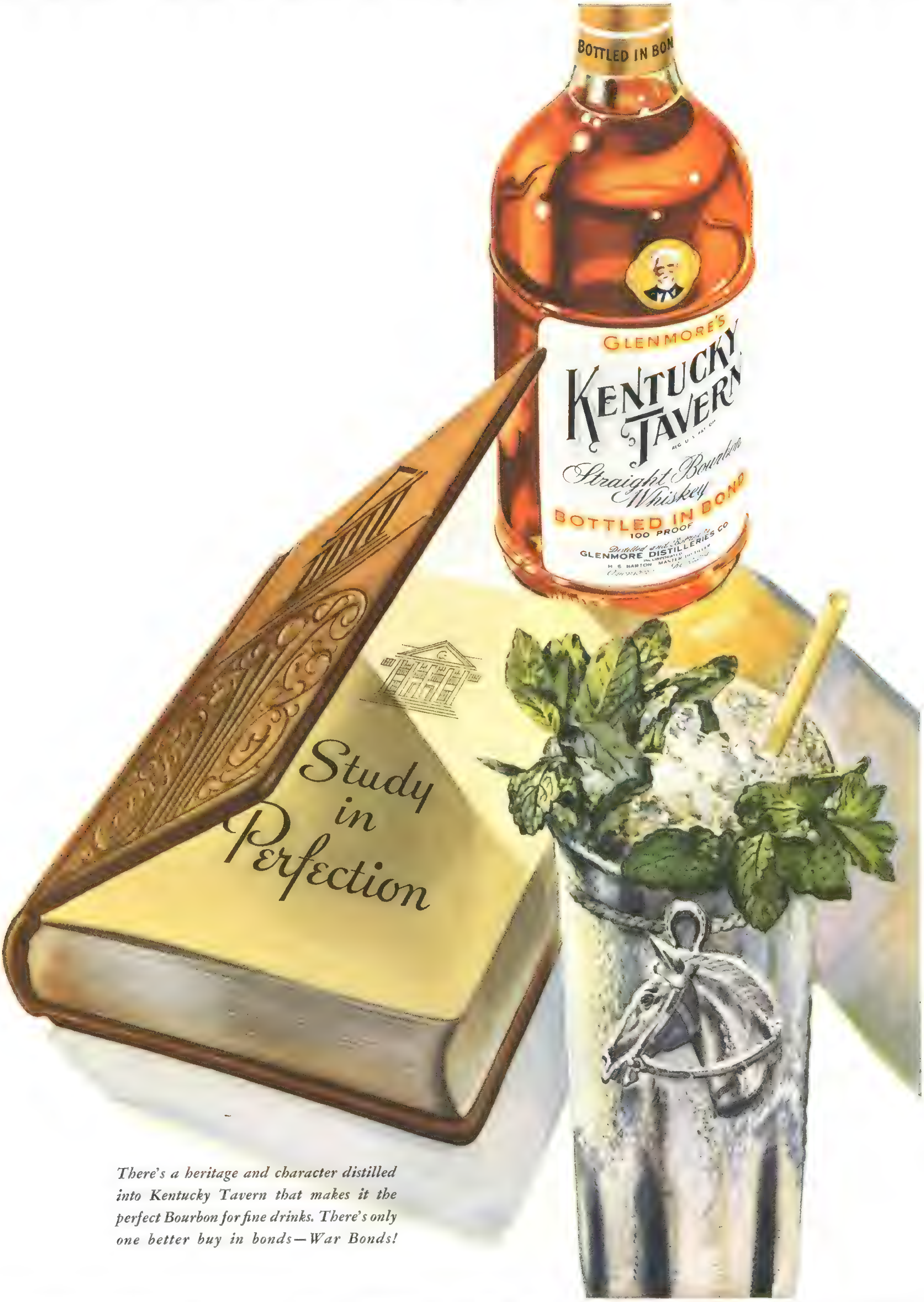
THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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Comedy in Reverse English

Lieutenant Commander Green, formerly of Yale, confessed subjunctives were his meat and submarines his poison

by DANIEL F. MULVEY

▪FICTION▪

You see, Lieutenant Commander Francis Gordon Green is a professor of English. He used to teach at Yale, though there was a time when Lieutenant Commander Green wasn't a professor of English. He was a sailor on a wintry North Atlantic. He was a very poor sailor, too.

During that period—almost two months—he would never have been recognized by his one-time pupils at Yale. The English he uttered was garbled. It was entirely lacking in coherence and construction. He had absolutely no regard for rhetoric. For Lieutenant Commander Green was seasick. At such times it's even hard to moan in English.

But what was the professor of English doing out on the Atlantic? Well, here's the story.

As plain Professor Green he was forty-six years old, inclined toward the bald, five-foot-nine-and-a-half, and about a hundred and sixty pounds. He hated boats. Thrice he had turned down all-expense visits to colleges in England and on the Continent, because ever since he could remember he got seasick on the slightest provocation.

So it was all the more remarkable when, one night over the coffee, he informed Mrs. Green that he was going into the Navy. She was all for putting him to bed and calling in Dr. Szeaczniko, who was highly rated in the university circles as a psychiatrist. He assured her, however, that the Navy needed men to do the same work they were doing in college. They needed professors of English. He had applied for duty and had been accepted. He was merely awaiting orders.

Given the blessings of the university, with a promise that he could return to his chair at any time, off he went for a three-weeks' indoctrination course. After learning what to wear and how to wear it, and how to salute, and whom, and when, he emerged as Lieutenant Commander Francis Gordon Green. He was told to report at headquarters in New York for orders.

He had hoped to be assigned to Yale, but Yale was now an Army Air Force base. It was a rude shock when his orders were to report to a destroyer at anchor in the Hudson. "See here, sir," he said to the young officer who handed him his papers. "There's something wrong here. Me go to sea? . . . It makes me very sick!"

"I'm sorry, sir," was all the consolation he got. "These are the orders for Lieutenant Commander Francis Gordon Green. That's *you*, isn't it? You have been properly identified as that officer of the United States Navy. The orders came direct from Washington, to be transmitted to you. And . . . sir . . . orders are orders. As we say in the Navy—gripe you may, sir; but obey you must!"

Lieutenant Commander Green could read. Stilted as they were, the orders were nonetheless clear and to the point. He was already getting seasick!

He reported to the destroyer. As he went aboard, thoughts raced through his brain of movies he had seen of these greyhounds of the deep. He tried not to think of the terrible handicaps he would face in trying to teach an English class when the ship was really bouncing around. And he was already getting seasick.

But the worst was yet to come, and soon.

As he was exchanging courtesies with the officers who greeted him as he stepped over the side, someone directed a remark his way and wound up the sentence with "Captain." Then the awful truth struck him. He was actually in command of this ship of war!

He had the presence of mind to summon all of the officers to the wardroom. There he told them the truth. He spared nothing, even to confessing his weakness of practically turning inside out at the mere thought of going to sea. All agreed that it was a terrific error somewhere. But there was no time to do anything about it. They had to go to sea—immediately!

The senior lieutenant among them was capable of taking over. The others were also old hands. Green was to say nothing, and *do* nothing!

They cleared port, headed southeast, and at the appointed time opened the sealed orders which were to rule them for more than a month. Those orders were to play a lone hand on a sub hunt. But of this Lieutenant Commander Francis Gordon Green knew nothing, and cared less. He was in his quarters, in bed, sick . . . *awfully* sick! . . . And mad . . . mad at Hitler and Hirohito and Mussolini, and especially at the person or persons responsible for his being aboard a leaping, lunging, rolling tin can rather than safely ashore doing his duty as a teacher of English.

There is little to tell of the ship's patrol. There were no signs of subs, no mines; not a gun was fired, not a depth charge dropped. But it was rough!

A little action might have helped. Green wasn't a coward and under fire he might have forgotten his physical self as represented by a stomach that refused to stay put. But his only fight was against seasickness and it was a fruitless, miserable battle.

Then they were back to port again. And, like most people who suffer from seasickness, Green was just as good as new when he put his feet on dry land. He set a straight course for headquarters. He'd tell someone off. He'd desert. He was too old to be tortured.

He did tell them off. He marched in on three officers, saluted smartly, and then began. He delivered a masterpiece of an oration. "And what's more," he concluded, "if it's a choice between going back or deserting, I'll *desert!* I'll go so far and so fast into the woods, the only way you'll ever find me will be to burn the forest. And then you'll find only my ashes! I'm a professor of English, and I get seasick from just looking at a marine oil painting!"

The three officers sat paralyzed through most of the address. Then one of them grinned slightly. He glanced sideways through an open door, and almost imperceptibly beckoned to someone with a nod of his head.

Out of the door, walking with a slightly rolling gait, came a Navy man who wore the same gold as Green. He was weather beaten and grim looking. He looked most unhappy. He walked straight up to Green, took a deep breath, and then began: "Allow me to introduce myself, sir. *I* am Lieutenant Commander Francis Gordon Green, destroyer division." And then his voice took on a peculiar rasping sound, as though he wanted to roar, but was straining to contain himself. "Unfortunately for both of us, we happen to have the same name, the same rank. Over a month ago some nitwit mixed up our papers, sending *you* to sea! . . . I've listened to your prolonged complaint, and sympathize with you sincerely . . . in a way. But how the hell do you think *I* felt trying to run that damned English class of *yours!*" ⌗

LOCAL BOARD
16
Ned Hilton

"I'd like to watch his face when he gets this letter"

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 97

apolis, pointed with pride to the University of Texas vs. Texas Christian grid game of 1933 when Charley Casper of TCU returned the opening kickoff 105 yards to start the ball rolling toward a 30-to-0 victory for his team over the favored Texas team. "My older brother," wrote Casper, "was the man who returned that kickoff. To me, this was by far the greatest thing I ever saw happen."

Ed Scannell, *Worcester Gazette*, in voting for the Jack Dempsey-Jess Willard fight, commented: "Dempsey exploded the myth of big men in boxing and started a sensational career with his victory at Toledo on July 4, 1919 when he knocked Willard down seven times in the first round and kept battering him until Willard's seconds tossed in the towel in the fourth." **Kenneth Jones**, *Peoria Journal-Transcript*, rated the Jack Johnson-Willard fight in Havana, April 15, 1915, when the latter won the title by knocking out the former in 26 rounds.

Tait Cummins, *Cedar Rapids Gazette*, went back to the time when "Christy Mathewson rang up three shutouts for the Giants in the 1905 World Series with the Athletics." **Malcolm Street**, WHMA, Anniston, Alabama, voted for Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak in 1941. **Henry A. Sullivan**, Salem, Massachusetts, *Evening News*, counted in Lou Gehrig's four home runs in one game on June 3, 1932. Many including **Jada Davis**, Odessa, Texas, *American*, selected Lou Gehrig's farewell to baseball, "because," Davis said, "any person lucky enough to hear Gehrig make his farewell speech will remember it all his life—and tell his grandchildren about it." **Bob Harlow**, sports editor Press Association, New York, appropriately thought we should not forget "Captain Eddie Grant of the Giants who was killed in action in World War I." **Vic Diehm**, WAZL, Hazelton, Pennsylvania, went for Walter Johnson's big moment in winning the deciding game of the 1924 World Series for the Senators over the Giants after being beaten twice previously in the series. **Norman M. Paulson**, WDAN, Danville, Illinois, liked the record of 18 strikeouts Bob Feller at the age of 17 rang up on the Detroit Tigers for Cleveland on October 2, 1938. **Nolan Skiff**, Pendleton, Oregon, *East Oregonian*, ranked the "near perfect" game of May 2, 1917 in which "Fred Toney of the Reds and Jim Vaughn of the Cubs both pitched no-hit ball for nine innings, Toney running his string through the tenth to win, 1 to 0." **Charles Young**, *The Knickerbocker News*, Albany, listed the longest game in major league history, the 26-inning 1-to-1 game between Brooklyn and Boston on May 1, 1920. **Dick Freeman**, *Houston Chronicle*, nominated: "Dizzy and Daffy Dean's win for the Cards over Detroit in the 1934 World Series." **Sam Balter**, KMPC, Beverly Hills, California, remembered the "rampage of Pepper Martin, rookie, in the 1931 World Series when the Cardinals upset the Athletics."

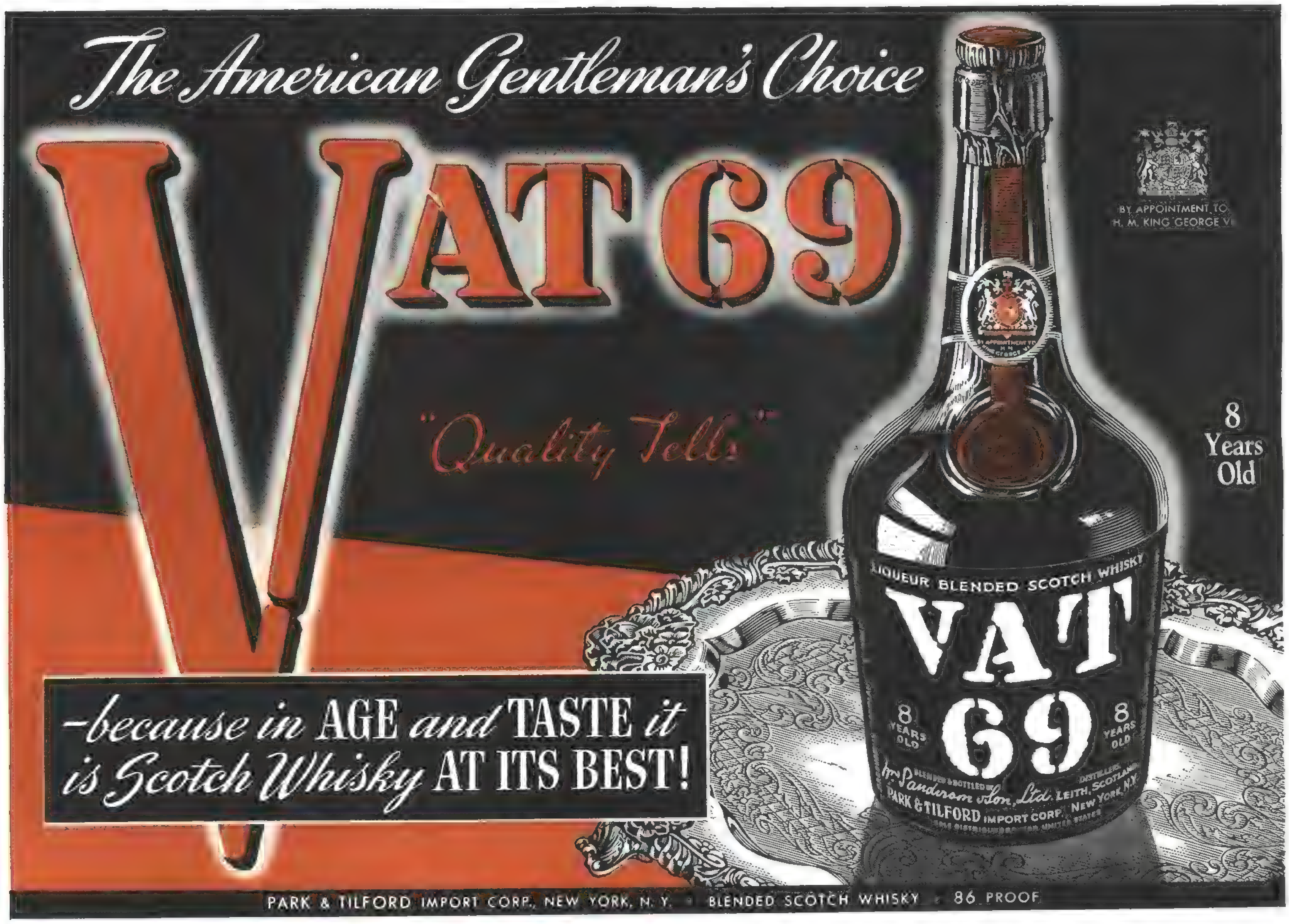
Larry Grill, *Phoenix Gazette*, brought up:

> The spine-tingling drama of the last inning of the 1921 World Series between the Giants and Yanks at the Polo Grounds. The Giants, behind the fine pitching of their great southpaw, Art Nehf (whose son served in Captain Joe Foss' squadron and has three Jap planes to his credit in Guadalcanal fighting) had a 1-to-0 lead when the Yanks came to bat in the ninth. First man up was Babe Ruth. He grounded out to Kelly at first. Then, after a terrific argument, Aaron Ward drew a base on balls. The stands were tense as Frank (Home Run) Baker, who had made his reputation as a home run hitter in this same park ten years before, strode to the plate. He worked the count to 3 and 2; then fouled several pitches as the fans screamed for a homer that would win the game for the Yanks. He slashed a line drive between first and second that looked like a certain hit, but Johnny Rawlings made a sensational dive, rolled head over heels, came up with the ball and threw him out. Kelly whipped the ball to Frisch at third, nailing Ward, who made a desperate slide that knocked the Fordham Flash out of the infield—but not before the umpire had thumbed Ward out. That breath-taking double-play ended the series.

Stubby Currence, Bluefield, West Virginia, *Daily Telegraph*, spoke for Joe College, and "Tommy Harmon's record-breaking field day in his final game against Ohio State, November 23, 1940 as Michigan won, 40 to 0." **L. D. Gasser**, Owensboro, Kentucky, *Messenger*, included "Centre College's 6-to-0 upset of Harvard in football back in 1921, with 'Bo' McMillin starring." **Robert S. Kunkel**, Associate Editor of *The Sporting Goods Dealer*, included on his list the Rose Bowl game of 1929 when Georgia Tech nipped California 8 to 7 as a consequence of Roy Riegels' wrong run.

Sidney S. Lenz, the bridge star, included the "defeat of the invincible 27-year chess champion, Dr. Emanuel Lasker by Jose R. Capablanca in 1921." **Ira Seebacher**, *New York Morning Telegraph*, included the Sanford Memorial, August 13, 1919, when Upset beat Man O'War. **Abe Krash**, *Wyoming Eagle*, Cheyenne, reasonably enough thought that Wyoming's National basketball champions of 1943 should not be overlooked. **Earle D. Wilson**, WNBH, New Bedford, Massa-

Continued on page 120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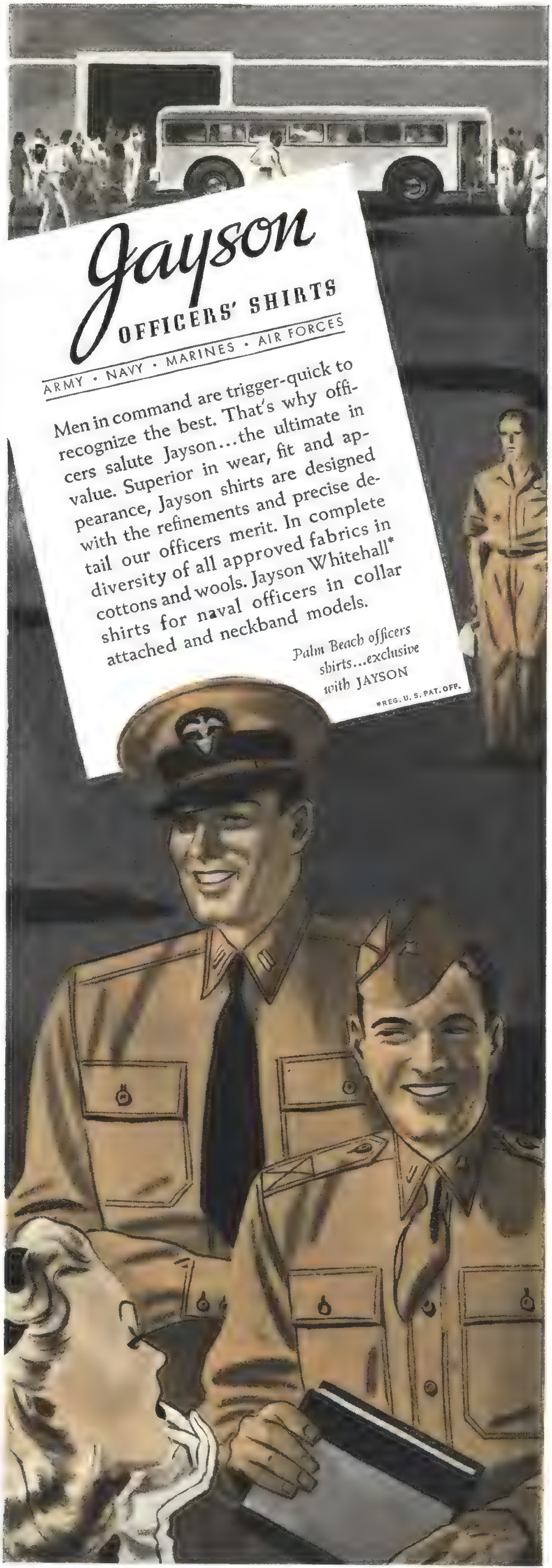
	RCA MFG. CO. (NATIONAL)	COLUMBIA RECORDING CORP. (NATIONAL)	DECCA RECORDS (NATIONAL)	BROCKTON, MASS.	ROANOKE, VA.	GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.	LINCOLN, NEBRASKA	NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CAL.
I've Heard that Song Before (Columbia 36668 with Harry James)		1		3	1	1		2
Don't Get Around Much Any More (Decca 18479 with Glen Gray)	1		4	2			1	3
That Old Black Magic (Victor 20-1523 with Glenn Miller)				1				1
Down Under (Decca 18544 with Woody Herman)			1					
Brazil (Columbia 36651 with Xavier Cugat)		2			2		2	
As Time Goes By (Victor 20-1526 with Rudy Vallée)	3					2	4	
Taking a Chance on Love (Columbia 35869 with Benny Goodman) (Victor 20-1527 with Sammy Kaye)	 2	4				4		
I'll Never Make the Same Mistake Again (Decca 18542 with the Ink Spots)			2					
For Me and My Gal (Decca 18480 with Judy Garland)			3				3	
It Started All Over Again (Victor 20-1522 with Tommy Dorsey)					3	3		
Velvet Moon (Columbia 36672 with Harry James)		3						
You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To (Victor 20-1519 with Dinah Shore)					4			4
Why Don't You Do Right? (Columbia 36652 with Benny Goodman)				4				
"Murder," He Says (Victor 20-1525 with Dinah Shore)	4							

Permanent

Lighter classics are making the heaviest sales these days, as indicated by the check marks on this record chart.

	RCA MFG. CO. (NATIONAL)	COLUMBIA RECORDING CORP. (NATIONAL)	DECCA RECORDS (NATIONAL)	BROCKTON, MASS.	ROANOKE, VA.	GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.	LINCOLN, NEBRASKA	NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CAL.
Blue Danube Waltz by Strauss (Victor 15425 with Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra)					√		√	
Ave Maria by Schubert (Victor 14210 with Marion Anderson)					√		√	
Rhapsody in Blue by Gershwin (Columbia MX-196 with Andre Kostelanetz, featuring Alec Templeton)				√				√
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra by Shostakovich (Columbia M-MM-527 with Leslie Heward conducting the Halle Orchestra and Eileen Joyce at the piano)		√						
Concerto No. 2 by Rachmaninoff (Victor DM 58 with Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra)							√	
The Fire Bird Suite by Stravinsky (Victor DM-933 with Stokowski conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra)	√							
The Lord's Prayer by Malotte (Columbia 70369DX with Nelson Eddy)					√			
Scheherazade—Symphonic Suite by Rimsky-Korsakow, op. 35 (Victor DM-920 with Pierre Monteux conducting the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra)	√							
Symphony No. 5 in C Minor by Beethoven (Victor DM640 with Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra)				√				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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 97-118

chusetts, rated the "1933 Boston Marathon, won by Les Pawson." **Ed Wray,** *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, brought up memories of: "M. C. McLoughlin's victory over Norman Brookes in the Davis Cup series of 1914 when one set went 32 games." **W. Russell Voigt.** Albert Lea, Minnesota, *Tribune*, rated: "Francis Ouimet's victory over Harry Vardon and Ed Ray, in the National Open in 1913."

Joe Boland, WSBT, South Bend, Indiana, voted for "Henry Armstrong's winning of three titles." **Houston Cox, Jr.,** WBRC, Birmingham, was among those going for the Seabiscuit-War Admiral match race. **Harry Keck,** *Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph*, rated Notre Dame's 18 to 13 victory over Ohio State in 1935.

Other outstanding events nominated included: Ted Williams' homer with two on, two out and two strikes on him in the last of the ninth which won the All-Star game in Detroit for the American League in 1941; the stretch victory of Brokers Tip over Head Play in the 1933 Kentucky Derby; Howard Ehmke's victory for the Athletics over the Cubs in the first game of the 1929 World Series; Babe Ruth's two home runs in the final game of the 1928 World Series in St. Louis; The Dempsey-Carpentier "Battle of the Century" at Jersey City on July 2, 1921 which drew $1,789,238 and was the first of the Million Dollar gates; Helen Wills' conquest of Suzanne Lenglen; the Zev-Papyrus international derby match race for $100,000 in 1923; Babe Ruth's 60 homers in 1927; Johnny Baker's placekick that beat Notre Dame, 16 to 14 in the final 20 seconds of the 1931 Southern California game at South Bend, Indiana; the 1922 Chicago-Princeton game in which the Tigers came from behind to win, 21 to 18 at Chicago; the play-off game between the Cubs and Giants in New York, October 8, 1908, which was made necessary by Fred Merkle's famous boner in failing to touch second; the 21-to-21 tie game between Chicago and Illinois in 1924 which Red Grange saved for his team with an 80-yard end run for the third Illini touchdown; the *Resolute's* race with the *Shamrock IV*; the 1942 Kentucky Derby in which Shut Out nosed out the favorite Alsab; Tilden and Johnston's defense of the Davis Cup; Gene Sarazen's win of the Masters' Tournament at Augusta in which he made the eagle when he had to do it; the 1929 Notre Dame-Southern California game which drew 112,912 paid admissions to Soldier Field, Chicago, Notre Dame winning 13 to 12; the 1926 Army-Navy 21-to-21 game at Soldier Field, Chicago; the 1932 Olympic Games at Los Angeles; the 1921 Kentucky Derby when the Bradley horses Behave Yourself and Black Servant finished first and second; the 1913 Army-Notre Dame game which was won by the Irish on forward passes from Gus Dorais to the late Knute Rockne; and Johnny Hayes' victory over Durando, the Italian, in the Marathon in the 1908 Olympic Games in London. Durando came into the stadium first and staggered across the finish with the assistance of officials, which was against the rules. He was consequently disqualified, and Hayes was named the victor—though not without prolonged international ramifications.

In all, more than 250 different sporting events were proposed by the voters as the greatest of the century. Apparently the moment was propitious for such a review. **Sergeant John Derr,** Physical Training Director, 89th Fighter Squadron, Greensboro, North Carolina, and former sports editor of the *Greensboro Daily News*, wrote: "As one of the boys in service, I find myself being called on to settle a lot of sports arguments over the years as my buddies start 'remembering'. And on a lot of cold, dark nights, there is nothing so warming as to remember about better days."

Fritz Crisler, Michigan's football coach, reported that: "An Army Captain just back from Guadalcanal pleaded with me to do all we could to have more sports events broadcast to the men overseas. He said he has known of men walking five miles to listen to some sporting event."

Participants in the poll were sports writers, radio announcers, the public, and the men at Camp Polk, Louisiana.

On January 1, 1941, the site of Camp Polk was pine-studded red hills in the northwest corner of the Kisatchi National Forest nine miles from Leesville, Louisiana. By October 1, 15,000 workers had made it the most completely equipped camp in Louisiana. Camp Polk was named for the Confederate General Leonidas Polk, the famous "Fighting Bishop," who helped found the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee, and built many Episcopalian Churches all over the Southwest. In the battle at Marietta, Georgia, he was hit by a cannon ball.

Camp Polk is the home of the Third Army Corps commanded by Major General Willis D. Crittenberger and is our largest Armored Force Camp. ⧺

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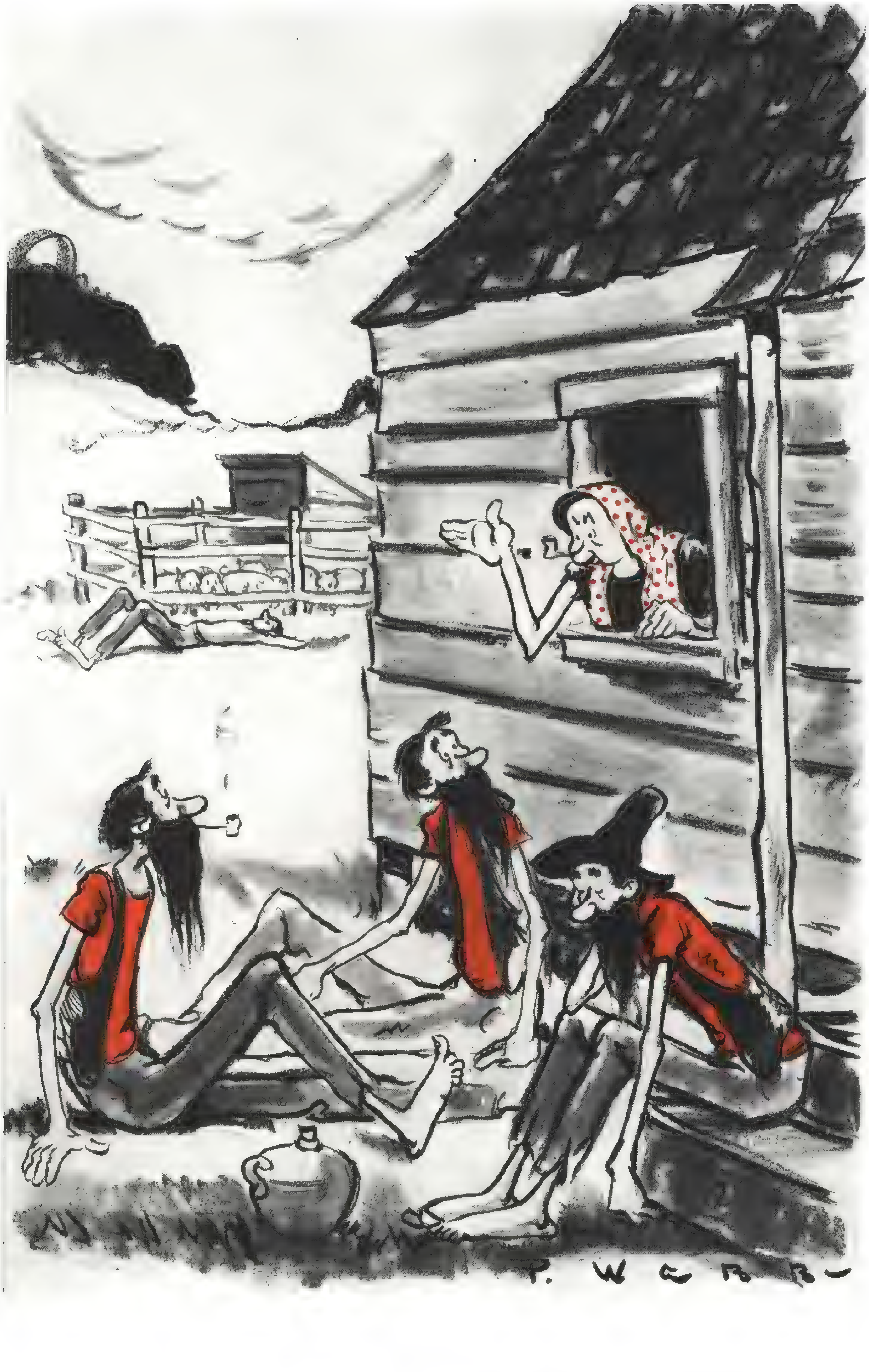


"Fer Gosh Sakes! Git down thar an' cart Oncle Shep away from the hawg-pen —the wind's blowin' the whole whiffins right up here"

Reporter to the Nation

Continued from page 45

school. While most boys thought of football, White carried the press torch for the *Pittsburgh Headlight* and the *Salina Sun*.

At nineteen he walked into the old *Kansas City Journal* looking for a job. He may have had wind that the managing editor had fired three telegraph editors in a month.

"You look too young to be a drunk," the managing editor bellowed at him, and he was hired. White became telegraph editor without knowing the slot from the rim.

From 1924 until 1930 White worked for the United Press. In turn he was cable editor, acting sports editor and head re-write man. Mostly he was a reporter. Hall-Mills and Snyder-Gray murder trials carried his by-lines. He waded through the court bouts of George Remus and Earl Carroll, the anthracite coal strike, and the trans-Atlantic flights of Lindbergh, Byrd, Elder and Chamberlain-Levine. To top off his term with UP, White put in a year as editor of United Features Syndicate and of the United Press mail service.

In 1930 he joined CBS as news editor. Two years later he jumped to publicity director. Then came 1933, the war with the wire associations, and the immediate origin of White's present job.

One of his personal triumphs was broadcasting the round-the-world flight of Howard Hughes. White fought to secure broadcast facilities at Hughes' remote landing places. He fought official lethargy, the atmosphere, and time. During the four days Hughes was in the air flying around the world, White never left his office, never lay down to sleep.

When President Roosevelt traveled to South America in 1936, White and one of his newscasters at the time—H. V. Kaltenborn—tagged along. As the President docked at Rio de Janiero, White arranged what probably was the first dual pickup the radio engineers of that Brazilian city ever attempted. Early in the morning he arrived at the skyscraper room from which he was to describe the parade for the President. There was no broadcast equipment installed. He called the engineers, and they promptly found some equipment.

"The only trouble," White groans at the memory, "was that they filched it from Kaltenborn at his station on the dock."

By the time both men were ready to go on the air, White discovered his microphone cord was too short to reach the window. He couldn't even see the President's parade route. The Brazilian engineer "pointed to the back window, with its view of the mountains," White says, "and suggested that the scene would be much more beautiful to describe to listeners in the United States than any parade."

White got a cord. He broadcast the parade, but he prefers not to remember how.

One of the world's most newsworthy ceremonies in recent years was the coronation of King George VI. White's negotiations with British officials to broadcast the scene outside Westminster Abbey are clouded somewhat. After delicate jousting, however, he finally received this message:

"His Majesty's government have no objection to, nor enthusiasm for, the broadcast to America of the coronation ceremonies."

White also went to France to broadcast from the luxury liner *Normandie* on her maiden voyage to this country. In all the confusion no one discovered—until too late—that the first broadcast would have to be made from the ship's dog kennels. While the CBS announcer nonchalantly stood among the cages to tell American listeners about the spacious ship, White held all the barking dogs out of range of the microphone.

White won his first—and only—athletic trophy on this *Normandie* trip. He smashed through for the ship's table tennis championship.

Now he plays golf, and is reported to be good but erratic. He keeps playing these rationed days on the results of a little notice he tacked on the news room's bulletin board one day last June.

"Yes," it said, "this is my birthday. Among those gifts I might find appropriate are: golf balls . . ." and so on, down quite a list. They say that every sporting goods store within a radius of two miles was cleaned of golf balls that day.

There are those who think White's quick thinking is just flash judgment. They say that after one look at a person he either likes him or won't speak to him again.

As a worker, White is a flash.

The night of November 7th, when American forces landed in North Africa, called for some fast microphone whipping. At 6:30 p.m. the telephone rang.

"This is Sevareid in Washington," said the voice. "The President's called a press conference at the White House. Scheduled for 8:30. Looks like a story will break around 9."

"London's coming up on the cue-channel," shouted a copy boy.

"Hello, New York," said London. "This is Murrow. Tell White to give me the air from London at 9."

White told the engineers to route all CBS network shows through Studio 9 for the rest of the night. This way, programs could be interrupted while listeners throughout the country heard the news flash.

Then White stripped off his coat, lit a cigarette, read his memos and went into high gear all in one smooth motion. The 'phone rang again. Before a copy boy could jump for it, White was saying to the Naval censor "yes, we're putting Murrow on at nine. No (innocently) I don't know why . . . he asked for the time."

But Murrow's 9 p.m. spot was killed. That was one argument White didn't win.

When the flash came over the wires at 9 p.m., a re-write man typed off the brief sentence:

"The White House announces that American troops are now landing in North Africa. Further details will be announced shortly."

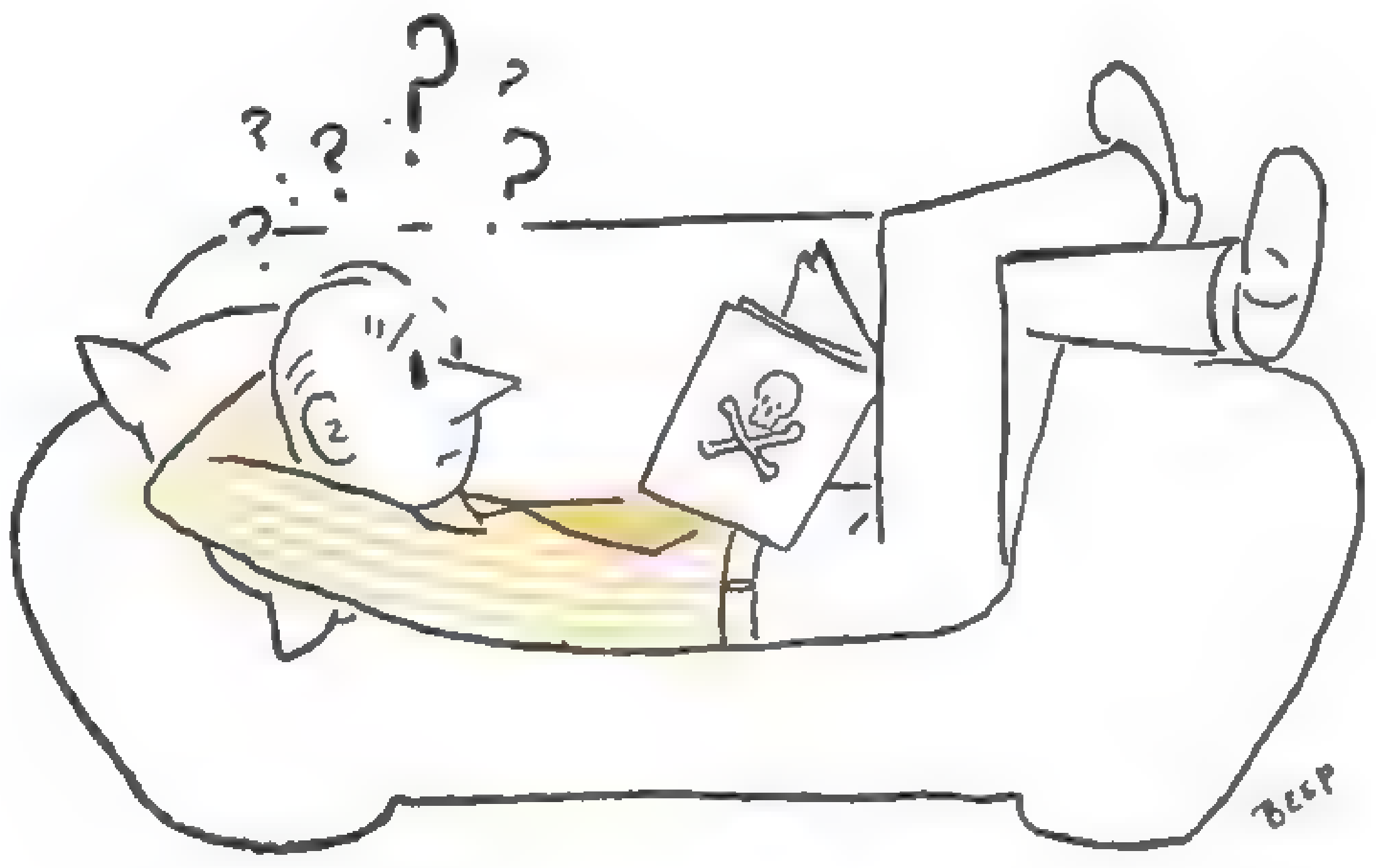
White, himself, grabbed the paper, raced into Studio 9. At 9:02 the announcer read the big news.

A brief two-minute summary was wrapped up for another *Hit Parade* interruption. Then, at 9:45 p.m. a five-minute report went on the air. By this time White was already concentrating on a special news show at ten-fifteen.

About the peace conferences to come, White doesn't have much to say—now. But silently, surely, he's planning.

Behind these plans is the advice White gives all CBS reporters before they leave on a job.

"Remember," he tells them, "that Americans should know everything we can possibly tell them, that we do our best to inform and explain with honesty and sincerity, and thus show once more that radio plays a tremendous part in keeping all that is best in a democracy." ##



DETECTIVE STORY BLUES

by Wallace Irwin

Intellectual hammer throwers,
Jurists, artists, college presidents,
Mental giants and their clients,
Also Beacon Hill's calm residents
When their brains grow hot with friction
Go and read detective fiction.

At the game of guess-who-did-it
They're as sharp as Greek or Levantine;
They can spot it and unplot it
Ere the turn of Chapter Seventeen,
Just as easy. That's the feller
Burned the body in the cellar!

Dorothy Sayers with paint remover
Dims the blood prints unobtrusively;
Plots to baffle Edgar Hoover
Leslie Ford invents delusively.
Their devices seem effectual
Till they meet the Intellectual.

But in me, kind friends, discover
One poor fish of null agility.
Any thriller worth the siller
Plays upon my gullibility,
And the mystery just fells me
Till the author up and tells me.

Hours on end I read and wonder
Who it was that did skullduggery—
Lord van Arson, Jones the parson,
Hector Doggs, inclined to thuggery?
No! The sleuth who often bores me
Puts the bee on Smith. That floors me.

Still, poor fool, I haunt the Crime Club,
Chasing clues that keep defeating me.
Still I'm groping, always hoping
Some day Crime will give up cheating me.
Empty hope. All suckers, darn 'em.
Love to bite. I quote from Barnum.

The Human Machine On The Production Front

There are two basic types of machine in a busy war production plant. One is the *mechanical machine*. The other is the *Human Machine*.

The Human Machine, marvelous though it is, is still *flesh* and *blood*, subject to human ills. Men or women who work under wartime pressure, at monotonous tasks, hour after hour, day after day, develop *fatigues* that even today's fatter pay envelopes, patriotism or duty, can't entirely relieve.

Physical fatigue is not uncommon in our war plants. Many workers just get tired—physically tired.

Nervous fatigue often reduces morale, weakens the will to work—and is enervating.

Emotional fatigue robs some workers of patriotic fervor, inspiration, and fighting spirit.

Disability causes the average employee to lose more than 9 days a year from work . . . to be exact .06 of a day from occupational disability and 8.85 days from non-occupational accidents and illness. This is bad enough but—and this is the BIGGEST THING—how many fractional days of production do YOU and the average employee lose when on the job half-sick physically or mentally? All the time lost by absenteeism of all kinds is only a fraction of the production and spoilage loss that comes from lack of physical and mental fitness.

What the situation calls for is just sensible, expert care of the Human Machine. And one of the aids to good care is *regular exercise and recreation.*

Organized softball, baseball, tennis, boxing, volley ball, handball, badminton—and even golf, football and basketball for the younger, more rugged workers—will prove a godsend for thousands of these "fatigued" workers, and for war production.

These games are not tiring to workers. They are actually restful. They change thought grooves. They are invigorating. They induce relaxation, sleep, and good appetite. They soothe nerves. They improve body functions and general health.

Many industries have been using organized sports and recreational programs with great success for some time. They should be adopted *by all who employ war workers in any number.*

One important factor of this vital contribution to increased war production is sports equipment.

The military machine has first call upon *all* materials. But if necessary care is to be given the *Human Machines* behind the men behind the guns; if organized and regulated sports are to help reduce absenteeism due to both occupational and non-occupational disabilities . . . adequate equipment for exercise must be available.

"God Bless America," but on the other hand "God *Help* America," unless the Human Machines on the production front are strengthened and kept strong.

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The Saga of the Big Dane

Typical of Hollywood's roaring era was the mutation of Jim Cruze, the road kid, into a director at seven grand a week

by JIM TULLY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

I FIRST met him nearly thirty years ago. Hollywood was a charming town then. Everybody knew everybody else. One street, "the boulevard," ran through it.

We, the adventurers of the emotions, were of all types and we were happy. Jim Cruze was a Dane. Paul Bern was a Jew. I was the roving son of an Irish ditch digger. Von Stroheim was an Austrian. Al Green and Clarence Brown were Americans; Boris Karloff was a truck driver with an Oxford background; Harry Carey was from a New York town; William S. Hart had been a Shakespearian actor; Tom Mix had been a Texas cowboy. Lon Chaney had electrified the nation as a master of cinematic makeup. Son of a deaf and dumb barber, he was our proof that we had a chance.

He and Jim Cruze were great friends. When Cruze congratulated him Chaney said, "Thanks, Jimmy. Your turn next. Some day you'll hit—but never as an actor. You have exactly what it takes to make a director."

Jim Cruze was one of twenty-three children. His father was a three-hundred-pound Danish immigrant who settled in Ogden, Utah, as a follower of Brigham Young. Jim was six feet two, broad shouldered and heavy muscled. His real name was Jens Bozen. He left home at fifteen to travel with a medicine show in the West. On the Coast he shipped on a whaler that took him to Japan. He returned to America as a stowaway. Then he became a road kid and eventually got to Alaska at the tail of the gold rush. He stayed there a year.

In San Francisco the former medicine show trouper met Luke Cosgrave who was a teacher of drama. Cosgrave financed Jim in dramatic school. As Jim fitted the romantic conception of an Indian, he drifted about the land playing Indian roles. In New York, trying for a stage engagement, he landed the film lead in a serial called *The Million Dollar Mystery*. This led him to Hollywood. Unknown and broke, he became an extra player.

Cosgrave came from San Francisco and brought hope with him. He had money and rented a shack. Cruze told him what Chaney said. "He's right," Cosgrave replied. "You could direct but you can't act worth a cent."

Eight years Jim struggled to get established as a director. Then chance dropped a golden apple in his lap. Jesse Lasky gave him Peter B. Kyne's *Valley of the Giants.*

Kyne looked at the daily "rushes" of the film. "Who is this fellow Cruze?" Peter asked Lasky. "He can paint with a camera far horizons that I can't describe."

Lasky remembered that later. A western story had been rejected by all his directors. He gave it to Cruze to read.

"I waited anxiously," said Lasky later, "even though he was the least important director on the lot."

When it was settled that he was to direct the film Cruze spoke his piece. "I'm the boss of my outfit," he said. "No relations to tell me what to do. Besides, Mr. Lasky, if the film hits, I want mine."

"What'll yours be?"

"More'n a thousand dollars a day."

"That's a lot of money," Lasky smiled. "But you'll be worth it if you make it hit big."

The Covered Wagon was the first of the really great epics that made millions. Lasky gave Cruze seven thousand and one dollars a week, reminding him, "You said you had to have more than a thousand dollars a day."

Lasky next brought Cruze a lanky fellow for whom Cruze wrote and directed a film, *One Glorious Day.* Imbued with Cruze's personality it still is a classic. The lanky fellow was Will Rogers.

A memorable day was the entertainment of H. L. Mencken. Several hundred attended. Mencken was greeted at the door, "I'm Jim Cruze and I've never read a goddam thing you ever wrote."

"Well, I never saw one of your goddam pictures," returned Mencken.

Though Cruze said he only read material that made films, he knew Schopenhauer.

"I read him on the road as a kid," he told me. "The old devil just got in under the wire." He quoted what Schopenhauer said of his late fame, " 'Time has brought his roses at last but they are white'." Cruze hunched his big shoulders. "Very lovely."

Cruze was given *Old Ironsides.* He had directed the epic of the land and did not like the sea. He called the film "Old I-roń-si-deeś."

In the morning he went through the motions of directing the film, still the "fastest director" in the business. No scene was taken over twice and this film, like his others, was finished ahead of schedule. Under another director *Old Ironsides* might have passed unnoticed. But so much was expected of Cruze. It was his first great failure. Word went around that he had slipped. His option was dropped.

Such men as George S. Kaufman, Marc Connelly, Carl Van Vechten and Lawrence Stallings still were fascinated by him. A new company offered him three thousand a week. Less than a thousand dollars a day was unthinkable. To save his pride he became a producer. Erich von Stroheim was the star of his first film, *The Great Gabbo.*

At the preview of *The Great Gabbo* Cruze said to me, "Something's wrong."

"This is a good film," I said. "But it's not you. *The Covered Wagon* was you."

Our ways separated for years. No need to talk of that now. I knew he had suffered a heart attack. I was told that he wanted to see me.

The room was crowded with the heterogeneous collection of a fellow who had lived much. On a stand was a marble bust of a gladiator with a broken nose, supposedly from the ruins of Pompeii. A small and not remarkable Rembrandt was sunk deep in a ten-inch frame.

"Who did the frame, Jimmy? It's a masterpiece."

"It was made on the set. I told the guy what I wanted."

Above his bed, "large as a ham actor's opinion of himself," was an original Memling.

"Remember the time you took your own gin to Europe?" I laughed.

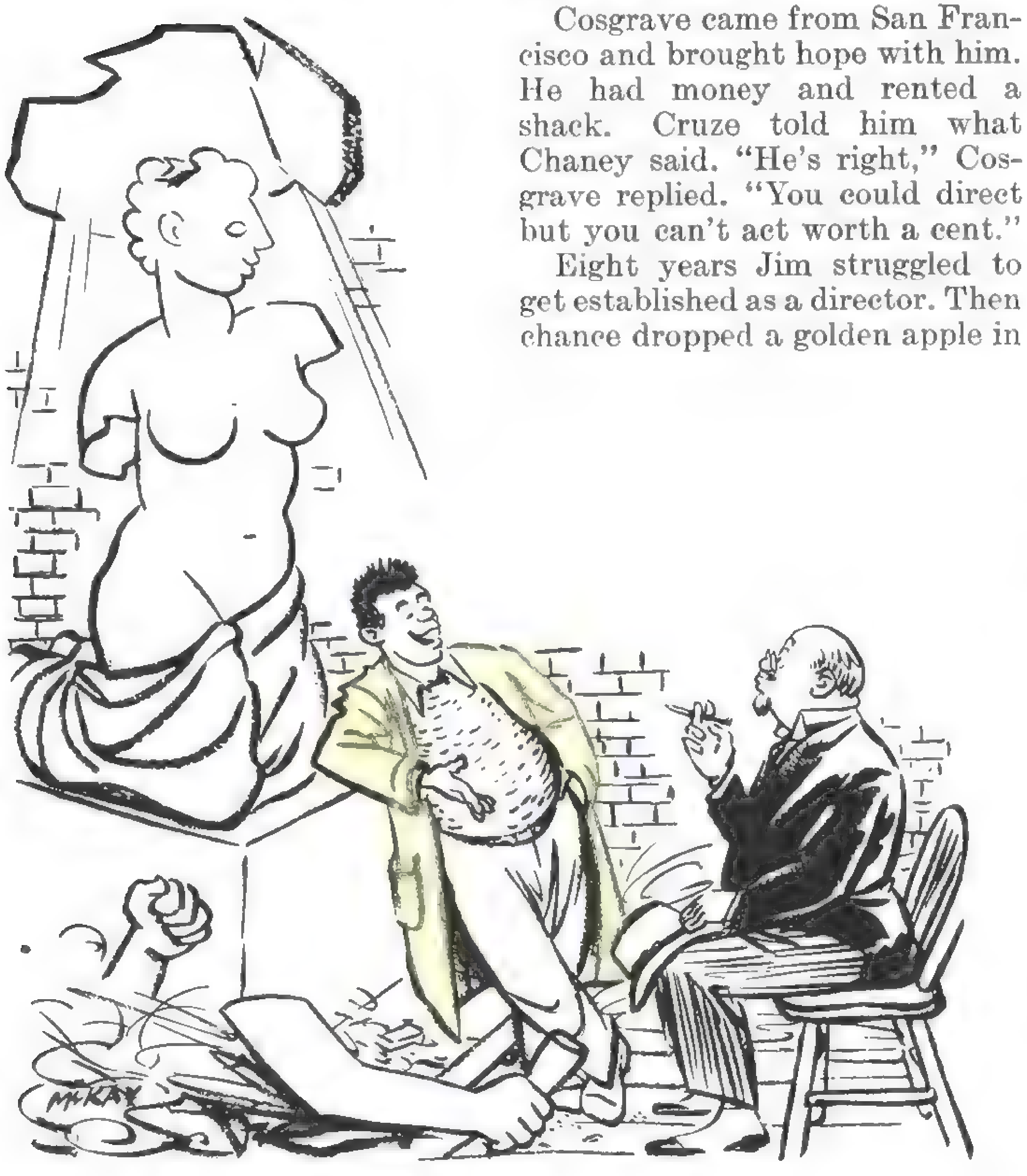
"Yep. And came back with that damned painting. The face looks like an egg a school kid put eyes on." His wandering gaze went to the broken nosed gladiator.

"He's seen a lot since he came from Italy, if he could only talk," I said.

"Good thing he can't," Cruze returned faintly.

His wife straightened the covers. He must rest. I looked down on him, and said, "I'll be leaving now. So long—Jimmy."

He was on my mind for two days. In San Francisco I learned that he had died. Luke Cosgrave, over eighty, made a last talk over his once-brilliant pupil. #

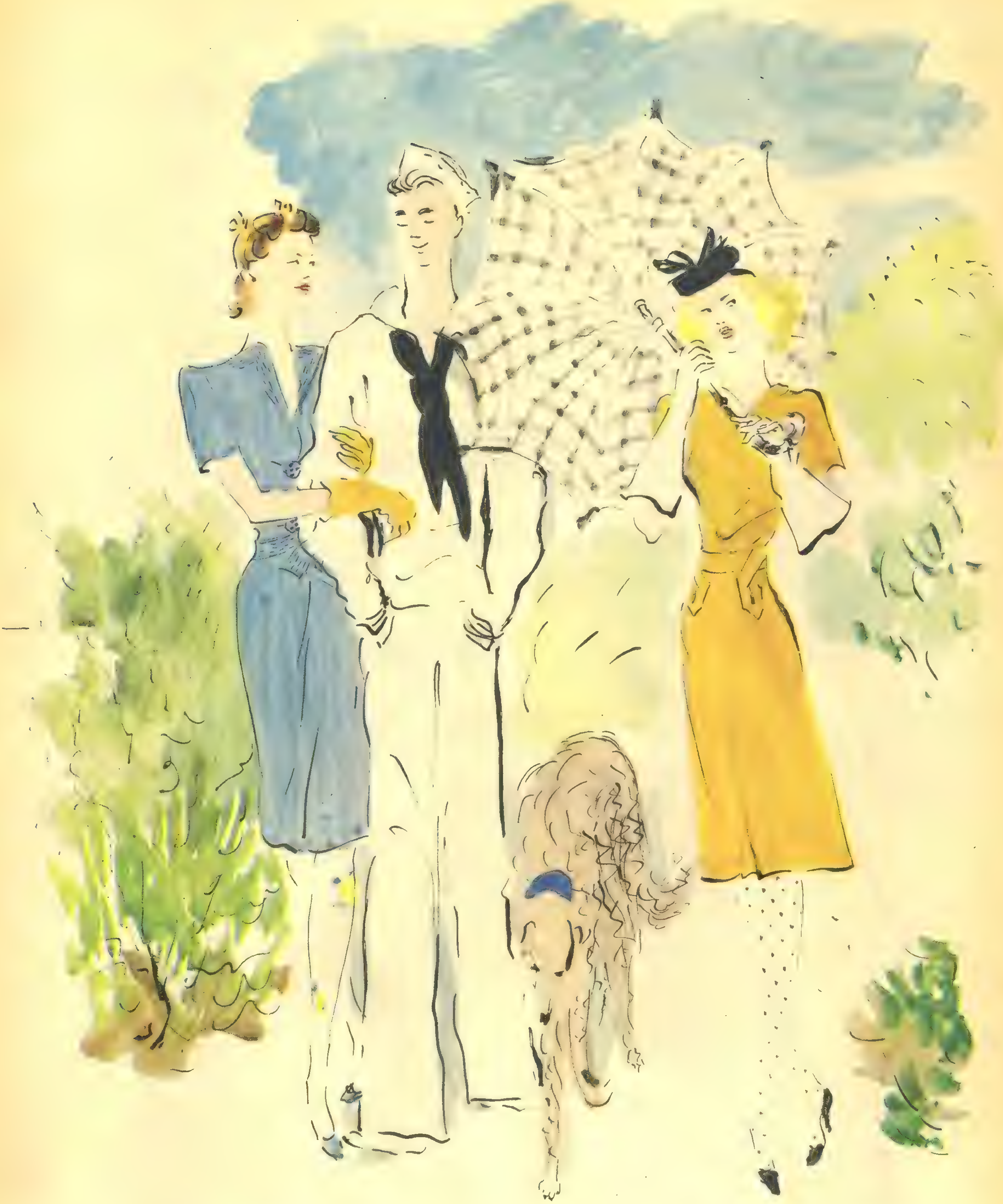


"I've had three offers for it since the bomb hit it"

MIDSUMMER IN THE ZOO

Ain't Nature fascinating? On the wolf at left: a tweed jacket, flannel slacks, thin felt hat, oxford shirt, foulard tie, and brown moccasin shoes. Papa Bear on the right is more conservative in a tropical worsted suit, panama hat, open weave striped cotton shirt, printed checked foulard tie and brown shoes.

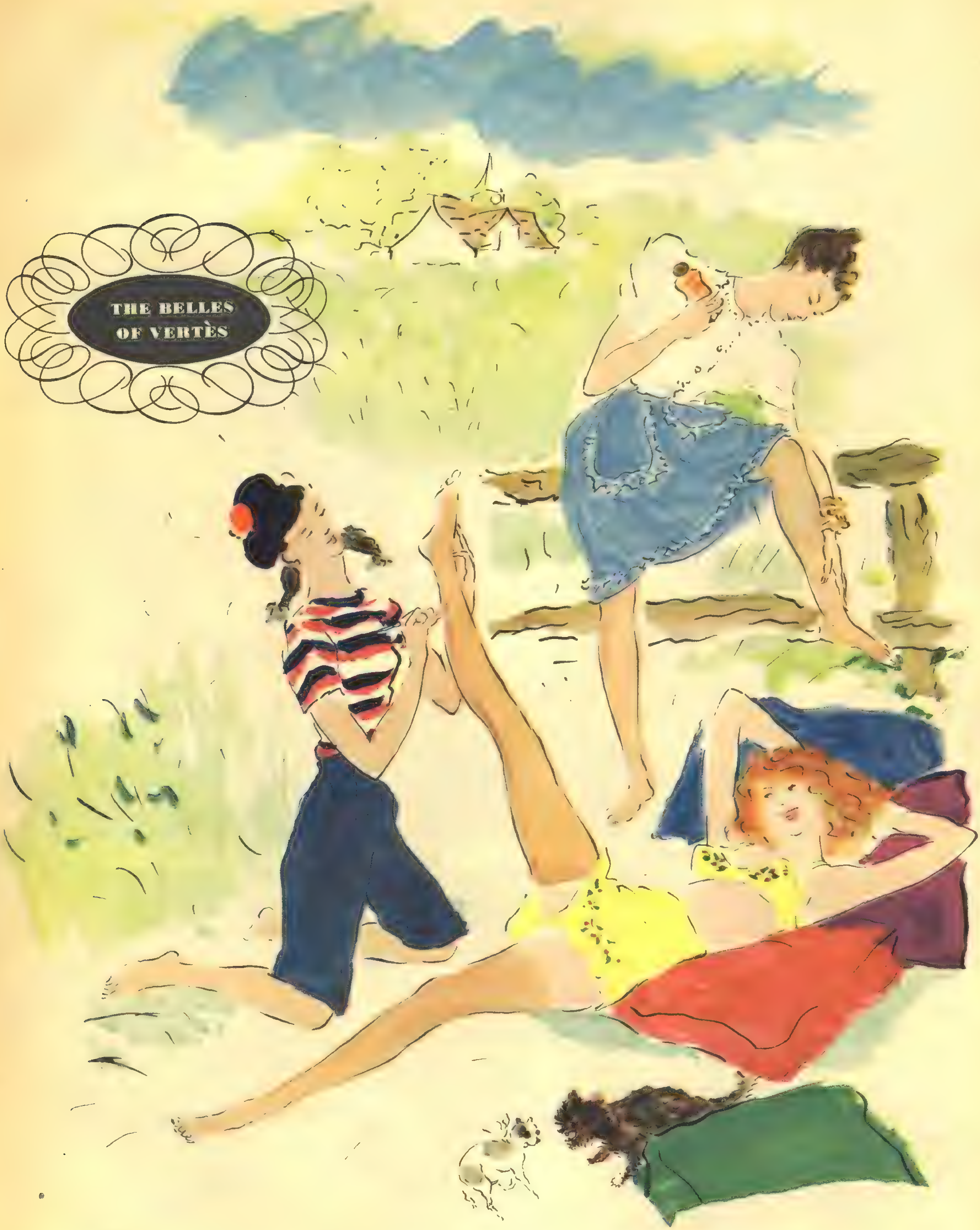
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.)



"Darling, that creature on your left seems bound to catch your eye or poke it out"

There's good reason to believe it's done with malice aforethought, oh possessive one. But your assets belong in no bush league, so banish all worries about the saucy minx. The cut of that linen dress whittles your waist to a mere wisp, and for eye-focusing qualities, we'll place our bets on the sapphire-studded buttons. (Make-believe, of course.) From our vantage-point, however, your legs tie for honors. The white cotton stockings painted with flowers and polka dots left us gasping, but a second glance won us over. So, before *he* opens his eyes to the other lady in linen, take hold. You can't lose with that grip.

THE BELLES OF VERTÈS

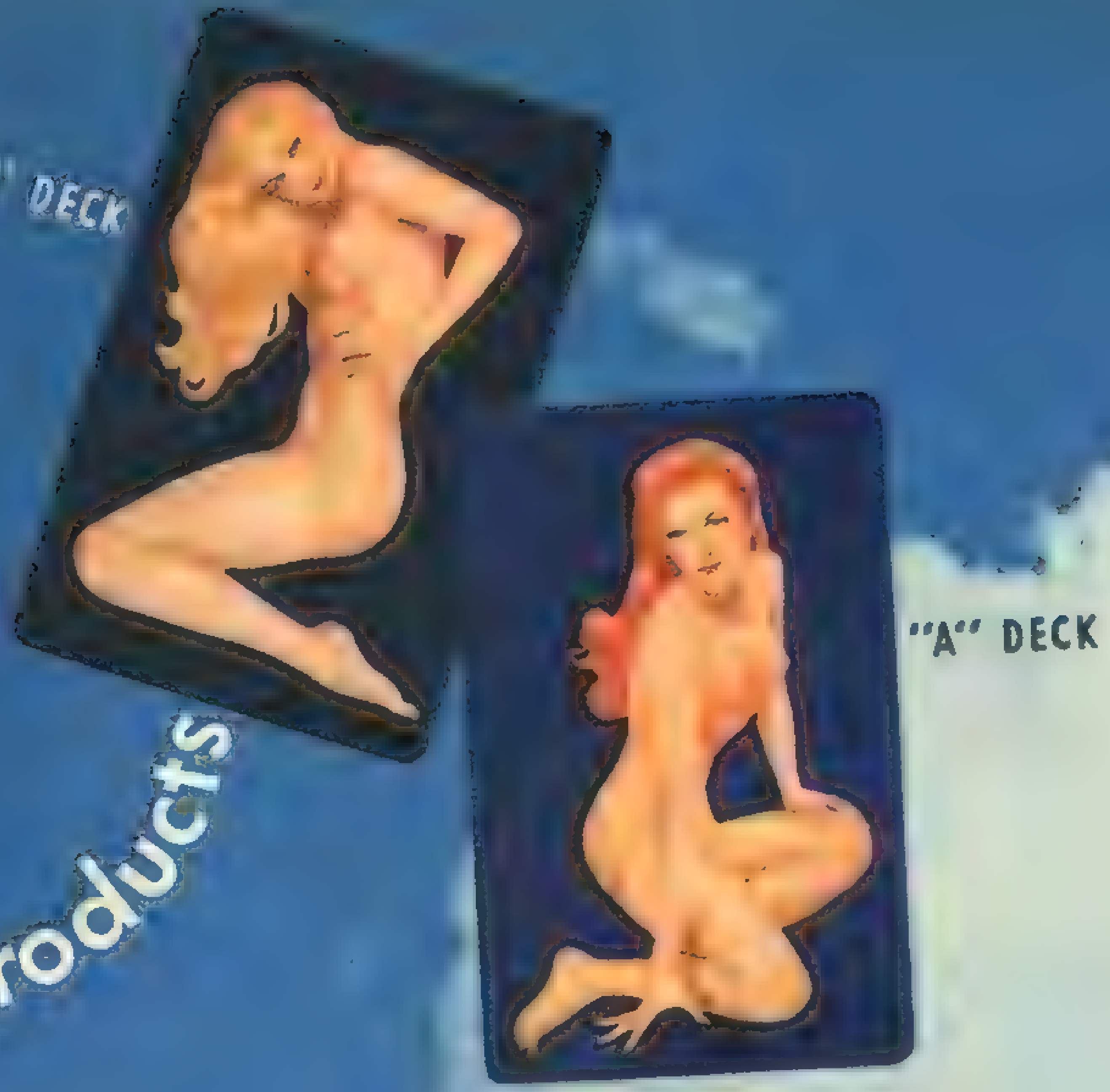


"Hew to the line, Bertha. Let the skirts fall where they may"

It's a matter of little concern to this carefree trio whither nylons have flown, for they're adepts at the honorable and infinitely practical art of leg makeup. That painted seam is due to fool many a gullible male. We are also getting a looksee at what milady wears nearest her skin this season—and all embroidered with cherries they are. For sheer comfort, we nominate the paintbrush-wielder. Her long denim shorts are topped off with a cotton shirt she might have swiped from her little brother. Then, for a frosting of pure prettiness, we have a lace-trimmed cotton blouse and a rickrack-ruffled denim skirt.

(For answers to Fashion queries, address Dora Deane, ℅ Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Editor's Note: *Esquire will accept no responsibility for what may happen if male readers fail to tear off the bottom of this page before letting their female dependents see it.*



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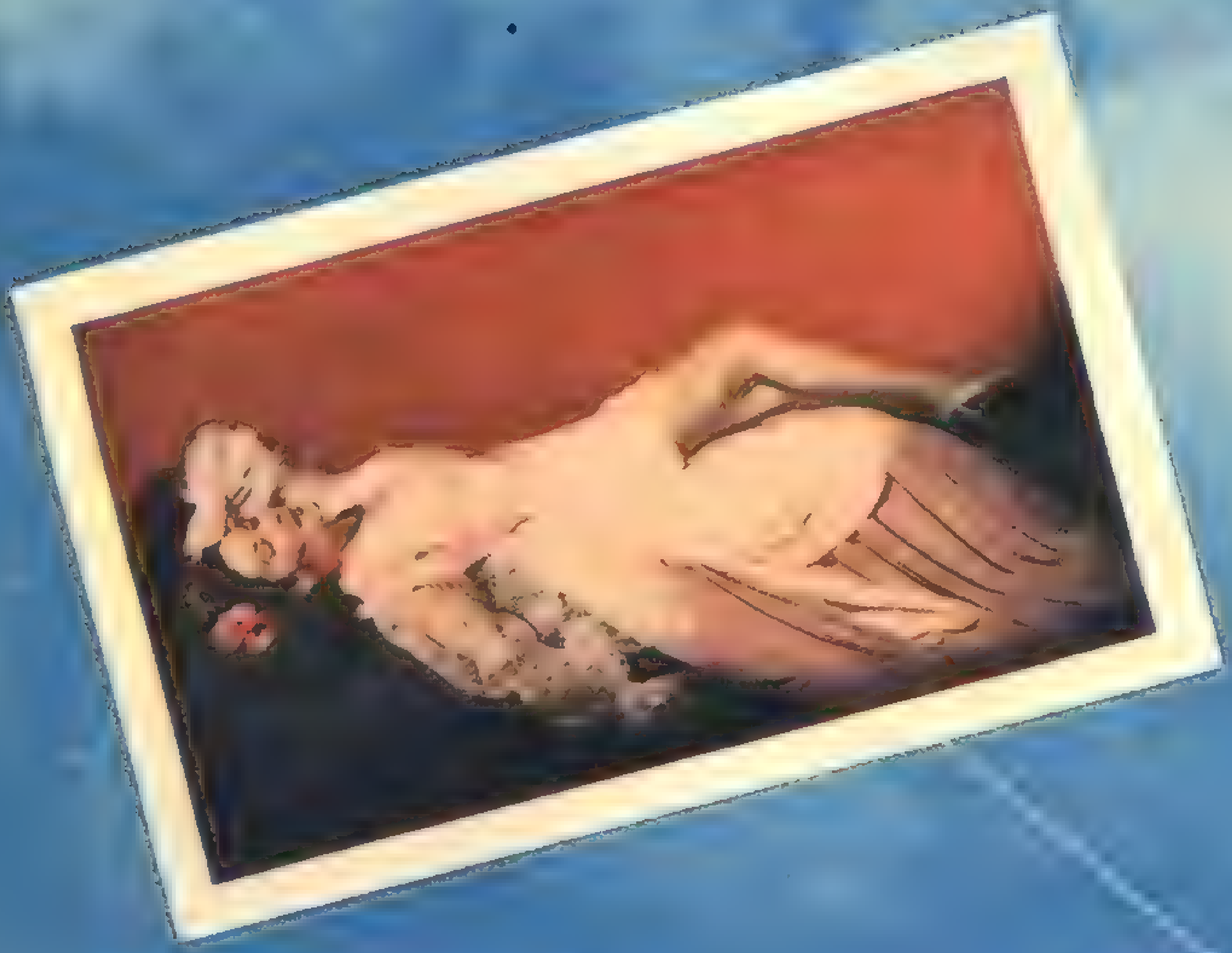

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Air Scout's Primer

Try your aptitude for aerial observation with these seven accounts of real situations

by GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY

An aerial Reconnaissance Officer is equipped by nature with the eyes of an Apache tracker and the ability in deduction of a Sherlock Holmes. Additional requirements include a record of service with a combat force and expertness in such subjects as aerial photography, navigation, radio code and direction of artillery fire. Problems in direct observation are practical. Here are seven simple tests in actual situations. Subtract 14.2 for every one you miss and see what your percentage is. Answers are on page 151.

1—You are 5,000 feet up, flying over a stretch of desolate country back of your own lines. It is 6 p.m. Below you and a mile to the east is a dark spot that looks as big as a dime. As you circle north, a needle point of light flickers a hundredth of a second from a little way outside the dark spot. What do you do?

2—In the morning in dry weather you are flying back of the enemy lines. You see a rolling dust cloud over a narrow, rough road leading back to the enemy's base. What do you report?

3—A deep, steep-banked river is between you and the advancing enemy. You have a complete strip photograph of the whole river length in the area of operation. Flying over the river you see no enemy. There is no change in the trees and thick brushwood along the bluffs. Is everything all right, so far?

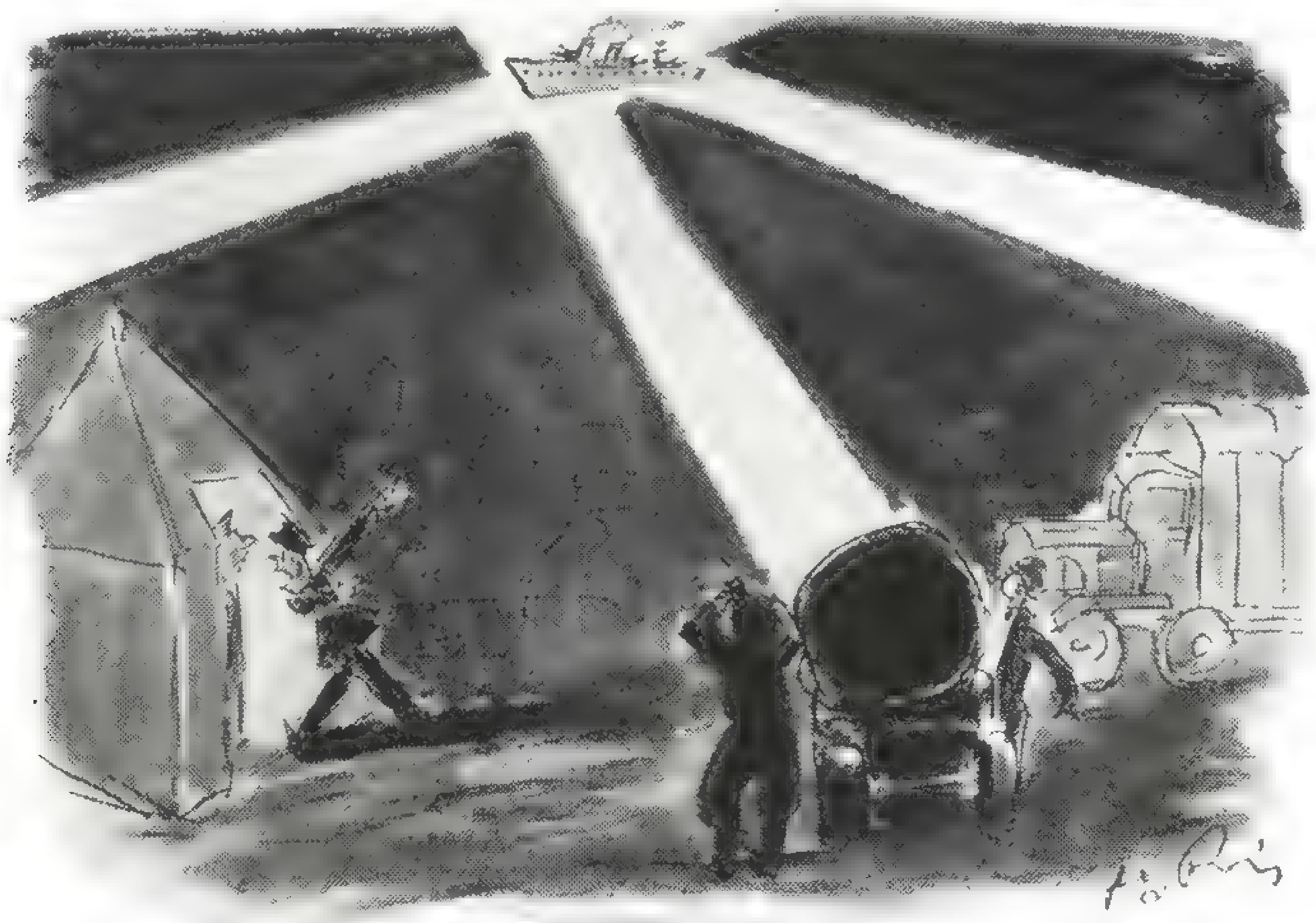
4—The weather is damp and near freezing. You took off at daybreak and ascended to 5,000 feet. You find the terrain toward the enemy's position covered by a thick fog nearly a mile below you. It looks like a gleaming snowfall so deep that only the upper parts of a few trees show above the level. The sun's heat is just beginning to make itself felt, and darker, feathery wisps are rising from the surface below. Nothing is to be seen but the fog blanket. Where do you go from there?

5—In army maneuvers you are on a night flight trying to scout an enemy division. The darkness is complete. Handling of the enemy division is perfect. No soldier strikes a light. Where the division is at this time is a complete mystery. You are watching a highway below you. In line of march it would take the enemy force hours to cross this road. But civilian cars continue to pass in both directions without slowing speed. There is only one check when the car lights cluster for three minutes at points three miles apart. The pause is not long enough for any considerable force to pass at those points. What could be happening at those spots?

6—At late evening you are reconnoitering a sector where enemy infantry is suspected of being massed. You fly back and forth at 4,000 feet and see nothing below you but flat country. You dive almost to the tree tops and fly low across the fields. You perceive that it looks like cultivated ground with perhaps potato plants in flower. A little while ago you didn't see the plants and when you fly higher now you can't see them. What do you do next to locate the enemy?

7—Flying over the ocean off the Atlantic coast you soar down to identify a steamer. It is a commercial oil tanker, loaded and proceeding south at normal speed. Smoke from the stacks of other vessels can be seen in the distance. What do you do immediately?

Try to make all these important military decisions quickly before you turn to page 151 to check your answers. ###



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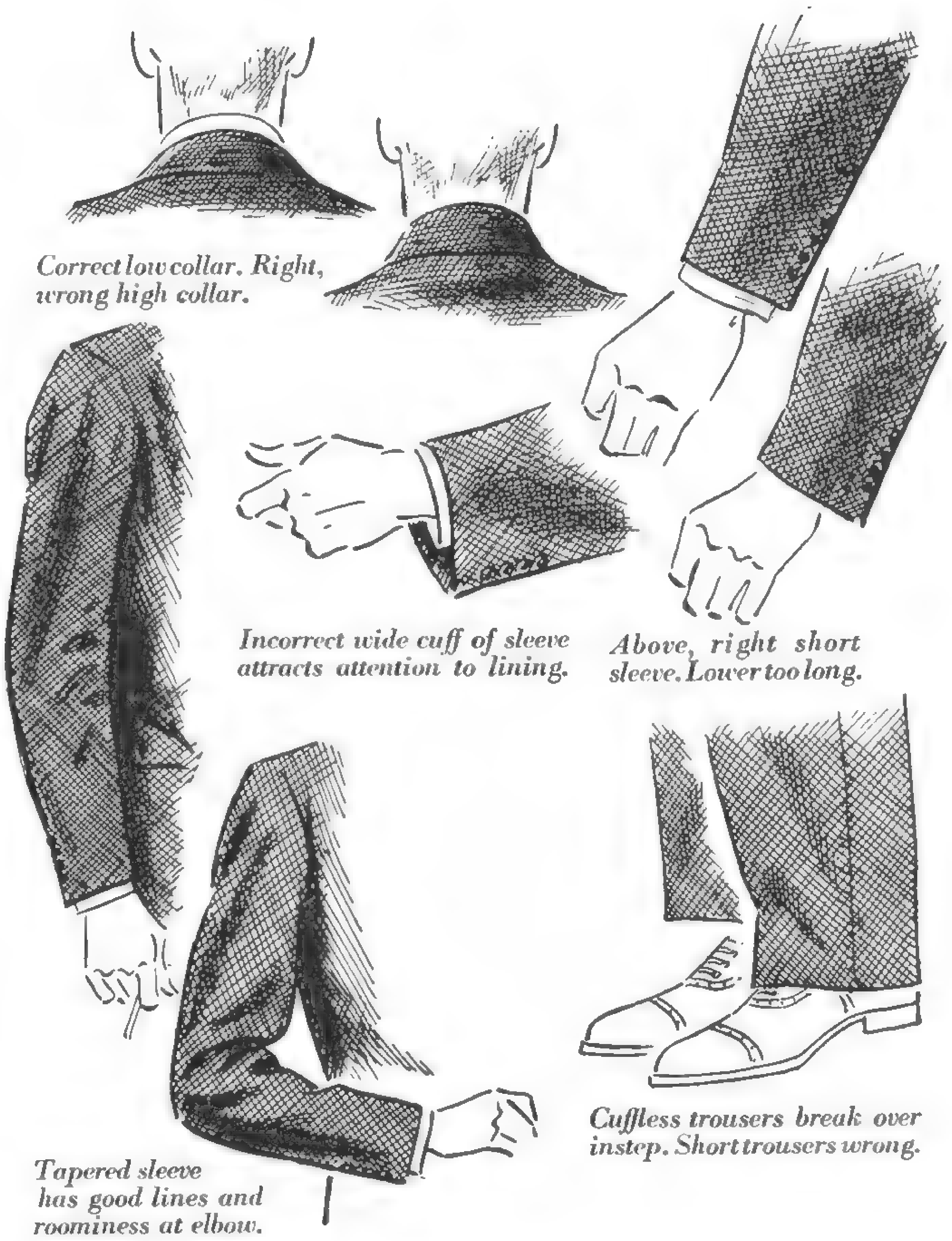
Fashion Answer Man

Sage and sympathetic advice on such burning questions as the right break in trousers

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER
• WEARABLES •



Correct low collar. Right, wrong high collar.

Incorrect wide cuff of sleeve attracts attention to lining.

Above, right short sleeve. Lower too long.

Tapered sleeve has good lines and roominess at elbow.

Cuffless trousers break over instep. Short trousers wrong.

During this time of uncertainty, when political ideas and economic principles are changing overnight, when yesterday's T-bone steak is today's peanut butter sandwich, men are groping for solid ground. What, they naturally ask, can we be sure of? Please tell us, Mr. Ant'ony, the difference between proper and improper grooming, whether pigs have wings and how to be a Heller about town.

All gags aside, the details of dress deserve more serious thought these days when longer service is expected. And so we're glad to answer in this column some of the questions we have received.

Just how high the collar of a jacket should be is a detail about which some men are in doubt. It should be set fairly low in back. The height will depend on the length of the neck and height of the shoulders. A good guide is to have about a half inch of the shirt collar show above the collar of the jacket. A jacket collar higher than that of the shirt becomes oily because it rubs against hair. Besides if a collar is too high, crosswise wrinkles show up below it.

Sleeves should be on the short side. Too frequently they hang well below the joint of the wrist. A simple guide is to have a half to three quarters of an inch of the shirt cuff exposed below the jacket sleeve.

Tapered sleeves are in line with current good standards of dress. Well proportioned sleeves are wide from the top to the elbow. From the elbow to the cuff is a noticeable taper. The outline suggests a wedge effect. The adequate width at the elbow prevents wrinkles from forming as deeply as in the case of tighter sleeves. Narrow cuffs resulting from these tapered lines have good acceptance. Sleeves broad at the bottom become focal points as attention is attracted to the lining.

Since the cuffless trousers have been the rule for more than a year, there is still question in many men's minds as to just how long the trousers should be. A lot of men who used to like cuffed trousers that were on the short side have revised their preferences. Trousers without cuffs should break slightly over the instep. The custom of wearing short trousers which have no break at all becomes out of date. The line of the trouser at the bottom is not straight across but slants from front to back. ♯

How to Case a Trout Stream

Continued from page 41

explains, requires a different actionization in order to simulate movement of the nymph in water.

The Caddis fly, for example, is a slow-moving insect. So the line after the cast is taken up with the left hand, coiling it as you give the rod short, jerking motions.

There are several hundred types of May fly, which range in size, so Miller governs the action given the lure to the type found in the particular waters he is fishing. In general, though, the May fly floats with the current—does not fight it. So he uses the drift-cast, fishing up stream.

The Stone fly, on the other hand, is a fast-moving insect so it is best cast down stream and retrieved up stream. It usually is larger than other aquatic insects. The best way to handle it is to cast across stream, quartering down stream with the current. The line should be stripped in slowly, and in long jerks.

The water shrimp does not move in the water. It just twists with the current. So you drop this fly into swift water and let it drift toward quiet spots.

"Choice of the dry or the aquatic fly," he reasons, "depends on the temperature of the water, which determines the metamorphosis that is taking place in the insect.

"If the water is below 44 degrees, then it is so cold no metamorphosis is taking place. That is, the insects are in the sub-imago and are dormant.

"As the temperature rises, this sub-imago state goes into the imago—or living, adult aquatic or 'nymph' insect. It is from that stage that they hatch off the top of the water to the winged, full adult form. This occurs in water where the temperature is between 50 and 60 degrees."

You might suppose that a man such as this, who started as a boy in his study of fishing by reading Ronald's *The Fly Fisher's Entomology*, written in 1862 and George L. M. LaBranche's *Dry Fly in Fast Water*, would also watch the almanac and consult the barometer.

Not a fellow like Dick Miller!

"I never have subscribed to such theories. Trout feed when there is food at hand and hunger exists regardless of whether the nights are moonlight or not.

"Neither have I ever found any proof that the barometric conditions have any effect whatever on whether fish are feeding. Since water density is greater than that of the air, the pressure changes of the air would have an absurdly inconsequential effect on water pressures. Temperature of the water, and that alone, determines when and how and where trout feed."

What to do if fish are not feeding on insects?

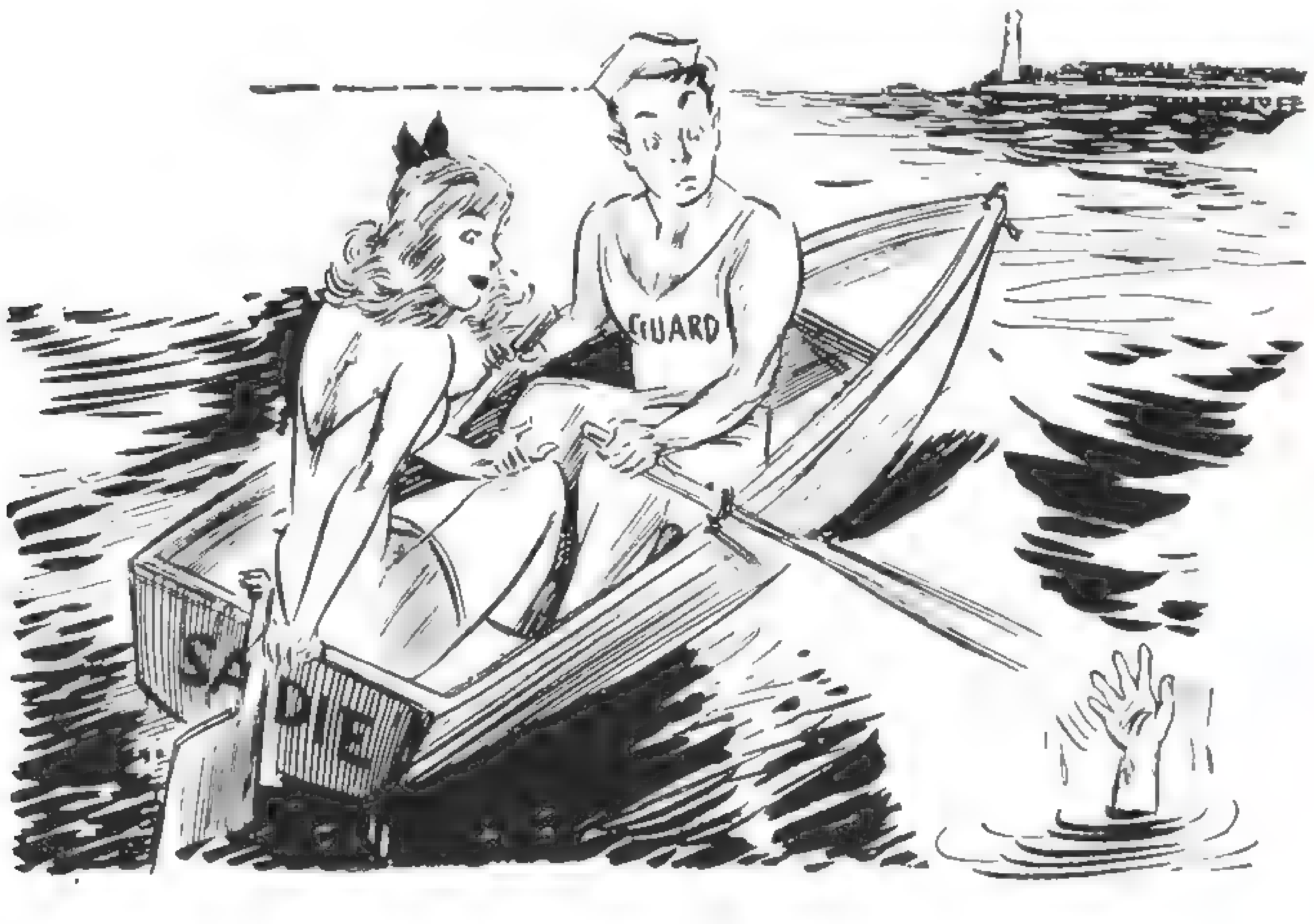
Dick has that answer, too. Purist that he is, Miller disdains turning to spinner or bait to accomplish his purpose. He trusts to ingenuity and takes advantage of a trout's cannibalistic tendencies.

The streamer fly is his answer. If Loch Leven are in the stream, the streamer matches in color, size, etc., a Loch Leven minnow. Each type of trout prefers its own kind. So if it is Rainbow you seek, the streamer resembles the colorful Rainbow. Most trout, except Brook, are inclined to devour their own.

Naturally, this leads to a different type of fly fishing and usually nets you larger fish as well. For example, Miller always fishes a streamer fly down stream. This is because a minnow is fast. He picks out runs in the current that will carry his lure into deep pools or pockets where large fish wait for an unsuspecting youngster.

"After the current carries the line taut," says Miller, "you start retrieving with long, sweeping jerks. This is important in order to get the action of a minnow in the lure. You must drop the streamer fly so that, in retrieving, it comes as close as possible to the trout. The fish will not hit it as it floats. Only when the retrieving brings an eagle-spread action of the hackles does it resemble a minnow. And you have to vary the action according to the type

Continued on page 132



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IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

How to Case a Trout Stream

Continued from pages 41-131

and to the flow of the water."

Accomplishing all the fine points of casting and actionizing the lure still will not get you fish, according to Miller, if you overlook the part that light rays play in the game. That's why he takes a light meter along.

The gauge tells Miller a lot of things, from the type of fly and its colorations to the need of properly hiding yourself from the fish. And Dick is a stickler on this latter point.

For that reason, he recommends that you fish early in the morning or late in the afternoon. A direct sun makes you a striking target from a fish-eye view. The amount of shade covering a stream, and the clearness and depth of the water figure into the problem.

"A trout has a 90-degree arc of vision," Miller contends. "The prismatic action of the water telegraphs your presence like a magnifying glass. Place a string on the top of a tub of clear water and see for yourself the multiplied size of its reflection on the bottom.

"The more shallow the stream the more important this matter of refracting light. So a good fisherman must practice stealth in his approach to likely fishing spots."

Realizing the light problem in fishing, you can appreciate the test of fishing skill that Miller was put to when Warner Bros. motion picture studio decided to use him for a short subject.

The idea, as Director Del Frazier first visioned it, was to show Dick doing some of his fancy casting feats. But it grew to the point where it was decided to do some color shots of him in action on a stream. So Miller, the director, cameraman, grips and a couple of trucks of equipment set out for the Owens river, 200 miles into the mountains from the studio.

When they arrived, Miller immediately decided on a likely spot and went into his routine while the stage was set and sun reflectors were adjusted. You have to have lots of light for color pictures, even at the expense of catching fish.

Before matters had gone too far, disappointed anglers came wandering along. When they found out what was up, each advised in his solemn way that all hands were wasting their time. It seemed fishing had been bad for several days and none of any size had been caught.

But Miller was obstinate. He studied the pool. Tests led him to believe the fish were feeding on the bottom on Caddis fly in the imago state.

Certainly, this was the acid test. Under the most ideal conditions it was a tough thing to catch fish for the motion picture camera. Yet, here was Miller, with his streamcraft and casting skill exposed to the prying eyes of all, like a nudist standing on Times Square. He was open to ridicule and was chancing the loss of hundreds of feet of expensive movie film for the director.

Dick waded out in the face of all the pessimistic forecasts and delivered himself of one of his most expert casts. Nothing happened. He tried it a second time; a third and a fourth. Still nothing gave. The nimrods who had been whipping the stream all day without success took on that I-told-you-so expression.

Once more Miller flicked the fly far out over a likely pool and let the now sodden line settle. Then he started actionizing the lure by slowly retrieving and coiling the line in the fingers of his left hand as the right worked the rod. Always the line was taut, the right forefinger keen to the slightest pull.

Then something happened. The forefinger tightened, pinching the line against the rod. But Dick didn't flick the rod in the least. He simply let the trout hook himself.

Pessimism gave way to excited chatter, with the camera's whirr now drowned out. Miller forgot the picture making, as he carefully played his catch, keeping the line tight. When he slipped the net under it, he brought up a four and a quarter pound trout.

Then he promptly caught two more out of that same hole for the edification of the screen, while those who had worked the spot all day, shook their heads in amazement.

And there had been only 100 feet of waste film in the whole scene!

Miller's fetish for fly fishing is the same as that of the man who refuses to shoot a duck on the water. But there is more to it than just that. He thinks he catches more fish than the bait or spinner fisherman.

Of course, his best-catch records may suffer a little by comparison since he does no trolling.

"It's every man to his own device, of course," says Dick.

"I don't consider bait fishing sporting. Fly fishing is an art. Bait fishing isn't. And, on top of that, you generally will catch more and larger fish with a properly handled fly."

He submits his records to prove his point:

Loch Leven—twelve and a half pounds. Caught on No. 14 Gray Hackle. Owens River, California.

Rainbow (steelhead)—Fifteen pounds. Caught on Coykendahl fly (imitation of steelhead minnow) No. 2. Umqua River, Oregon.

Rainbow (landlock) Four and a half pounds. Caught on No. 12 special May fly. Madison River, Montana.

Eastern Brook—Three and a half pounds. Dark Mosquito, No. 10 hook. Never Sink River, New York.

Golden—Two and a half pounds. Light Caddis, No. 10

hook. Volcano Creek, California.

But these records were not kept for boasting purposes. They are part of specific and minute data in scientific form kept for purposes of study. At his home, Miller has a dozen filing cabinet drawers full of these records. Each fishing excursion has a file that includes a topographical map of the area fished, along with a complete report on water temperatures; types of insects found; record of fish caught; condition and chemical analysis of the water and a sample of the fly or flies used. In each report he makes an observation of the effects of the chemicals in the water on both the fish and insects.

His observations, for example, on the conditions of Volcano Creek are that the colorations and chemistry of the water there are responsible for the trout being golden, since this is the original home of that species of fish. He is confident that in time, golden trout planted elsewhere will lose that rich color.

These reports also have brought Miller to the conclusion that fish and game commissions, in running hatcheries and planting fish in streams each year, are doing the thing backward.

He firmly believes that planting aquatic insects in streams where the water is soft and neutralized will bring a prompt increase in the number of fish; that the quantity of food regulates the size of the fish family.

It is from these files also that he has obtained much of his theory not only in the way to fish, but in the kind of equipment to use.

For dry fly fishing he uses a tapered line. For the aquatic fly a level line is good enough. And he scrapes off the enamel so that it will easily become waterlogged and sink. Dick, you see, never uses sinkers.

His tournament work, plus the archives, all contribute to his belief that the secret of casting a good fly rests a lot in having the correct, tapered leader and he has worked out a table for this on the basis of the size of fly used.

The butt end of the leader, or heavy end, should be three-quarters the diameter of the line it is attached to. Here is the table for the sizes at the tapered end:

No. 14 to 16 flies—12 foot leader tapered to 4X (app. 5000th diameter).

No. 10 to 12 flies—10 foot leader tapered to 1X (app. 9000th diameter).

No. 6 to 10 flies—9 foot leader tapered to Fina. (app. .010th diameter).

Now, you may think this is going at the business of outsmarting a trout the hard way, but Dick says the thrill as well as the frying pan satisfaction you get out of it more than repays a fisherman for his effort.

And you don't have to dig up that stock one about the biggest fish getting away, when the boys at the office confront you after your angling excursions. Not if you do it the Dick Miller way.卌

Memoirs

"So you pitched against Ty Cobb, did you?"

"I sure did, young feller—many a time. Yep, and I struck him out now and then, too. But he was a tough man to fool—and a ringdinger when he got on the bases. I remember one time—must have been 1910—nope, guess it was 1912—well—anyhow—"

"Er, how do you think any of the modern outfielders would have compared with Tris Speaker? You played against him too, didn't you?"

"Sure thing, and on the team with him a couple of years. Well, Speaker, when he was in his prime—along about 1916, 1917—sure was a marvel. Wasn't any kind of a fly ball he couldn't handle—never saw the beat of him for coming in and taking them off his shoestrings. There was a game—"

"How about Babe Ruth? He's another guy you pitched against, isn't he?"

"Yep, I pitched against him—and many's the time I regretted it too. Wasn't anybody I ever saw who could powder the ball the way the old Babe could. I still get a headache when I think of a day in 1925. The Babe, he nicked me for two homers and a triple. Still and all, maybe I had an alibi because I was a couple of years beyond my prime then."

"Uh huh. Now just one more question, Mr. McAgue. Every once in a while don't you kind of sigh for the good old days and ache to be back in harness again, hoisting that old ball over the plate?"

"Huh? Say, sonny, are you trying to kid me? I've been pitching regular for the Dodgers ever since last April!"

—Parke Cummings

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The Rider in the Red Coat

Continued from page 29

on the Canadian and I had to hole up with three buffalo robes to wrap up in."

"Well, our herd drifted along in front of that north wind until it came to the drift fence and there it stopped. Our cattle froze to death in their tracks."

A drop of moisture fell on the Englishman's hand, and he looked overhead. A thundercloud darkened the sky and the plains wind brought the smell of rain. He smiled at the girl and said, "Suppose I come up there in the cave? We're in for a shower."

"Suppose you just stay put," the girl said. "Where are all them other fellers in red coats?"

"They returned to England."

"How come you didn't go back to England with them others?"

John Chester turned up his collar; the rain was coming down hard. Along the gully the black mustang's whinny echoed.

"I had a reason."

"I asked you what it was."

"I'm damned if I'll tell you." John Chester stared at her angrily. "It's none of your business."

She grinned like a boy. "You better come in here out of the rain, Mister."

He climbed up the slope, taking his time about it, and she made room for him in the opening of the cave. He took off his scarlet coat and spread it flat to dry, then sat down beside her.

"That sure is a purty horse," she said. "Is he gun-shy?"

"No."

"Believe I'll make sure." She drew the forty-five and when she fired, tremendous noise filled the cave. On the other side of the gully a sunflower fell from its stalk.

"He sure didn't jump," she said, and fired again. Another sunflower tumbled to the ground. "Yes, sir, you got a real horse there, Mister. What'll you swap for?"

"I don't want to sell him and I don't want to swap," John Chester said.

She leaned forward, gazing up at the sky. "Looks like we're in for a good, hard rain."

"It does, indeed."

She settled back again. She was so near him in the narrow mouth of the cave that he was aware of the warmth of her beside him. He looked at her curiously, "Don't you ever wear dresses?"

She hesitated a moment. "Sure I wear dresses."

"You don't always wear a man's hat, do you?"

"No." Suddenly she took the hat off and her blonde hair fell free. She had cut it off at shoulder-length. With her hair down she seemed more feminine and decidedly pretty, John Chester thought. He liked the smooth, clean line of her jaw, the upward tilt of her nose. He even liked the sly wariness of her eyes . . .

"We're in for a long rain," she said softly. "We might as well make the best of it." She took a deck of cards from the pocket of her hickory shirt. "Play blackjack?"

"Blackjack? What's that?"

"Well, ever hear of poker?"

"Yes, I've played poker."

"How about cold hands?"

John Chester hesitated, and she smiled and said, "Just for small stakes. Got any silver on you?"

"Yes, I think so."

She riffled the deck, and he took out his pocketbook. He had four silver dollars, and he stacked them on the limestone beside him.

"For a buck," the girl said, and dealt the cards. He had a queen-high hand and on the last card she dealt herself a pair of sixes.

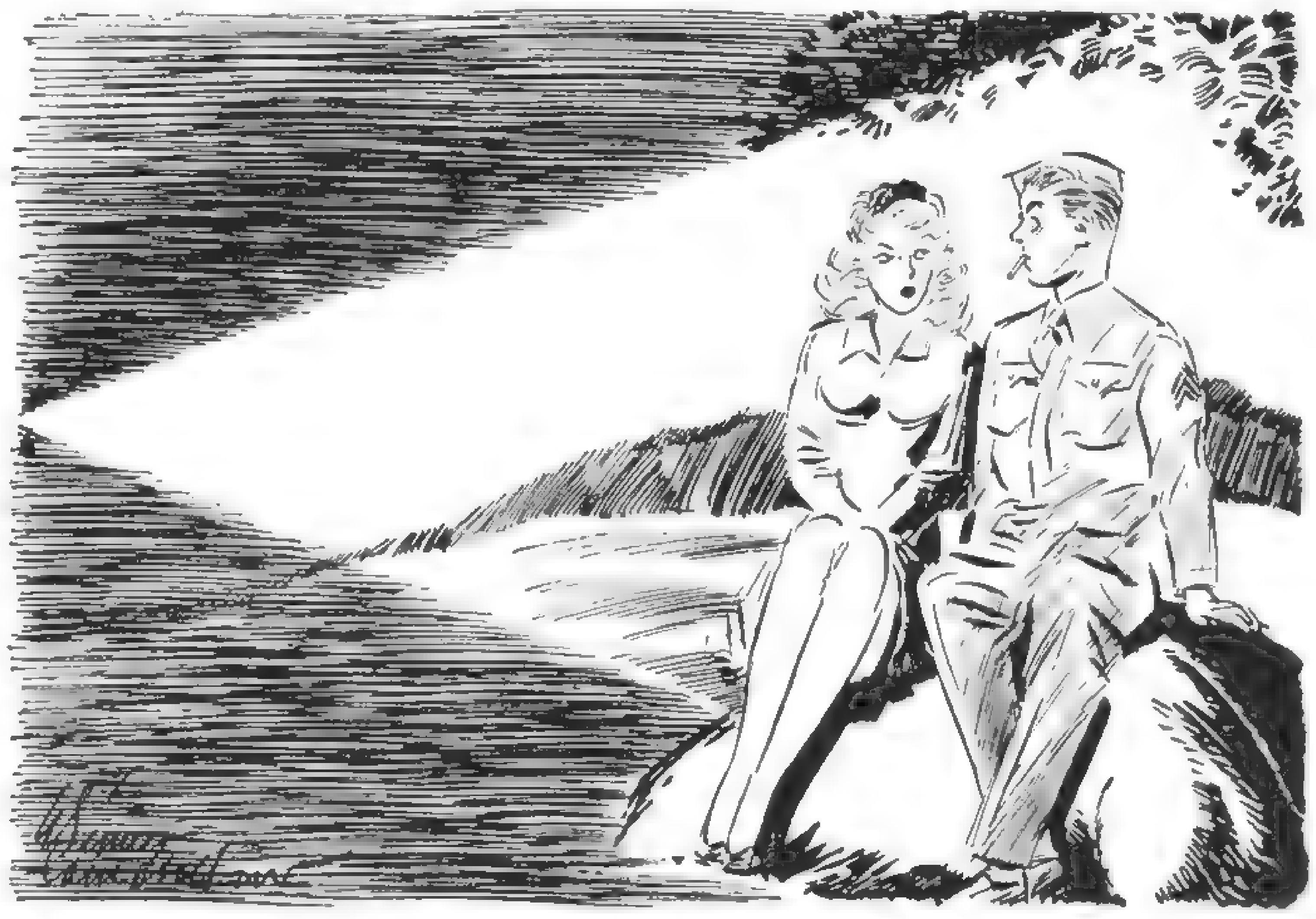
John tossed another silver dollar down and picked up the cards. The girl won the next two hands, then he won, then she was high twice more in succession. The silver dollars were stacked on her side, beside her foot.

"That cleans me," he said.

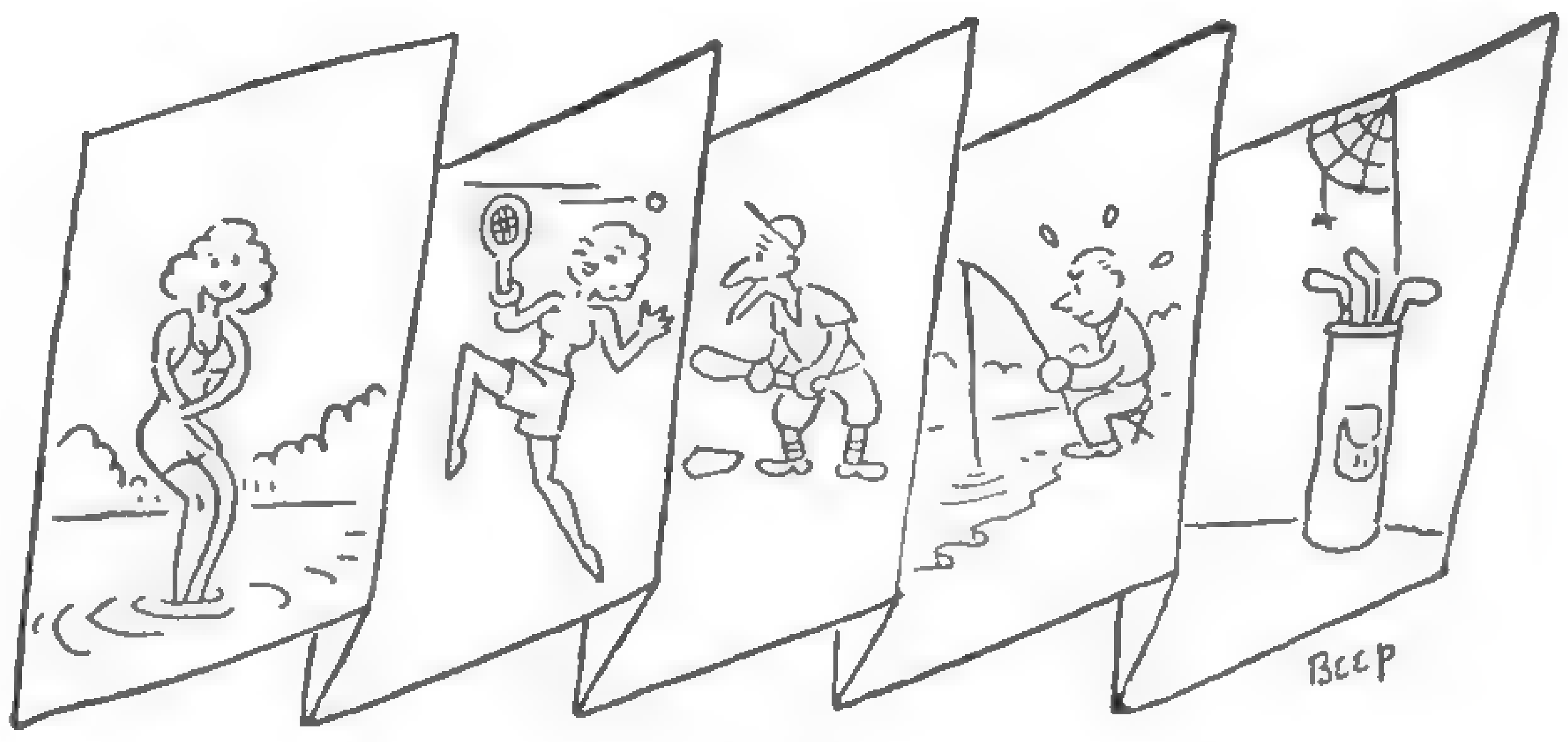
She was smiling at him. "I tell you what, Mister. I'll put my saddle up against your saddle."

John looked out at the rain, then nodded. She dealt the cards and the saddle was hers.

"I have a new carbine slung on



"Why didn't you tell me you went with a guy that runs a searchlight?"



Well-Known Summer Sports

Swimming: Swimming is the process of propelling the body through the water. Various well-known swimming strokes are the side, the back, the crawl, and the combination gasp, shriek and dog paddle that most of us do when we find ourselves in water which friends have labeled: "not so bad—when you get in."

Tennis: A game played with a racket, a ball and rubber-soled sneakers which you hope will last for the duration. The chief kinds of tennis are singles, doubles, and mixed doubles. The main difference is that in singles it is your racket's fault, whereas in doubles it is your partner's. In mixed doubles that depends whether your partner is your wife or somebody else's.

Baseball: Baseball is the American national game. There are nine men on your side and ten or eleven on the other—depending how many umpires are taking part. In major league baseball, statistics play an important part. Right now a 4-F player with a .213 batting average is preferable to a 1-A man who can hit for .396.

Fishing: Until a year or so ago fishing for the average man was simply an idle pastime which caused him to be late for dinner. Today it comes under essential industry, and any husband who comes home, however late, with as much as seven ounces of white perch gets three cheers, a rousing kiss and a citation for valiant service in defense of the ration book.

Golf: A formerly popular pastime which afforded the contestants a chance to get long walks. What this country is now looking for is an activity where one *doesn't* have to walk.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

that saddle," he said. "I'll put that up to get my saddle back. All right?"

"How about you throw in that red coat?"

"All right, I'll throw in the coat."

She won with an ace-high hand and her smile barely lifted the corners of her mouth. "Well, I don't know what you got left for a stake but that horse."

"Thank you, I'm not risking the horse."

"I tell you what I'll do." Her hands were deftly riffling the deck. "I'll put up my horse and the two saddles and your carbine and your red coat, all against your horse."

"No. I don't want to risk that hunter."

"You'd rather risk your neck?"

The blue eyes were almost without expression; there was only a faint gleam of distaste, as if reflecting an unpleasant task that must be done.

"I'll risk my neck," John Chester said evenly.

She looked at him for a long time and he saw that her hand had dropped to the butt of the forty-five, that she had slipped the gun from its holster. Light coming though the raincloud struck a glint on the barrel. John poised himself to dive for the gun, and then he saw that she was smiling at him.

"You set a lot of store by that horse," she said. "This six-gun means as much to me. I'll throw it in along with the two saddles and your rifle and the red coat. All right?"

John Chester met her eyes. "All right."

She placed the revolver on the rock between them and shuffled the cards. She put down the deck, he cut the cards, and she picked them up and swiftly dealt. He watched the fall of the cards, and on the fourth card he held a pair of jacks and she a king-high hand. She dealt the final card; to him a useless ace, to herself a king. A pair of kings.

"I'll just give you my horse," she said. "I wouldn't leave you out here without a horse. And you can have your saddle back, too."

"Thanks," he said.

She smiled. "And I wouldn't take your red coat."

She picked up the forty-five and slipped it back into the holster. The rain had stopped, but neither made a move to leave the cave. She sat looking out at the plain, fresh as new oats after the rain, and softly sighed.

John Chester leaned toward her. "I'd like to see you in a dress," he said.

Her wary eyes turned back to him, but she was smiling. "You think I don't wear dresses? Say, I got a fine red dress up in the Territory. It's got spangles on it and a big black velvet hem. I got some red slippers to go with it."

"I'd like to see you in yellow,"

Continued on page 136

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The Rider in the Red Coat

Continued from pages 29-135

he said. "Yellow against that brown skin. Yellow the way your hair is against your skin."

"Some day I'll git me a yaller dress," she said.

She looked girlish for that moment in the shadow of the cave and he saw her in a yellow dress with the fine, slender lift of her throat and the dainty tilt of her head and her hair falling to her shoulders in a way no other woman wore her hair.

Her lips were dark and smiling and her blue eyes seemed soft in the shadows. He leaned nearer and his arm crept around her. His fingers touched her cartridge belt and he lifted them higher, where the flesh was soft even through the hickory shirt.

Her torso was stiff, but her head was turned toward him and the eyelids dropped over her eyes. Her lashes were very long. John Chester bent his head and kissed her, and very slowly she relaxed. Her hands dropped limp in her lap, and her head nestled in the cradle of his shoulder. Then suddenly she jerked away.

"Look!" she said. "Somebody's coming. A bunch of horsemen."

He turned and saw them; a dozen horsemen, raising dust that had been wetted down only on the surface by the rain.

The girl was on her feet, jamming the hat on her head, tucking her blonde hair inside, out of sight. Then she snatched up the red coat and put it on. She grinned at him.

"I'm taking my new horse, Englishman," she said. "And I'm needing your red coat. If you want it back, ride up into the Territory after it."

"I will," John Chester said. "How will I find you?"

"Just look for the red coat, honey. I'll be wearing it."

She bounded down the gravel slope to his horse and swung astride. Then she waved her hand and laughed and sent the thoroughbred racing up the steep bank of the gully. John Chester scrambled up the bank and watched her riding away to the north, watched her until she passed from sight.

The horsemen saw her, too, but they did not turn her way. They did not turn to follow the mad Englishman, chasing coyotes on his fine hunter in his scarlet coat. They only grinned at one another, and shook their heads, and rode on toward the gully.

John Chester was waiting for them. The leader was a big man with a badge on his shirt. He reined in on the bank of the gully and looked down at John, and the other horsemen ranged themselves beside him.

"Hello, there," the sheriff said.

"Hello."

"Seen anything of a woman?"

"A woman?"

"A female, anyhow. She's dressed up like a man, though."

He shifted in the saddle, waiting patiently for the answer.

"No, I haven't," John Chester said. "What about her? Who is she?"

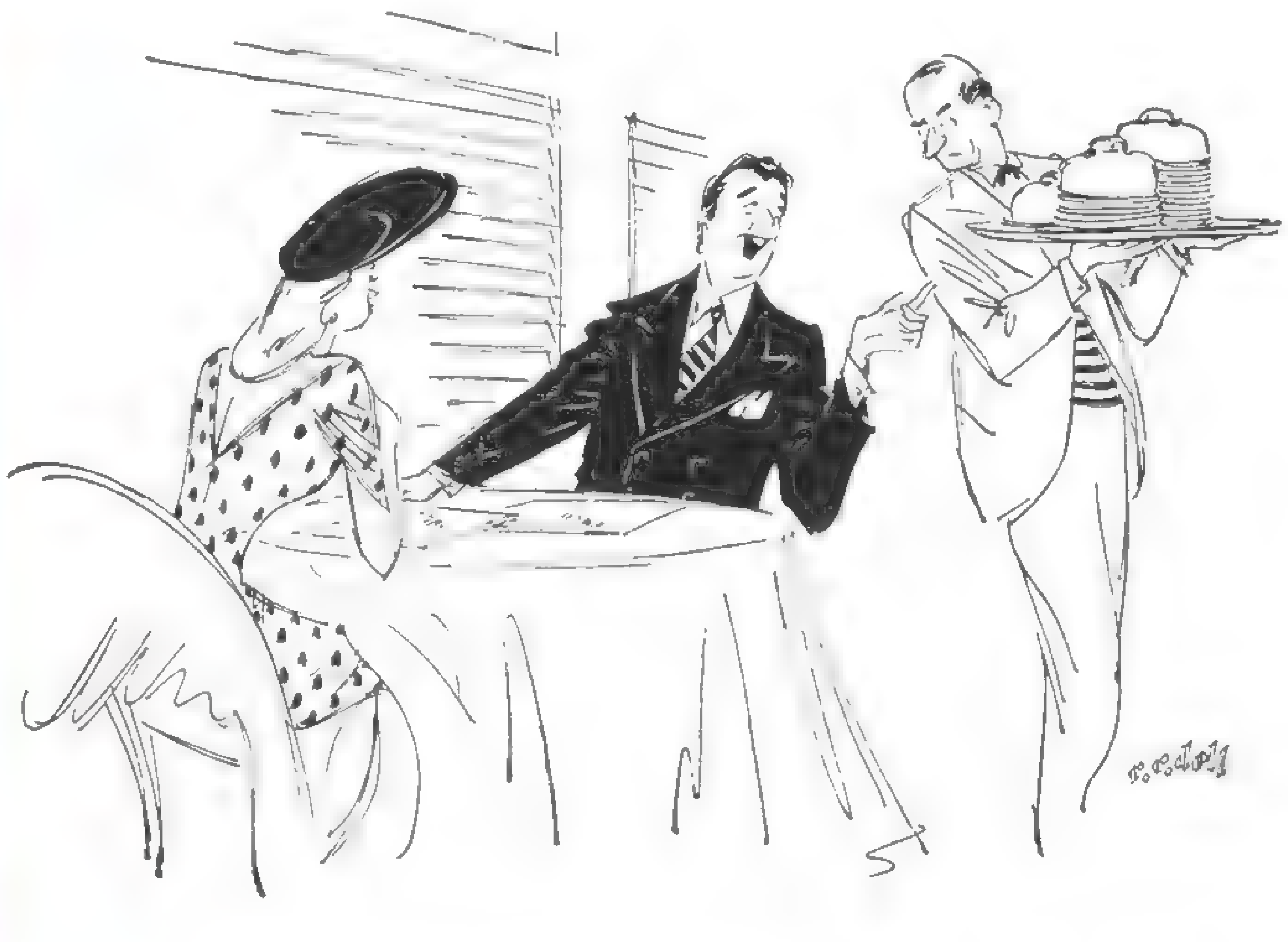
"She goes by the name of Lottie Miller," the sheriff said. "She's been dealing blackjack down to Amarillo, but she couldn't stick to card-sharping. She had to go and stick up a big poker game and make off with the cash. You know what she done? She made 'em hand over their guns and take off their boots and she rode off and left 'em flat-footed. She's a wild one, that female."

John Chester grinned happily. "I haven't seen that kind of woman," he said. "The only woman I saw was gentle as a dove."

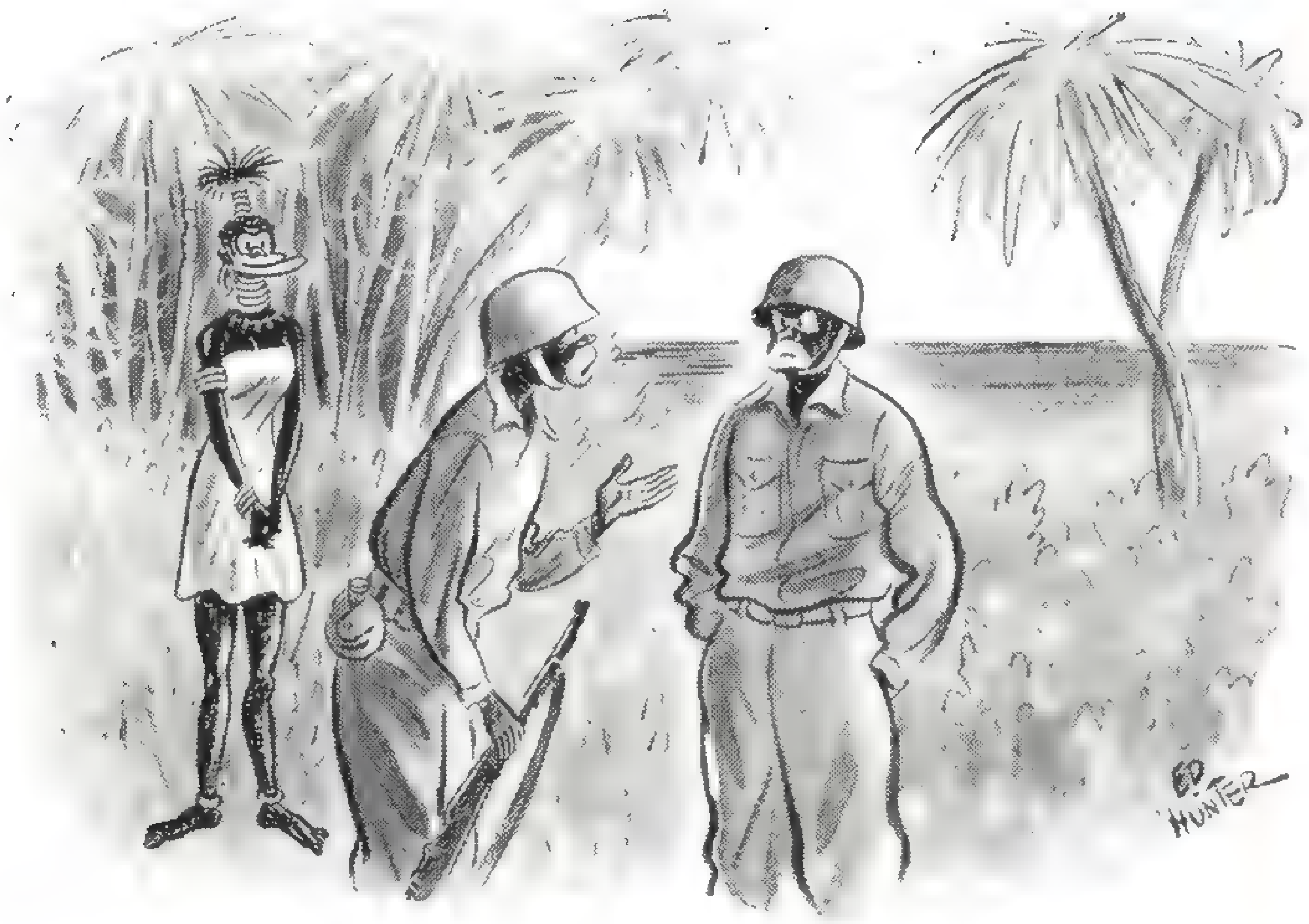
"Well, all right," the sheriff said. "I reckon she headed over Dallas way. So long."

"So long," John Chester said.

The posse rode away and John Chester mounted the small black mustang and galloped off on the chase. He rode north to the Territory to find that red coat and the vixen that wore it. Somewhere in that hideaway he must have found her, because neither the Englishman nor the red coat were ever heard of in the Territory again. ‡‡



"I don't want to rush you, old man—but I've just been reclassified 1A"



"In this country, what did you expect for a blind date?"

A Soiree for Waldo

Continued from page 67

her voice at this colossal meeting of minds, "I want you to meet Professor Flassilof."

Waldo realized where he was and became conscious of the amenities. "Oh, sure," he said, shaking hands. "Your relatives are sure knocking off the Germans, pal." He emphasized the words with a genial jab in the Professor's ribs.

Professor Flassilof crumpled momentarily, then straightened, and said in a strained voice, "Yais."

"You gotta hand it to 'em," Waldo said. "A tough bunch of monkeys." He thumped the Professor on the back.

Professor Flassilof fell forward under the impact, pulled himself together and managed another weak, "Yais."

"Waldo," said Mrs. Davenport sternly, "Professor Flassilof is the greatest living authority on the mandrills of Nairobi."

"No kidding," said Waldo. "That's swell, Prof. How are all the little mandrills these days? On the beam, I trust. You must tell me all about them sometime. Goodbye, mother. We'll see you later. Angela and I have a couple rugs to cut."

He took her arm and before Mrs. Davenport could protest, he and Angela were walking briskly toward town.

Angela looked up at this man who had changed so much since she had last seen him. A slight tremor went through her.

"Waldo," she said, "I hope the Army hasn't brutalized you."

"Great outfit," Waldo said. "But, say, baby—"

"I shudder to think of that simian sergeant in charge of you," Angela went on.

"Dubbs?" Waldo said. "He's all right. A heel like all sergeants, but in many ways an Okay Joe."

They walked on down the street and Waldo listened to the silver-tongued Angela. He was content to look and listen for the moment. They approached a restaurant and the sound of music drifted outside. They went in and were seated near the dance floor.

Waldo said, "I've been waiting for this. Did you miss me, baby?"

Angela smiled at him. "Of course, Waldo."

Waldo beamed. This was life in neon letters. Under the table he played a little Footie and Angela withdrew her five-A shoe, a perplexed expression in her eyes.

"Waldo," she said, "I'm afraid you've changed."

"And a good thing, too," Waldo said enthusiastically. "I'm only eighteen and what have I done all my life? Exercised my brain. It's a mistake. There are other things in life. What are we going to do tonight?"

Angela said, "Your mother's having a soiree. It should be very interesting."

The neon sign in Waldo's life dimmed out. He said hollowly, "On my first night home on furlough you want to go to a soiree?"

"But of course," Angela said. "What else?"

Moodily, Waldo chewed a roll. He had been counting the hours until this moment and now they were going to a soiree. He wanted romance and what he was going to get was a Round Table on Current Events. Like fun he was.

Angela was talking again, discussing the Far Eastern crisis. Waldo watched her lips move. It was a small table and Angela leaned toward him to emphasize some point. Waldo kissed her with a loud smacking noise, providing entertainment for the dinner guests, not arranged for by the management.

Angela, however, didn't approve. Waldo said, "I'm sorry, baby, but there are times when you should button those lovely lips."

"You think so," said Angela frostily. "Well, let me tell you this—"

"There you go again," said Waldo, ignorant of the approaching freeze. The music had struck up again and a chorus danced from the wings. Waldo eyed them approvingly.

Angela said, "Well," and stood

Continued on page 138

CHAMPION COLLIE DOG PHOTO BY HENRY WAXMAN

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A Soiree for Waldo

Continued from pages 67-137

up. Her eyes held a frosty stare.

Waldo said politely, "First door to the left. Behind that pillar."

"I am going home," Angela corrected him.

"But aren't you hungry? Say, listen. You see those two girls on the end. The redhead and the one next to her? I got a couple of pals hitchhiking up from camp. They'll be in some time tonight. I want to get dates for them. You think they'd do?" He waved at the redhead and she smiled back.

Angela said, "They might do for you. Goodbye. And never speak to me again."

"But, Angela," Waldo said. "I came home to see you, baby!" He started after her.

The word on the tip of Angela's tongue was "Scram." But naturally she did not say it. She tilted her nose in the direction of the ceiling, and narrowly avoiding a clash with a tray-laden waiter, passed dramatically out of the restaurant.

The light went out of Waldo's eyes. He was no longer a conquering soldier, but a private with blues in his heart, and his heart in his shoes. He slumped down at the table, and stared with lackluster eyes at the chicken on his plate.

The chorus number having ended, the redheaded girl walked over and sat down in Angela's chair. She said, "Tough luck, soldier. Wish I could fix it for you. What's the hitch?"

"I was a child prodigy once," Waldo said sadly. "A brain guy. And then I joined the Army. Now my girl thinks I'm a roughneck."

The redhead said, "Other fish are in the sea, soldier."

"But I love her," Waldo said. He remembered his Army buddies and said, "I have two friends coming in. How about you and the girl next to you dating them tonight? They're all-right guys."

The redhead said, "Do we need to wear our chain mail?"

Waldo looked pained. "These boys are high class. Think of your duty to your country."

The redhead said, "O.K. soldier. We'll do our bit."

"We'll meet at my house," Waldo said, and gave her the address. "Drop in around ten. My mother's giving a soiree."

The redhead brightened. "Oh, we'll be glad to come, but we have to get back here for the midnight show. I just adore soirees. What kind is he?"

Waldo blinked. "Try that again."

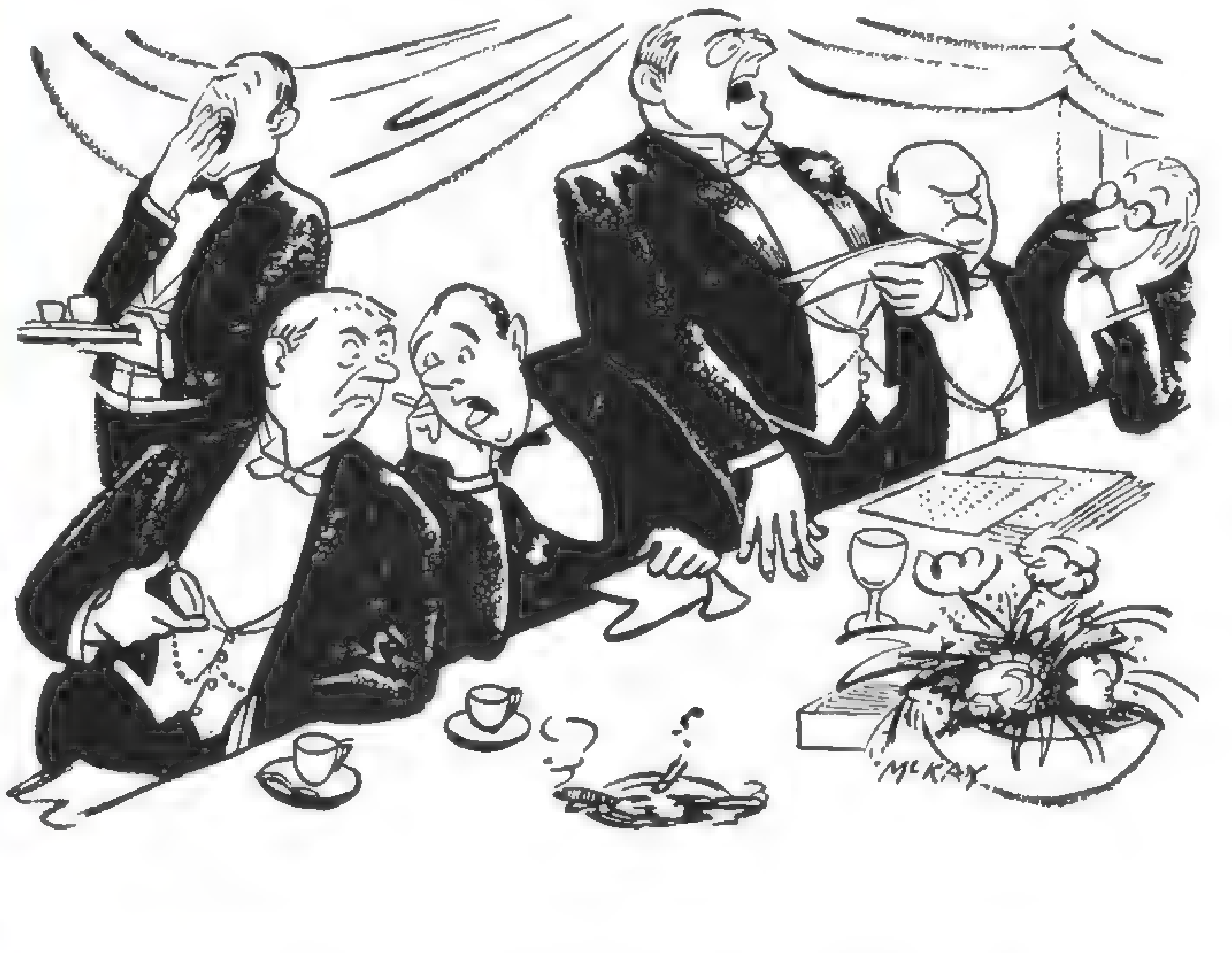
"The last one I went to was a Turk. He wore the cutest fez."

"Oh," Waldo said. "I think you mean swami. This is a little different."

The redhead went backstage and Waldo ate a solitary dinner. Angela only loved him for his I. Q. It was a sad state of affairs. He paid his check and went outside. He stood on the corner, leaning against a drug store window and whistled at a girl across the street. But he couldn't get the old zing in it and it sounded like a dirge. Finally he started home.

He went inside the house and the living room was filled with guests. Angela looked the other way when he came in. He found a vacant chair and listened to the feast of reason. Angela was taking a leading part, and he thought that some of the people in this room were great minds and others were phonies with the gift of gab.

The talk ran all around him and he didn't say a word. He felt like a discarded wad of chewing gum stuck to the chair. One of the guests, Nicholas Hussman, the noted pianist, began playing a mournful nocturne and it fitted in exactly with Waldo's mood. He slumped down a little farther in



"He's good for another hour yet—he just said, 'and now in closing'"

Tricks of the Trade

How to Enjoy a Chinese Dinner

by Lin Yutang

If I may say so without offense, Chinese cooking is at least five centuries ahead of American. You have learned that ham and sweet potatoes go well together, but we long ago perfected the art of combining many different ingredients into one delicious dish. And our chefs practice a restraint that yours refuse to learn—they refrain from overcooking.

Unless you insist upon impressing your friends, I would simply advise you to call the manager of the restaurant to your table, tell him how much you want to spend per plate, and then say, "Give us a real Chinese dinner." For a special treat, phone the restaurant the day before and order your dinner in advance.

Be sure to eat Chinese food while it's hot. And never omit the tea—its astringent qualities are essential. You'll find chopsticks fun and much easier to handle than you imagine.

If you follow these few simple suggestions, you will be rewarded with a truly perfect dinner—one that not only tastes good going down but pays you a dividend of inner contentment for hours afterward.

---

his chair and remained in that position until the doorbell rang.

He heard his mother say, "There's no one here named Butch."

"It's for me," Waldo said, going to the door.

Two soldiers stood there, one tall and lugubrious, the other built like the barrel at his feet.

"We brought along a little refreshment," Spud Maynard said. "The least we could do with your putting us up for the week-end."

The other young man, Slim Creighton, drawled, "We rolled the beer out from downtown, otherwise we'd have been here sooner."

"Come in," Waldo said. "I'll get some glasses."

The barrel was rolled into the center of the living room. Mrs. Davenport started to rise imperiously and Spud said, "That's all right. Don't put yourself out any."

Slim had ambled over to the piano. "Tickle them, son," he said to Nicholas Hussman. "Make it sweet and hot."

Nicholas Hussman had once played before an Army camp. He smiled, his fingers lingered over the keys, then came down with a crash. Slim nodded his head approvingly.

"Keep at it, pal," he said, "you got a career."

Waldo came in with a tray of glasses and poured beer. The intellectuals sat around with their mouths open. Angela looked scornfully at the ceiling. "I am a dead duck," Waldo said, "but I am going to sink in style."

The doorbell rang again and Mrs. Davenport admitted two chorus girls and went upstairs to find the aromatic spirits of ammonia. She came down and sank into a chair, holding the smelling salts to her nose and watching Waldo and a redheaded girl jitterbug around the beer barrel.

Ruined, said Mrs. Davenport to herself. Already some of the guests had made a quiet departure. But others remained. What would they think? What, most of all, would Professor Flassilof think? Mrs. Davenport shuddered and in addition to the faintness, felt a sick headache coming on.

Across the room a gleam had appeared in the Professor's eyes. He put down his beer glass and with a handkerchief wiped the foam from his whiskers, then stepped out into the center of the room.

Angela thought that he was leaving and she rose quickly and went to him. "I know just how you feel, Professor," she said. "I've wanted to talk to you. Perhaps we can find some secluded spot—"

"Yais," said Professor Flassilof. "Some other time. Now I dance. In my youth I am the sensation of Kharkov."

He cleared a space in the middle of the floor, pushing out of the way the vice-president of the World Peace Through Intellectual Brotherhood Society. In a moment, crouched close to the floor, the Professor was throwing out one leg and then the other, his joints cracking furiously in time with the music, coattails flapping in the breeze.

Angela Crumpton stared in astonishment, and then looked from

Continued on page 140

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A Soiree for Waldo

Continued from pages 67-137-139

the Professor to Waldo, on whose arm was hanging the redheaded chorus girl.

Something was happening to Angela, fuses were blowing out inside her. She had always taken pride in the triumph of her mind over her emotions and now the balance had tipped the other way. At the moment Angela was thinking of the fun she would find in getting both her hands in the redhead's hair.

Standing there, her eyes glowing, Spud Maynard saw her for the first time.

"Where have you been hiding?" he said, and before she could give him the snub direct, he was propelling her across the room and around the gyrating Professor Flassilof.

"Sister," said Spud reverently, "I been dreaming about you nights."

"Really?" said Angela coldly. She saw Waldo dancing with the redhead and said, "You think I'm attractive?"

"Attractive?" said Spud. "Oh, sister. Let me tell you all about it. Lead me to the nearest exit. But say." He stared at her. "Say it ain't so. Your Butch's gal?"

"I have known Waldo for some time," Angela admitted.

"That cooks it," Spud said. "He's my pal. I couldn't cut his throat, could I? Behind his back. Could I? Oh, sister, could I. Lead me to that door."

"Waldo does not care for me," Angela said.

Spud said incredulously, "The guy is like crazy for you. He talks in his sleep. He says you're the most beautiful girl in the world. I give him the bird, but now I am converted."

They danced toward the door and Waldo was standing there, forlorn and alone. The vice-president of the World Peace Through Intellectual Brotherhood Society was now dancing with the redhead. Angela winked at him over Spud's shoulder.

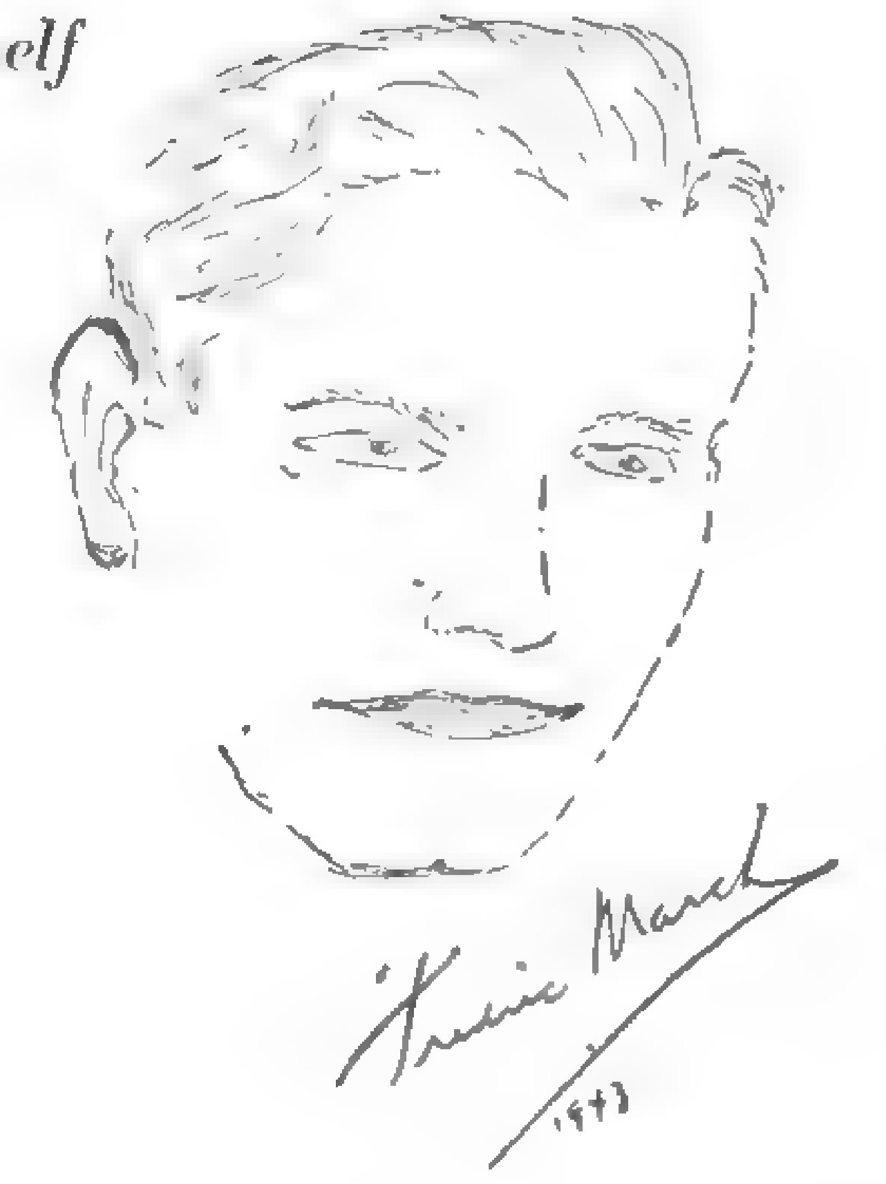
He cut in. Spud shrugged sadly and headed for the beer barrel.

Waldo said rudely, "If you want to be intellectual, go read a book."

"Waldo," Angela said timidly, "do you really think I'm beautiful?" She saw the look in his eyes and added softly, "Take me outside and tell me all about it, Butch."

They tiptoed toward the door. As they went, Nicholas Hussman, at the piano, swung into *As Time Goes By*. And the contralto voice that led the singing and echoed from the walls belonged to none other than Mrs. Davenport. ⌗

Fredric March, as sketched by himself



A Portrait of Fredric March

by Fredric March

Real Name: Frederick M. Bickel, a combination of "bicker" and "pickle" that led audiences to expect a red-nosed comic to step out on the stage.

Matinee Idol Trouble: Don't have any—I'm too old and the public is too sophisticated.

Favorite Actors: Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, Gary Cooper, Jimmy Cagney.

Favorite Wife: Florence Eldridge, even after co-starring with her in four movies, fifteen stage plays and sixteen years of marriage.

Most Unpleasant Role: Hyde in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—after a while *I* began to feel the way *he* looked.

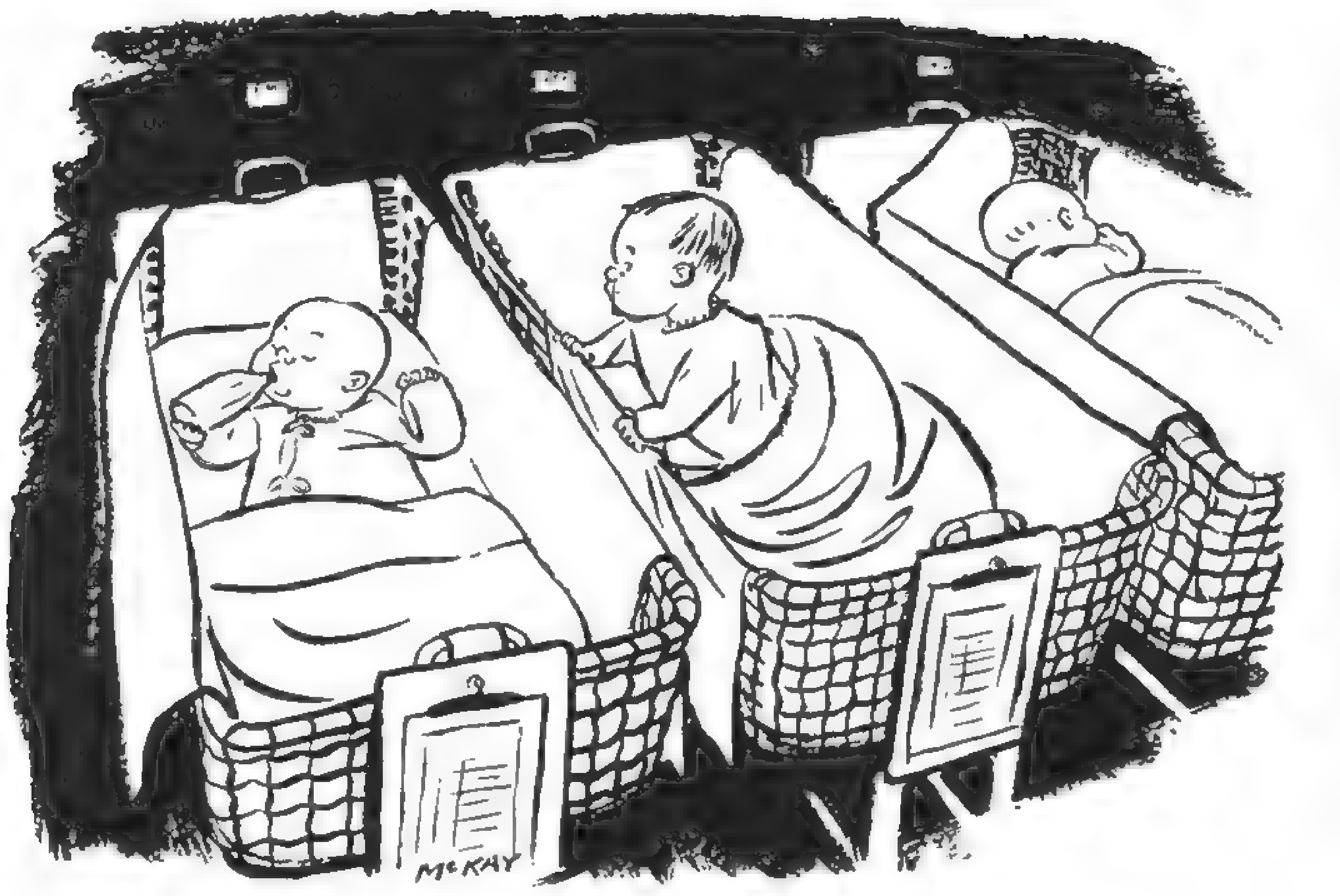
Noblest Restraint: Not acting like a director when I take movies of my kids.

The March Profile: A cross between John Barrymore and Man O'War.

Timeliest Line: (From *The Skin of Our Teeth*) "When you're at war you think about a better life; when you're at peace you think about a more comfortable one."

Theory of Child-Raising: Build 'em up—don't slap 'em down. And don't be too quick to correct a child; maybe *he's* right.

Recommended Reading: *A Time for Greatness* by Herbert Agar.



"I think I'll change to the bottle, too—I'm getting tired of cigarette ashes being dropped in my eyes!"

Kopf: New World Beginning

Continued from page 81

the towers of Manhattan and so deeply enjoyed his first vision of the New World that he took steps to become a citizen, but couldn't follow through. He does not always find it easy to make a choice between attractive alternatives. He worked as a scene painter in Joseph Urban's theatrical studio and when he had pocketed enough money, bought himself passage for Tahiti. He soaked his body in sunlight and air and simple, uncomplicated living. He didn't work at all, just looked. Picked up by a scientific expedition, he travelled through the archipelago of which Tahiti is a part. To relieve the monotony, he made a few sketches, painted a few pictures. One of the portraits was of the daughter of the Queen of Tahiti, who posed for it in a fur coat, to make the painting stylish. The Queen Marau—"a woman like a rock"—detested white people, but expressed partiality for Kopf and made efforts to persuade him to stay, dangling before him the prospect of marriage to her niece. But Kopf wasn't in the mood to do a Gauguin and when the wounds to his injured sensibilities had been healed, he returned gladly enough to the dying civilization from which he had fled.

Enroute to Prague, he stopped off at Paris, attending sketch classes, looking around in museums, exhibiting an occasional painting. His recognition in Prague dates from 1926, when he gave his first one-man show there. Exhibitions followed in Berlin and Vienna. With Mary Duras, a sculptor, he founded in 1928 the Prague Secession, organized along the lines of the Vienna Secession, of which also he was a member. This was an organization of progressive artists whose work was encouraged by the Czechoslovak Government through the purchase of paintings for national museums and government departments. Maxim Kopf was becoming a figure of importance in the art life of Central Europe. As late as 1939 the government of France was buying Kopfs for its museums—almost no time before they were treating him little better than a convict.

Life has a way of interfering with art and sometimes of making the most golden opportunities for it. Existence along the banks of a gently burbling brook may be preferred by the man, but the creative spirit may require the peril of life along the edge of an active volcano. Not to dig too deeply into the matter, by 1934 Maxim Kopf was back in Tahiti, getting over his second divorce.

This time he worked. He remained for eight or nine months, painting consistently and producing in quantity as well as in quality. He reduced life to the simplicities. Living on the beach near Papeete, he shared a native hut with a model who, when she was not posing, fished, kept house, cooked and laundered. Had he found a way of shipping his paintings ahead, he would have stayed on, but his work accumulated, and he felt he had to accompany it to Europe. In addition to his full-time model, he painted from other models, a number of whom had posed for Gauguin. Incidentally, Kopf learned that the French bourgeoisie on the island detested Gauguin because the painter had dared to defend the natives against cruelty, if not exploitation, and had sent complaints to the Minister of Colonies in Paris against officials who were mistreating the natives.

Kopf's third appearance in Tahiti, in 1938, had a more subtle origin. Hitler was behind this one, and also the artist's inability to burn his bridges by declaring a categorical anti-Fascist No to a proposition fundamentally dishonorable. The Nazis were putting the screws on Czechoslovakia, raising a racket in the Sudetenland, marshalling their *volk* within that unhappy country for the final showdown. The government at Prague was bending backward to give its German minority cultural autonomy, in art, among other

Continued on page 142

I was a flop in business...
I was a washout in love...

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Kopf: New World Beginning

Continued from pages 81-141

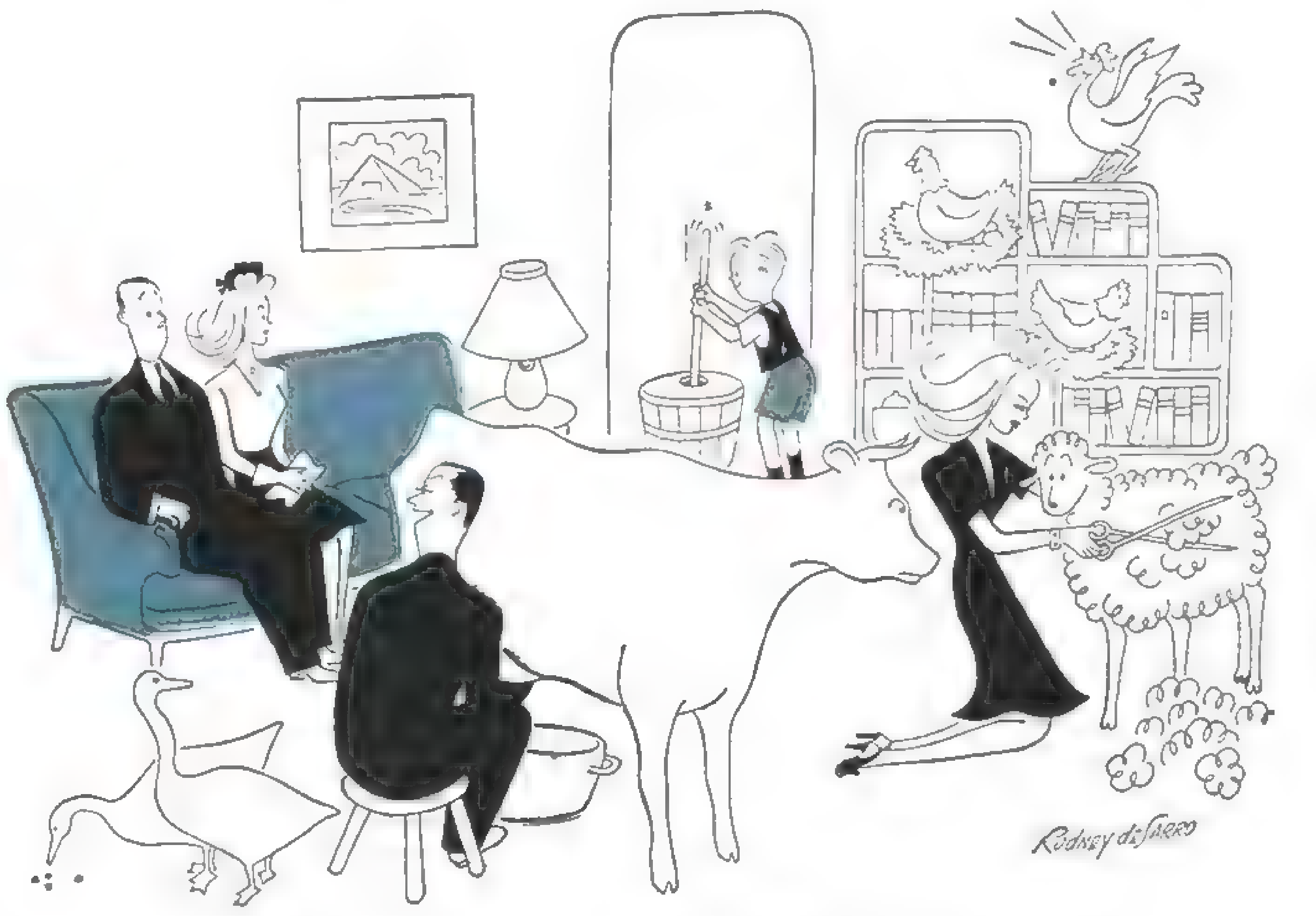
fields. By 1938 Kopf had been courted to come into the German camp. He was Aryan, a painter of distinction, the grand-nephew of a provincially famous German ducal court sculptor, and he had not yet done anything to make himself politically unavailable or undesirable to the Henlein party. This does not make him a potential Fascist, for he was the kind of artist whose political consciousness is not keen.

Pressure was exerted upon Kopf through his old teacher at the Prague Academy. As cultural representative of the German minority, Kopf would be assured a post as professor at the Academy. There might be more honors at Berlin, possibly a professorship there. There were conditions, however. He would have to divorce his wife, Lotte Stein, the non-Aryan character actress who was performing at the State Theatre, and he would have to alter his style of painting; he would have to paint in a German way. Maxim Kopf did not say No and he did not say Yes, and he left Prague for a refuge where there were no Nazis to trouble him. In no ironic sense is it written here that the most devoted husband who is an artist would find it easier to change his wife than his style of painting, and it is no reflection against Kopf that, under another set of circumstances, he was able to change his wife, remaining constant to his method of making pictures.

Kopf's third visit was spent on Morea, the island opposite Tahiti. He found it a sad, quiet, lonely, melancholy place in which he was able to do a lot of work. His output—paintings, watercolors, drawings—found its way eventually to Sweden, from which he hopes some day to recover it. As European war appeared imminent, aliens on the islands were given the choice of volunteering in the French army or submitting themselves to internment. As a reserve officer of the Czech army, Kopf made his way Europe-ward. He was at Curaçao, in the Dutch West Indies, when Prague was mobilizing and when he arrived at Marseilles, it was all over; Chamberlain had returned from Munich with "peace in our time." The artist stopped off at Paris long enough for a one-man show, from which the French government purchased several canvasses, and he was in Prague clearing out his studio, selling his belongings, arranging his affairs for an exit visa to the United States, when Hitler arrived. Three weeks later, lacking the precious papers, Kopf left Czechoslovakia.

Until he arrived in New York in May of 1941, Maxim Kopf lived the life of a typical European refugee in quest of the right papers, fair prey of officials who chose to suspect, hound and jail him. Again he was traveling alone, but not necessarily fast. His plan was to reach Holland, where his second wife was arranging for an exhibition of his paintings, and from that springboard make for England, but when he arrived the Dutch requested him to wait on the German side of the border for his English visa. He waited five weeks, in vain. At Cologne, the French consul promised him a visa for a month's stay only on condition that he obtain from the Germans a re-entry visa, which would give the French assurance that they wouldn't be stuck with Kopf.

He called at the Cologne Police Headquarters for this permission and obtained it, curiously enough, after blurting out the sentiment—in answer to an inquiry—that the Czechs had found the Storm Troopers and the Gestapo detestable. He was in Paris, living with a small group of Czech writers and artists in the Maison de la Culture Czechoslovaque, a kind of residential club, when he and its other occupants were arrested, three days after the declaration of war against Germany, on suspicion of being German agents and/or Communists. Kopf's return visa to Germany, on which the French consul had insisted, was one of the incriminating bits



"No, we're not particularly concerned with shortages"

"Pepsi-Cola, Pepsi-Cola—"

of evidence against him. They were locked up in the Maison de la Santé for six months, at the end of which time translations of the letters and writings found at the club were discovered to have no treason or sedition in them.

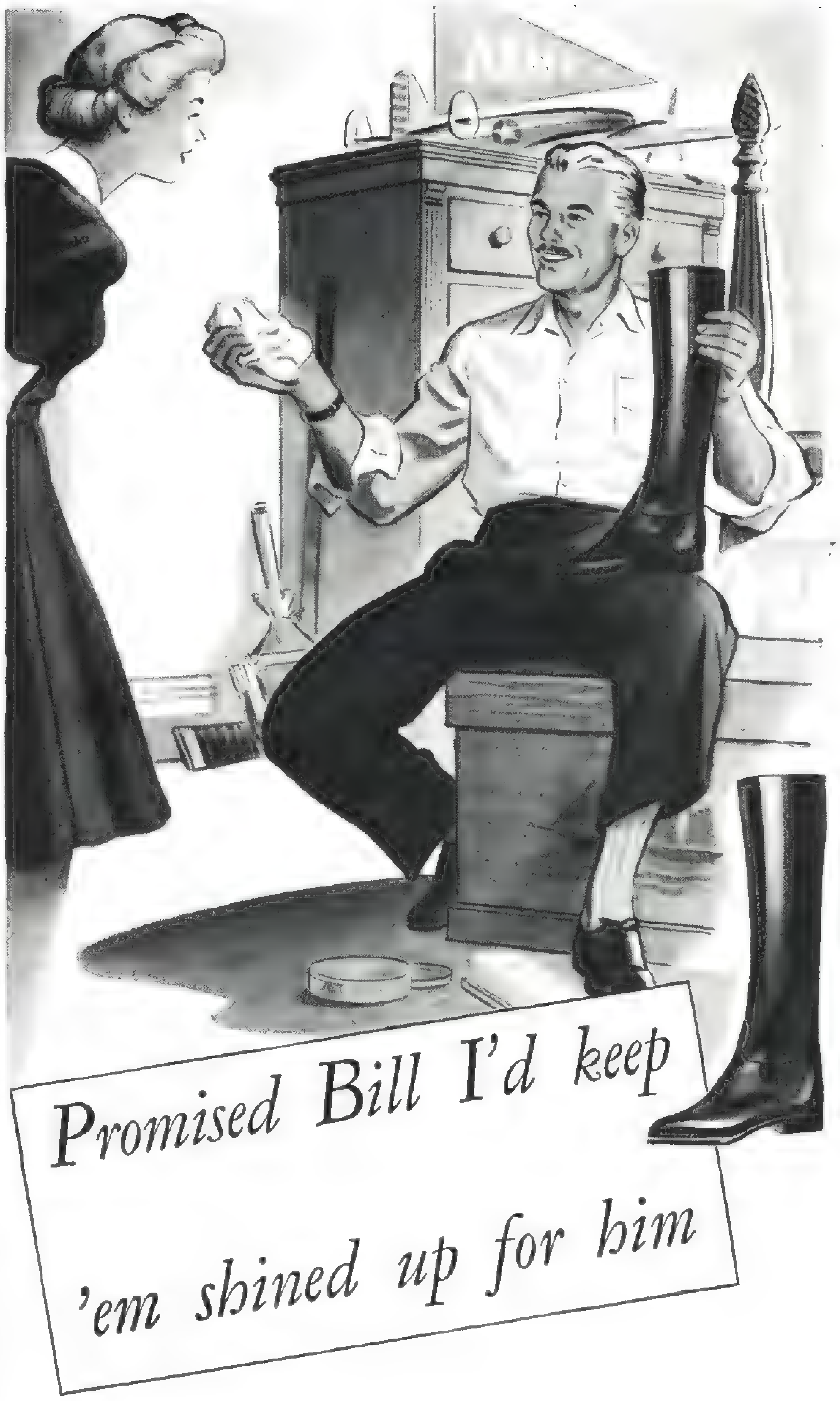
He had hardly shaken free of the prison grasp of the military than the police put its paws on him, but the police took over a Kopf who had lost forty pounds, whose legs were swollen and who had developed a catarrh as the result of his confinement in the French House of Health. The police shipped him to Normandy, to their concentration camp at Damigni, after a taste of which he enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. His offer was accepted, but fortunately for him, the impending collapse of France cancelled all enlistments, and as the Germans widened the breach they had made at Sedan, the odd lots of suspect humanity at the camp were shipped south to Bordeaux. To the thunder of the approaching Germans, the prison camp was opened wide and the refugees were told they were free. (Curiously, although Maxim Kopf undoubtedly has reasons of principle for hating the Germans, and his marriage to Miss Thompson is his greatest single offense against them, it is against the French that he has most sincere cause for enmity. The Germans never put their hands upon him.)

From Bordeaux to Bayonne, and at Bayonne he found passage on a munitions boat bound for Casablanca where, upon arrival, he was again interned. At the end of three months, he was released, interned again. During his free time he painted little watercolors and sold them to Czechs living in Casablanca. In the meantime, friends powerful and obscure were trying to obtain for him the documents requisite for an American visa and finally his wife's cousin presented acceptable affidavits for both of them, the artist and his wife reaching New York, one from Casablanca, the other from Prague, within a month of each other. Enroute to the United States Kopf received a farewell taste of French hospitality; at Martinique, Admiral Robert interned him for about six weeks.

In New York Kopf faced the problem of making a living. He painted portraits on commission, sold small landscapes, introduced his art to New York in a one-man show which was not a howling success. The Czech consulate and a Czech society helped, but he lived more or less on the ragged edge. After the novelty of freedom wears off, one would like other things, too. From the moment that he became aware of her dynamic personality, distantly, through the newspapers and the radio, he came to admire Dorothy Thompson more and more and felt that this woman was bound to have an important influence in his life. Destiny, you know.

According to one version, the then Mrs. Kopf produced the bright idea that if Maxim could manage to persuade an important figure, say someone like Dorothy Thompson, to pose for a portrait, pleasant and profitable possibilities might develop. The problem was: How to reach so remote a personage. Enter the long arm of coincidence. Working for Miss Thompson was a man with whom Kopf had shared the bitter bread of concentration camp; one of his Damigni buddies had been Budzislavski, former editor in Prague of *Die Weltbühne*, and now Miss Thompson's research worker. In the course of promoting the idea of a portrait, Budzislavski invited Kopf to come up for a stay at Miss Thompson's Vermont home, Twin Farms, near Barnard, and in August, 1942, Kopf went to visit Budzislavski as a pretext for urging Miss Thompson to pose for her portrait in oils. Miss Thompson appears not to have been too willing to sit, but permitted the artist to sketch and paint while she was working. The portrait became the center of Maxim Kopf's second one-man show early the following year. It was at Twin Farms, within a year of their meeting, that Miss Thompson became Mrs. Kopf.

After the war, Maxim Kopf plans to make a fourth trip to Tahiti. But this time, he promises her, he will take his wife along. ⧺



It brings Bill nearer, somehow—polishing those boots he cherished. Reminds Dad of teaching Bill to ride—recalls the scared-proud feeling he had the first time he watched the kid take the jumps alone . . . the very same feeling he has now when he thinks of Bill flying that big bomber.

Very likely we made those boots of Bill's. Lots of people cherish a pair of Colt-Cromwell riding boots. We made them worthy of it.

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COLT QUALITY
FOREMOST AFOOT OR ASTRIDE
COLT-CROMWELL
BOSTON, MASS.

Offensive on the Home Front

Continued from page 56

City. Nothing bound them to the California coast. Heroism seemed a little silly at their age, in their station in life.

"Let's stick around, Dotty," Arthur had said. "Maybe they'll give us something to do."

She had been swell about it. They decided to stay, to set an example. Both of them would enroll in volunteer services.

Arthur remembered all that, and he remembered he was an elderly man and his safety and happiness and possessions had been purchased by the young at Mons and Cantigny and in Jerusalem. They had died in every part of the world, securing his little round. Now they were out again, and he wanted terribly to go with them.

There was the sound of Dorothy's station wagon in the driveway. She liked to have him meet her at the door if he was home, and he rose wearily.

Dorothy, beefy and competent, advanced from the station wagon, wearing a smart powder blue uniform. She had a black Sam Browne belt and an overseas cap and the insignia of an officer on her shoulder straps. When she reached Arthur, she halted, brought her heels together and executed a smart salute.

"Good evening, Lieutenant," Arthur said, and kissed her on the cheek.

"Captain," Dorothy said proudly, and touched the metal on one shoulder. "I gave a hundred dollars more to the fund, and they made me a captain."

"Well, congratulations."

They walked into the drawing room, where Chris had put on the lights and brought a pitcher of cocktails. Dorothy sighed and removed her cap.

"There's an old hag named Ross commanding," she said, "but I'll have her job inside of a month. I'm tired, Arthur."

"I imagine you are," Arthur said. He stirred the cocktails, wondering why he was growing unreasonably angry. "How is the organization progressing?"

"We picked a name today. Nobody liked Women's Volunteer Group, so we changed it to Girls' Volunteer Group."

"Excellent choice, I think."

"I'm campaigning for gold braid for the officers," Dorothy said.

"You should have it," Arthur agreed, very quietly. "Are you settled on your duties yet?"

Dorothy sat down in her favorite chair. "In the event of an emergency, we'll take up prearranged stations."

"What for?"

"Aren't you being a trifle naïve, Arthur?" Dorothy said, a note of irritation in her voice. "To help, of course."

Arthur set the pitcher down. His hand was shaking perceptibly.

"You'll do whatever you can," he said, "provided it isn't bloody, uncomfortable, tiring and won't soil your uniforms. In the meantime you'll swank around and get in the way of people who are working."

"Arthur! Have you lost your mind?"

"This is war, you Marie Antoinette. Can't you realize that?"

"Don't you talk to me that way!" Dorothy said.

She rose from the chair, her face crimson, and walked up to him. He stood rigidly, in frozen horror at what he had said. Her right palm flattened across his mouth. For an instant he could not comprehend that she had hit him. Women in his walk of life didn't hit their men, nor did they hit their women. Once he had slapped a prostitute in Bordeaux who had persisted in keeping his cap, but that didn't count. He was amazed to find himself slapping his second woman.

Dorothy began to cry loudly and headed out of the room. Dizzy and with the taste of blood in his mouth, he noticed how large the uniform made her behind look.

"That's the first blow for liberty I've struck in a long time," he said, "and I'm damned glad of it."

He heard her crying all the way up the stairs, and poured himself a cocktail and drank it at a gulp. Then he sat down and lit a cigarette. Such was the conclusion of his career, beating his wife, looking for airplanes named Nakajimas, and hating himself. He had a second cocktail. Dorothy entered the room. Her powder and lipstick were smeared and her eyes puffy. She looked awful. Arthur stared at her coldly. This was what he had been afraid of for twenty years.

"Arthur," Dorothy said, "we're losing our minds. It's war hysteria. We've got to get out of here."

"We're going to," Arthur said. "Only we're going different ways. You can hunt your own particular funk-hole. I intend to join the Navy. I hear they take old guys if they're in good shape."

"Arthur!"

"Don't make another fuss," Arthur said, "or I'll pop you again."

She watched him for a second submissively. Then she turned and went out. Arthur lit a fresh cigarette and sipped his cocktail. The days of the appeasers were over. ⧺

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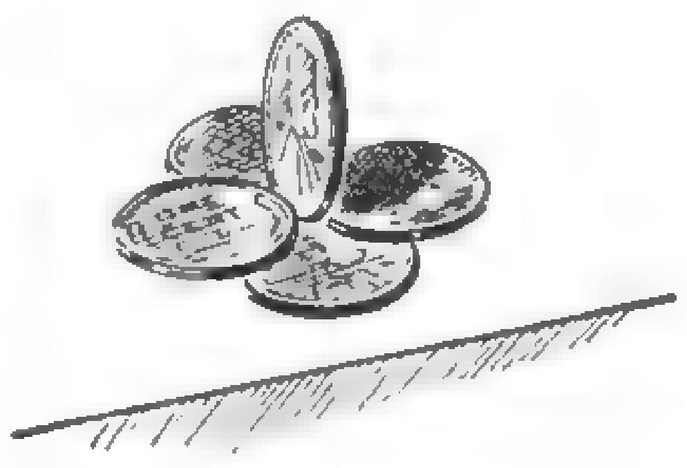

the payoff: Place two pennies with their rims in contact. Then put two other pennies on top of them as shown in the sketch. Now balance the fifth coin on its edge so that it stands on the first two coins where their rims meet and is supported between the third and fourth coins.

The Longest Way Round

Continued from page 61

so busy I forgot about him. Besides that I figured he'd have sense enough not to go in there."

It was a pretty lame defense, and he knew it.

Mr. Lucas said, "All right."

It was plain enough what he meant. Bill was careful not to look at him. He made his voice casual.

"All right," he said. "I let him get into it. I guess it's up to me to get him out."

It only took him a few minutes to make what preparations seemed necessary. He changed his boots for a pair of moccasins, and collected the things he wanted: a flashlight, sheath knife, heavy shirt, jacket, matches, and a few slabs of chocolate. He rolled them in a blanket, tied it and slung it over his shoulder. Young William was yelling in his crib, and Molly was bending over him. No use to worry her, Bill thought. There was nothing much to be afraid of, although there was always a certain amount of danger in a fire. He stopped in the doorway.

"I'm goin' out with the fire fightin' crew when they get here," he said. "No tellin' when I'll get back."

Mr. Lucas drove him up to the edge of the timber in the pick-up. They let down the wire on the fence and bucketed across the upper pasture over badger holes and bunch grass. It was too rough for conversation. When they stopped, it was hot enough to blister the paint on the car, and the smoke was suffocating.

"Nice day for a walk in the woods," Bill said.

Mr. Lucas just looked at him. "Son," he said, "I don't like that beer-bellied yahoo any more than you do, but as long as he's a guest on this ranch I'll see that he's taken care of. I don't need to tell you," he said, "that if you don't bring him back all in one piece you don't need to come back either. You better just keep on going, and go fast."

Bill grinned at him. "I don't hate him enough to leave him in there," he said: "I'll bring him back alive."

He turned away from the car and started out on a long lope. Once he got in the trees it wasn't so bad. The heat couldn't hit him there, and the smoke wasn't dense. For a while it was easy going. He had an Indian's natural instinct for finding the path of least resistance, and he travelled at a trot, going steadily but not too fast, with the blanket roll carried high on his shoulders.

When he hit the dead fall, he slowed down. It was too easy to break a leg or sprain an ankle in that treacherous footing, and if that happened he was sunk. He forged ahead slowly but steadily, walking fallen trees when he could, because their surface gave better footing than the mat of slippery pine needles on the ground. The breeze had died down and the air in the timber was dead and stifling. Sweat dripped down his face and stung his eyes.

In half an hour he estimated he had covered the front of the fire, and he breathed an involuntary sigh of relief. The only worry he had now was that he might miss Perrin someplace on the hillside.

At the end of an hour he had covered three miles, and was stopping at intervals to shout and listen. The dead fall and the timber were thinning now, and he could hear the echo of his voice bouncing back from the walls of the gulch. There was a crackling in the brush and a bunch of deer broke past him, their white flags bobbing through the trees. Bill kept on going. His throat was raw from the smoke and from yelling, and the fear that he had missed Perrin was growing inside him. He was pausing more frequently now to shout, and at the end of a quarter mile he heard his answer, high and thin, ahead of him and lower on the hill. Bill hitched his pack higher on his shoulders and started down through the trees.

Perrin was still on horseback, trying desperately to force his mount ahead. The big sorrel was lunging at the brush and over fallen logs. His coat was sweat-streaked; there was blood on his flanks from Perrin's spurs, and his mouth was cut where the big man had sawed on the reins. His eyes rolled from terror and the

Continued on page 146

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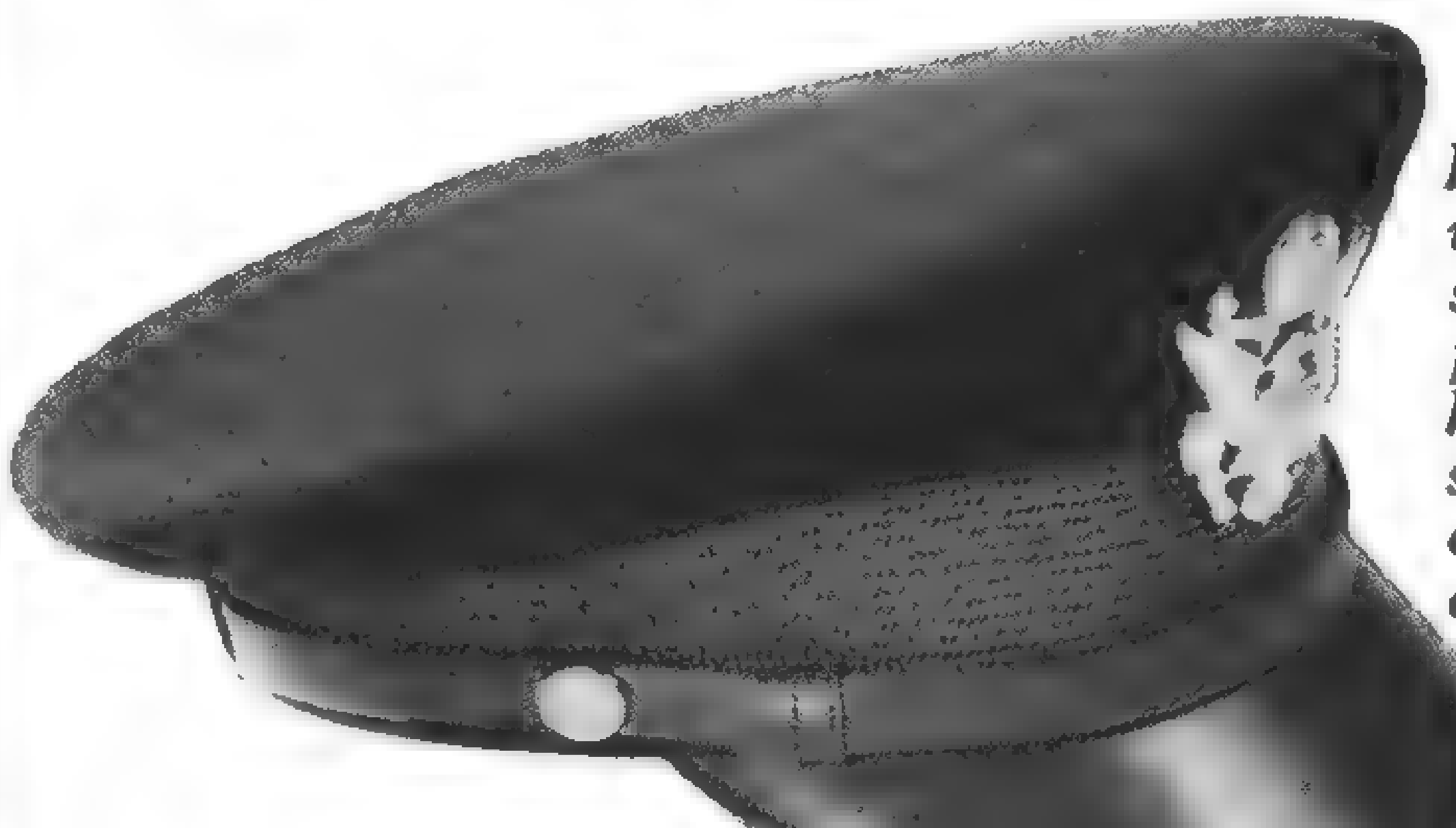

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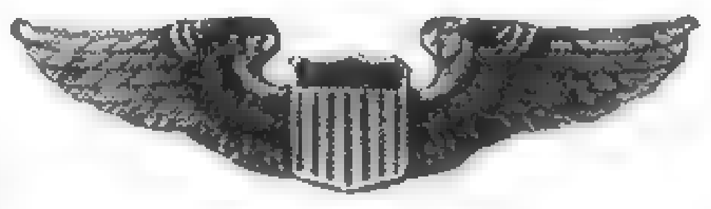

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The Longest Way Round

Continued from pages 61-145

effort of his exertions. Perrin was yelling and swearing at him in rage and fright.

The sight of the horse brought back all the anger that Bill had felt that morning, and the memory of all the indignities of the past three weeks. He shed his pack and made a grab for the bridle reins, down toward the bit.

"You damned idiot. You can't take a horse through that."

Perrin cut at him with his quirt, and Bill grabbed his arm and jerked. Perrin sprawled out of the saddle. He came up off the ground with his fists cocked and Bill let him have it right in the eye. Perrin went down on his back in the pine needles and dirt.

Bill stood over him, panting, and then he got the idea. Up to a certain point it was just a part of his job. Get the fat slob out of the jam he'd got himself in, and let it go at that. Beyond that point, though, it was something else again. Somebody ought to teach him a lesson. Bill grinned to himself. Just this once, Mister, he thought. Just this once.

Perrin was sitting up now. All the fight had gone out of him but he was still blustering.

"I'll see that Lucas hears about this. What sort of a damned kidnapping do you call it? Here I was on my way back to the ranch and . . ."

"Listen," Bill said, "do you think I came in here for exercise? Any minute now this whole hill is due to go up in smoke. You can stay if you want to, but personally, I'm goin' to get out. In a hurry."

He stripped the saddle and bridle off the sorrel, slapped it on the rump with the reins and watched it head back for the open country at the head of the gulch. Then he gathered up his pack, threw the saddle over his shoulder and headed in the same direction. Perrin hesitated, torn between resentment and fright. Finally he followed, swearing and protesting at every step. The whole thing, in his opinion, was damned nonsense. Let him alone and he'd have got back to the ranch by himself.

Bill stopped once when they got in the open. He cached the saddle in an outcropping of rock, and marked it so he could find it again. Then he turned around and waved his arm back in the direction from which they had come.

"Take a look."

A mile and a half away the south ridge was a mass of flame and billowing black smoke. Perrin's mouth dropped open.

"What chance do you think you'd have in that?" Bill said.

A moment later when he started on up toward the head of the gulch, Perrin followed him without a word.

It was eight o'clock the next evening when two figures crossed the floor of the valley, splashed through Moon Creek, and mounted the slope toward the sprawling buildings of the ranch. There was a thin, cold rain falling. Confederate Gulch still smoked but the fire had died. The sky was filled with muddy looking clouds. There was just light enough to see by, and in that light one of the figures presented a sorry looking spectacle.

Mr. Perrin's English boots were practically non-existent. His Bedford cord breeches were torn and stained. He was wearing Bill's jacket. The sleeves were too short and it wouldn't fasten around the middle. His shirt was in ribbons. His arms were scratched by branches and rocks. He had lost his hat hours before, his face was sunburned and peeling, and he had one of the finest black eyes ever seen by man. Even Bill, belatedly, felt sorry for him. He was limping alternately on both feet, and when Bill said, "Well, we're home," all he could do was nod his head.

The people on the ranch were still in the dining room and no one saw them come in. They came up the slope past the corrals and turned off into the trees toward Perrin's cabin. Bill put him into bed and poured three fingers of brandy into him. Then he foraged in the kitchen for milk and sandwiches. After that he made his report to Mr. Lucas.

"I brought him back alive," Bill said. "Anyway half alive."

He turned around and got out of there fast, before Mr. Lucas could open his mouth.

His legs ached and he shivered under the sodden shirt all the way up to the cabin. Molly was washing dishes when he came in. She turned at the sound of the door opening and stared at him open-mouthed.

"Bill!"

"I'll tell you about it tomorrow," Bill said.

He went into the bedroom, took his moccasins off, stripped off his wet shirt and jeans, and stretched out on the bed. In thirty seconds he was sound asleep.

It was late in the morning when he came awake. The sunlight was streaming through the window and for a moment he lay there relaxed and content. He could hear Molly humming in the kitchen. Then the humming stopped, there was a low sound of voices, and Molly was standing in the doorway.

"Are you awake now, Bill? Mr. Lucas wants to see you."

"All right," Bill said. "Send him in."

It's coming now, he thought. It made him feel cold and tight inside. This job was important to him, and to Molly and Young William. He lay there looking carefully at the ceiling.

Mr. Lucas' big shoulders filled the doorway. He went over and sat down in a chair, not speaking. That was a bad sign. He took a cigar out of his pocket, bit the end off, and held a match to it. Finally he said, "I was just talking to Perrin."

"Yessir," Bill said. He went on looking at the ceiling.

"From the looks of him," Mr. Lucas said, "you must have walked him through all the buckbrush in this section of Montana."

"It's rough country," Bill said.

Mr. Lucas puffed on his cigar. "Maybe you wouldn't mind telling me what happened."

Bill wiggled his toes under the blanket. "I hit him in the eye."

"I saw the result of it," Mr. Lucas said.

The thing is, Bill thought, you never can tell what he's going to say next. Why don't he just fire me and get it over with.

"What I can't understand," Mr. Lucas said, "is this: You couldn't have been over seven or eight miles from the ranch at any time, and it took you two days to get back. Now where in the name of God did you take him?"

"I got lost," Bill said.

Mr. Lucas almost strangled. He stared for a long time at the figure on the bed. It would take an Indian, he thought, to stretch a seven mile walk into forty miles, and still come out of the hills at approximately the same place he went in.

"All right," he said. "You got lost." He slid down lower in his chair and tilted his cigar toward the ceiling. "It might interest you to know that the horse you turned loose showed up at the ranch at about five o'clock in the afternoon, day before yesterday." If the horse could get back why couldn't Perrin have ridden him?

Bill sat straight up in bed. Mr. Lucas didn't pay any attention to him.

"Just to save any embarrassing questions and explanations," he went on, "I figured it'd be better to sort of retire the sorrel for the time being."

"Yessir," Bill said. You can't get away with anything, he thought; and remembering the way Mr. Perrin had looked last night made him feel a little guilty.

"You know," he said, "Perrin isn't such a bad guy after all. He's just been used to having his own way too much, I guess. All the time we were walking, and sitting out all night in the rain he never yelled once. He just took it."

Mr. Lucas got out of his chair, and Bill looked at him for the first time. Mr. Lucas was keeping his face straight, but his blue eyes were twinkling.

"No," he said, "he isn't such a bad guy. Right now he's telling everybody who'll listen how much of a hero you are. Even to the black eye. Says you hit him the same way you'd hit a drowning man to save his life. Even gave him your coat when he got cold during the night and the next day in the rain."

Bill didn't say anything. It was something he hadn't looked for and something he had never thought about. He'd taken Perrin on a wild goose chase to get even with him, and it wasn't fair that he should get credit for something he hadn't done. He could feel Mr. Lucas looking at him, waiting for him to say something.

"Well, son?"

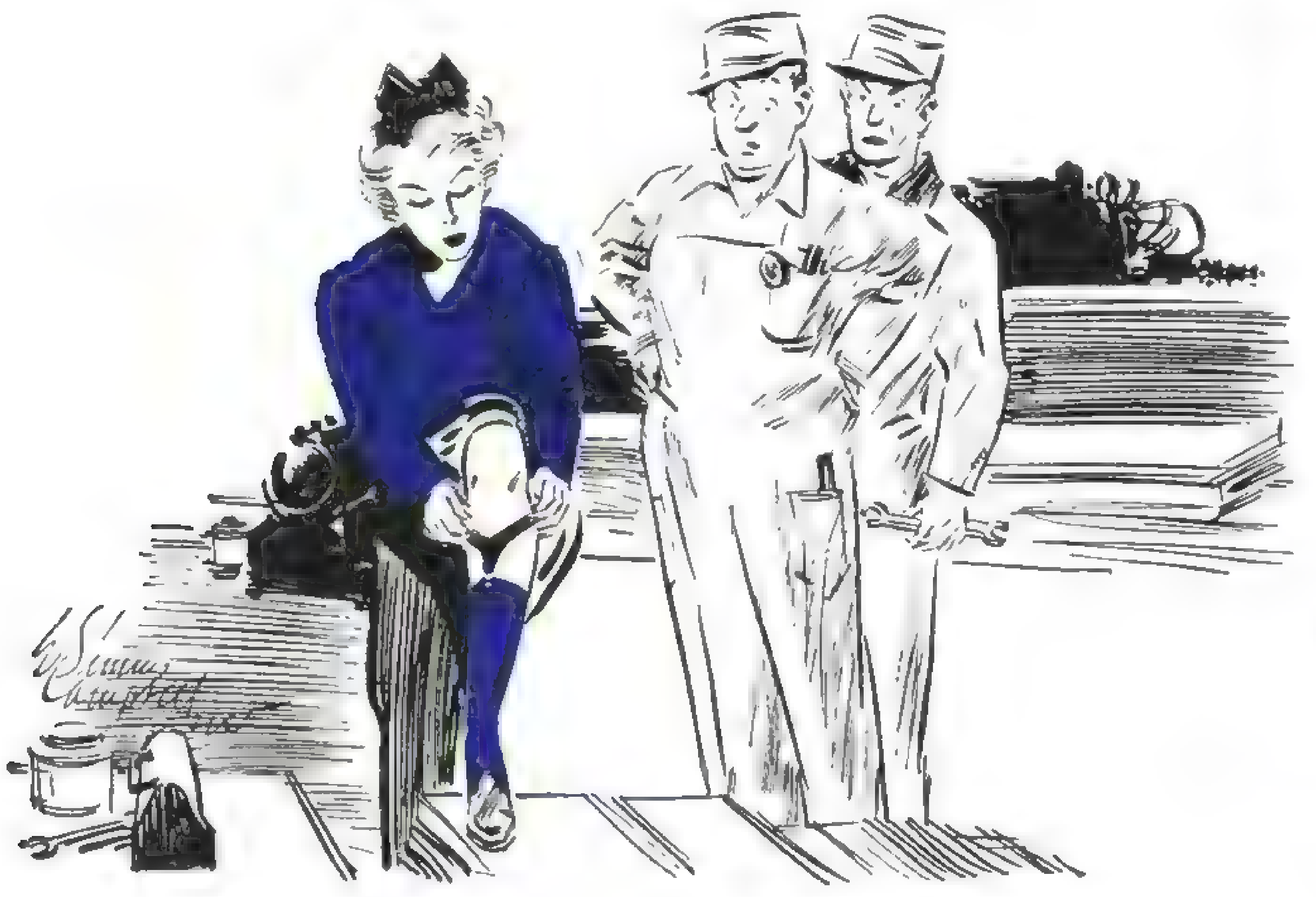
"I'll tell him the truth."

Mr. Lucas smiled at him suddenly. "No, son, I wouldn't do that. It's amazing what a good scare and a couple of days' rough travelling will do for a man's character. Maybe he learned something he needed to know. Maybe the rest of us learned something too."

"Yessir," Bill said.

Mr. Lucas turned toward the door, and stopped halfway through it. "What I ought to do," he said, "is fire you for mistreating a paying customer, but under the circumstances I'm going to let it go. It looks like we'll have some peace around here from now on. But just for the sake of discipline," he said, "you can go up there tomorrow and bring back my saddle that you cached." Mr. Lucas was still smiling but you could tell he meant what he was saying. "You can bring it back on foot," he said, "and maybe in the future it'll teach you to find the shortest way home."

Then he went out and closed the door very quietly behind him. #



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jigger of Dubonnet, juice half lime shell, add ice cubes, fill with soda and stir

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The Twelve Who Weren't Hanged

Continued from page 62

fancy dressing, they called for a kind of cross between election day and Mardi Gras. With hundreds of spectators surrounding the scaffold, a murderer's chances for resurrection depended pretty much on whether he could win over the grandstand. If they didn't like him, they might tug viciously at his legs when he dropped from the beam. Or his staunch pals might push back the friends of the man he had murdered, cajole the few guards at the scene, and then hold the murderer up by his breeches straps.

Thus shut of eternity (for the time being), a man named Mahony was so delighted that he gave three rousing cheers. His companions, fearful of discovery, begged him to be silent. But he persisted in shouting, to prove he was no longer defunct. One of his friends quieted him with a sapling—and unwittingly did a better job than the hangman. That night the false wake, scheduled at the Mahony's home to deceive the authorities, turned into a real one with a real corpse.

So Mahony's friend was hailed into court and accused of murder. The judge poohpoohed. "You can't try anyone for killing a man previously declared dead," said he, and the case was dropped.

Too often resurrected murderers went back to their old trade. Gibbs, a pirate, was hanged three times for three separate offenses. Even when Parliament passed a law saying a man must hang "by the neck until dead," and could be strung up again and again, the prescribed period for hanging still remained a scant thirty minutes, and unruly crowds still removed bodies before that time was up. Not until executions were held in the privacy of a prison yard did hangings take on a note of finality.

James Berry, who became England's executioner in the middle eighties, elevated hanging to a science. After experimenting with levers and pulleys, testing the strength of various ropes, dropping rock-filled sacks from a specially constructed scaffold in his laboratory, Berry wrote a bestseller called *The Art of Hanging* which became the bible of his profession.

In brief, Berry's thesis was that the subject will die neatly and quickly if the thickness of the rope and the number of knots in the noose are proportionate with the size and muscular development of his neck; if he is dropped a distance proportionate with his height and weight. Berry was recognized as the master of his profession and his disciples were in constant demand, but it wasn't until his thirty-eighth assignment that his name appeared in newspaper headlines.

His victim on that occasion was John Lee, who had murdered and dissected a Miss Emma Keyes. With the smooth self-assurance of the master, Berry roped the prisoner, stepped back a few paces, then pulled the lever.

The trap did not spring!

After two more attempts, Berry discovered the trap would open only when the prisoner was *not* on it. Berry was humiliated. John Lee was assigned to a lifer's cell at Dartmoor.

"The night before the execution it rained," Berry explained to his colleagues. "The moisture caused the trapdoor to swell and kept it from opening."

"Then why did it open when the prisoner was not on it?" they asked irreverently. Even the *London Times* printed a letter which suggested, "It should be announced that in the future, executions should only take place, weather permitting." And John Lee, after twenty years in prison, was set free, and immediately opened a tavern which he called "Hangman's Inn" where he exhibited the noose that was to have killed him.

In the case of John Gales, convicted of murder in Chicago in 1881, Providence's gentle smile burst into a broad grin. On the morning Gales was to die, guards unlocked his cell in Cook County Jail, solemnly marched him out the front gate into a horse-drawn carriage. They drove him to the state prison at Joliet. Still puzzled and silent, Gales there began a term of imprisonment which extended over a long period.

For the next twenty-five years, Gales held his tongue (probably in his cheek) for fear the mistake would be noticed—and corrected. His sister, Kate, was less patient, and called in an attorney. After many attorney-like gestures, this man found no document showing why the sheriff had imprisoned, not hanged Gales, and proclaimed that "My client could walk out of the prison today and no one could restrain him." Gales had a simpler plan. He wrote a letter to the governor asking for his freedom. It was granted on July 1, 1908.

Most of Fortune's children live unobstrusively after their deliverance. Not so Atma Singh, of Shanghai.

Before the war Atma stabbed a man to death for casting hungry eyes on his wife. He was to be hanged, but the rope broke. His body crashed forty feet onto a cement pavement, and he not only lived through it but was declared "not seriously injured." He was sent to Ward Road Prison for 99 years—late in 1937 a squadron of Japanese planes raided the city and the prison was so severely bombed that in one cell block every inmate was killed—except Atma Singh.

Atma ran out through the beshambled prison walls, joined an anti-aircraft battery and helped send two planes full of Japs into the eternity for which he was once destined.

For COD members there is not only life, there is glory. #

Calm, Cool Collecting

Continued from page 100

let me point out that these alleged monsters have come up with a boon that was never expected of them. Brandy. Of the Cognac type, and now catching on at Count Fleet's speed as julep material, highball spike, and after-dinner soother. Blueprinted during the glad demise of the 18th Amendment, it has had a decade in which to evolve personality. Proudly California, and hence paying no import duty, this brandy nevertheless would seem like happy memories revived to the French of liberated North Africa, looted of their Cognac by the Nazis. In view of the fact that the Cognac region itself has been ruthlessly despoiled—stills, reserves and all—California has a big responsibility cut out for it in the brandy line. Incidentally, the first juleps of America were made with this type of liquor. (If you lack a recipe, lick a stamp onto an envelope bearing your name and habitat, and I'll send you a trio.)

You'll be amused to know that in certain uncurried sections of our country, he-guys, whose tongues are hanging out because of the whiskey scarcity, have stood off the suggestion, "How about brandy?" because they figured it was some sort of spineless syrup for the ladies. But when assured that it is "whiskey made out of grapes instead of corn," they grab it, throw back their heads hound-dog fashion, and pour it down the red gulley, where it inspires yells of joy. The butler with the snifter glasses hasn't yet caught up with them, but he's on their trail.

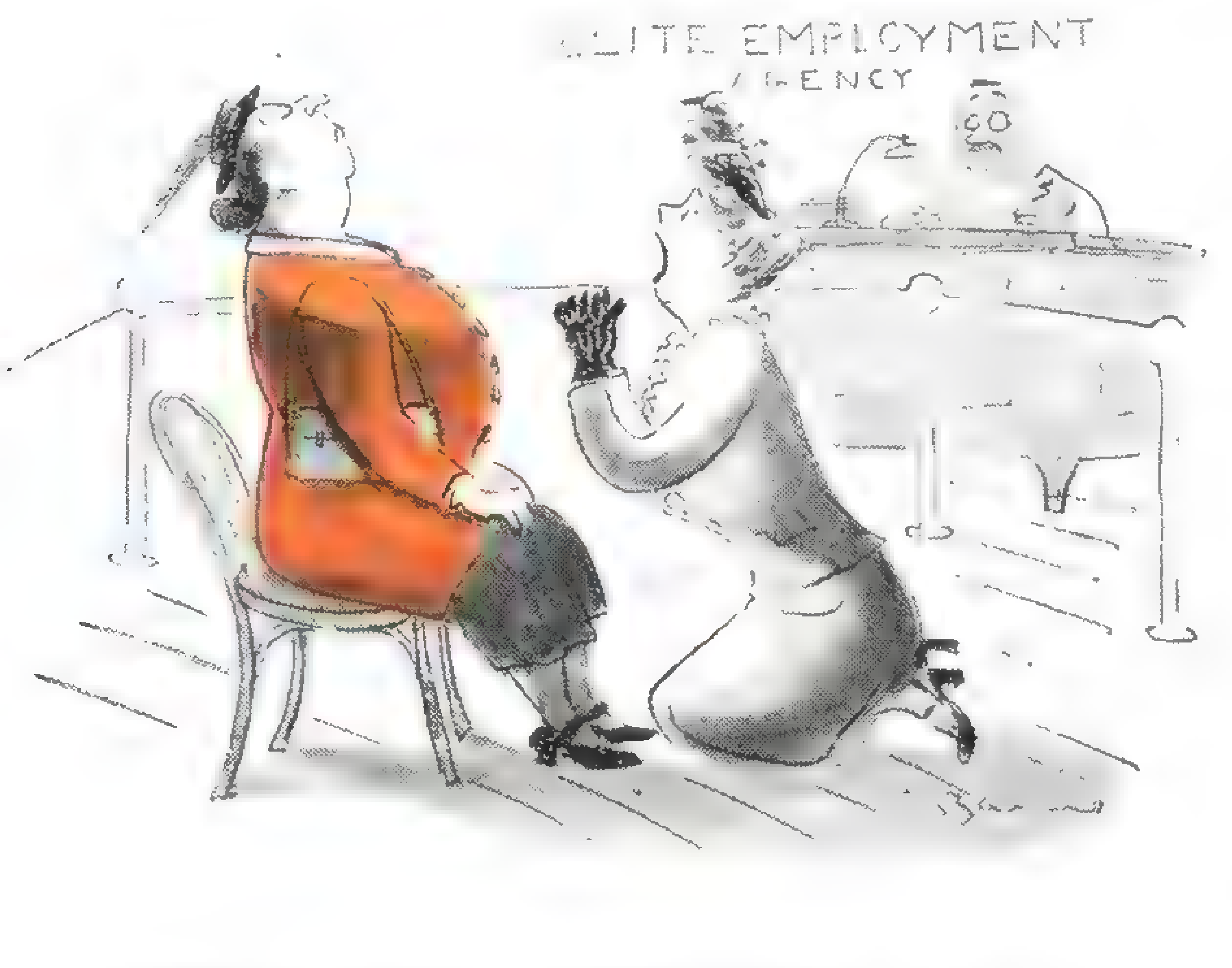
Another Continental keynoter, Dubonnet, the apéritif wine that made a color famous (arguments as to which came first are like the chicken-or-the-egg controversy), was just about to drop from our drink rosters because of unobtainableness, when, lo and holio it burst forth afresh over here, Monsieur Paul Dubonnet having reached our shores with the family formula secreted inside his shirt, or tattooed on him, or something. Anyhow he found American wines that matched up with Dubonnet basic principles, and also the tonic and teaser configurants. But this being America, "Dubonnet Straight" (the traditional European way of drinking this apéritif) has a hard time keeping ahead of Dubonnet-the-Mixer. Seemingly a nation that swings the classics was bound to get round to stirring them. And much as I deplore the sight of a barspoon twirling Tradition dizzy, I'm not one to ignore Timoshenko Cocktail, made with ⅔ Dubonnet and ⅓ vodka, whirlpooled with cracked ice and strained into stemmer.

And where can one get vodka? Why, *in* America and *from* America; not even in Russia are the vodka-asker's chances as good. And here we add "V" in front of drink names, such as the V Martini and the V Collins, signifying victory over our enemies and refusal to be defeated by the gin shortage. Also the utter routing of the notion that this "fierce Slavic firewater" (actually delicate and full of finesse) will knock your hat off 300 feet in the air.

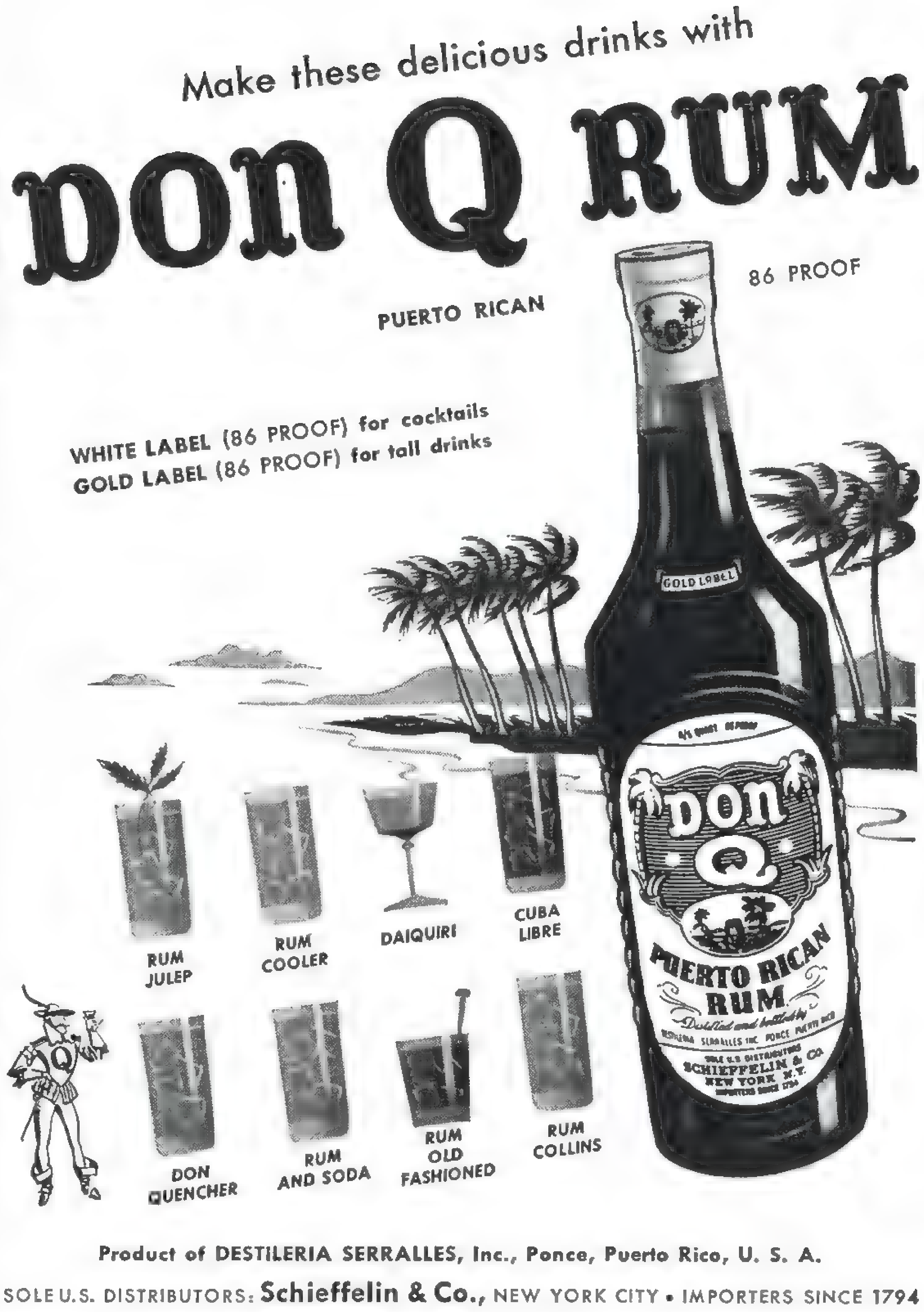
You mightn't think it possible to bow to the USSR and the West Indies at one and the same sip, but this cool feat is accomplished by means of a "Russian Winter": juice of 1 lemon, 1 jigger Grand Marnier (also reborn in America), 1 jigger light-bodied rum, 1 dash grenadine. Shake with plenty of cracked ice; pour unstrained into Collins glass; fill up with sparkling water; stir slightly. Give it a pair of clean straws.

The rum? It, too, of all types, is trickling in steadily as yet another answer to the glumsters moaning low as we step out to relax. To hear them, you would think we were due to be dessicated into Egyptian mummies.

You and I know different. Not while us guys have a drop in our veins will we be stuck for a drop of legitimate cheer. Our palates don't expect to swim through a world chaos but, with intelligent conservation, they'll pull through—not so dustily. Any kicker ought to have his greed examined. #



"But we're only a small family, and we eat out three nights a week"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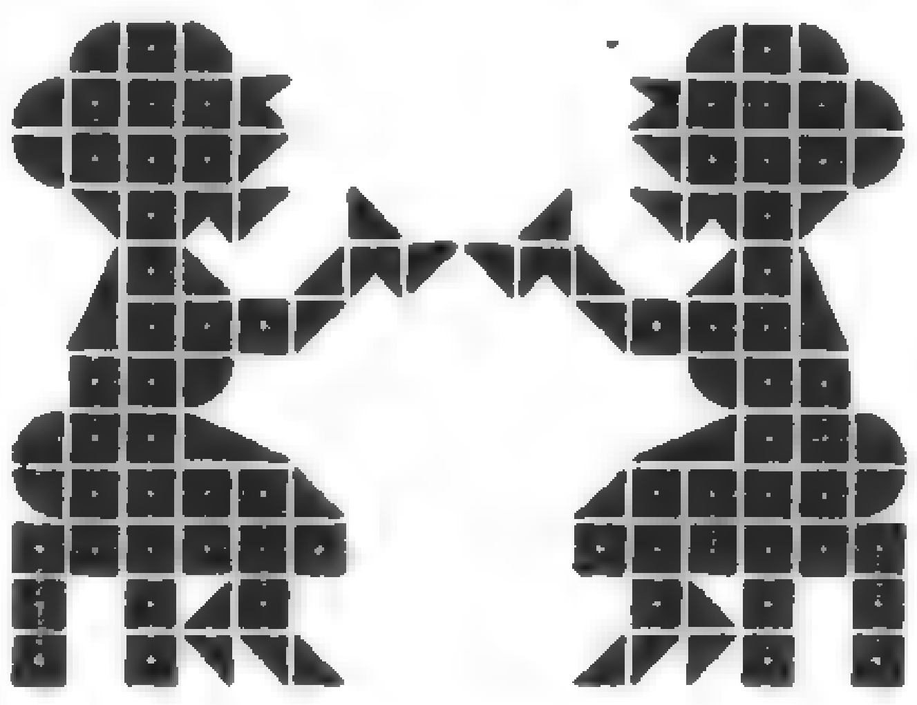
Cocked Hat in the Pacific

Continued from page 46

and wondered how far tradition should go; but the doubt was short-lived. Halsey got out of his plane, removed his goggles and smiled.

"Well, gentlemen, I'm ready," he said. Promptly his classmates ducked him. Since then they have been overly devoted to him without being awed, and today, oftentimes, he is roundly applauded with unmilitary whistles and yells when making an appearance.

Halsey's flight training, naturally, serves to augment the importance of carriers in his task force ideas, yet he insists that the battlewagon will still have a decided role in this war. The statement is not amplified, for almost in the same breath he says, "I'm a flyer," and, somehow, you get the idea it's his strong forte. Nonetheless, Halsey is not provincial and sticks to no dogmatic rules. Rules, in fact, have been something of a nuisance to him. He doesn't, despite his sea-dog looks, resort to the sternest discipline with his officers and men. Invariably his first order to officers is, "no neckties." His dress uniforms wear out more quickly from hanging in a closet than from wear. His customary uniform on the bridge of his flagship includes old slippers and clothes that spell comfort; he has a minor aversion to spit-and-polish and often permits his officers to wear a work uniform at dinner.



When dames have operations
Performed on their vitals
Their future conversations
Are organ recitals.

Halsey is a sailor's sailor, something out of a Glencannon story in appearance but with the sharp mind of an aviator and possessed of a great natural personality. The nickname "Bull" is purely a term of affection which he wouldn't trade for a title. A tattooed anchor on his shoulder further attests to his kinship with the rank and file.

Speaking of technique, his only answer has been, "We violate all traditional rules of naval warfare." He could have added, "and make new rules." Take the time he was court-martialed during the Halcyon days of peace. The fleet was on maneuvers when the tactical problem called for certain simulated actions. Suddenly, during the cautious, orderly mock-battle, Halsey sent a fast ship slam-bang through the middle of the opposing lines, for all intents and purposes firing with all her guns. The effect was nothing if not panic to the "enemy" ships which would have fired at each other in real battle. Called on the carpet by the Navy brass hats, Halsey's simple defense was:

"I was ordered to attack. I attacked." He was acquitted.

In one of the Pacific battles a few months ago one of the most heroic and inventive tricks used against the Jap fleet proved to be a counterpart of Halsey's stunt, when the cruiser *San Francisco*, under Rear Admiral Dan Callaghan, led the American force directly between the two enemy groups, causing the Japs to fire at each other and completely fall apart. Coincident?

The task force strategy employed by Halsey as a major instrument in sea warfare has had no more sustained tests than in the various Guadalcanal battles. "Hit hard, hit fast, hit often" is not forgotten and is considerably more than just a slogan. While the "hit-and-run" factor is invariably present, Halsey deploys it like a football play that breaks off tackle one time and through center the next. The effect has kept the enemy fleet off balance and has been important in that no less than four major Jap attempts to regain the Guadalcanal objective have been convincingly repulsed.

Halsey's academic career, curiously, was not flashy. He was literally born into the Navy. His father, an Annapolis graduate of 1873, was attached to the Pacific Station when William Frederick, Jr. was born. Young Halsey attended a number of schools, including the University of Virginia, before entering the Naval Academy where he was graduated in 1904. In addition to his football prowess, Halsey was then known as a hardy person, matter of fact and popular.

Prior to the war Halsey served as Commanding Officer of the carrier *Saratoga*, Commandant of the Naval Air Station at Pensacola and in command of Carrier Division. At the outbreak of this war he was a Vice Admiral serving as Commander of Aircraft, Battleforce, U. S. Fleet.

Admiral Halsey was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal following the Marshall-Gilbert raid, and was made a full Admiral last November, The DSM, however, is just another medal; in the first war he won the Navy Cross for his outstanding work in convoy patrol in the Atlantic and received medals from Mexico, Chile and Greece. Halsey is married and has two grown children—a married daughter and a son, William Frederick III, who is serving with the Pacific fleet.

The cocked hat of Admiral Halsey is pointed toward Tokyo, Hirohito!

Willie Pep of Hartford

Continued from page 71

juke box, he relaxes until nine o'clock, a strange period to relax. At nine it's roadwork. Gore believes it is more beneficial after his boy has food in his system and digested. Willie starts with vigorous calisthenics, then jogs, trots, sprints and walks, in that order, from two to five miles. Home again, he sweats out, showers and goes to bed for half an hour or an hour.

Lunch is eaten at 11:30—on the Gore timetable—not 11:29 or 11:31. He has a small steak, roast beef, fish or chicken, a green vegetable, dark bread and butter and coffee or tea. The next two and one-half hours are his own. At 2:30 he is in gym clothes and ready to go. Contrary to most boxers' routines, Gore starts Willie with calisthenics and finishes with boxing. Gore won't have the heavy bag or wall pulleys for Willie. The little speed bag precedes the boxing. Three or four fast rounds of swapping punches ends the workout—no setting up exercises, no tapering off. Out of the gym at 4 p.m. The rubbing table is next, then a shower and last of all a bottle of beer.

Again he has time to do as he pleases, almost an hour. He usually sits around playing "Knock" rummy with a companion of his own age, self-styled "bodyguard" Jimmy Toce. Five-thirty finds Willie digging into a fruit cup, steak, baked potato, mixed greens and finally ice cream, custard or rice pudding. No coffee. If he is taking off weight too fast, he starts his meal with his second bottle of beer for the day.

A short and exceedingly well-behaved evening follows, for Willie has to be in bed before ten.

Willie still is personally modest. He abhors being waited on. He will not allow anyone to carry his bags either into a hotel or into an arena. Nobody but himself may wrap his hands before a fight. In addition to his bags he carries separately his good-luck water bucket and bottle—"Spitzy" and "Guzz." One is an ordinary galvanized iron pail. The other is an old Bacardi rum bottle covered with three or four layers of white tape. They have travelled about twenty-five thousand miles with him since Gore joined the Pep board of education.

Sixty-two successive professional victories Willie scored in a row, eight of them after he was champion. It is the most amazing winning streak in the annals of boxing. The ruby stop light for his ring was not wanted until he met Sammy Angott March 19, 1943 in the Garden. Angott, by a furious attack, took the lead in the first five rounds and after that mauled and held and "spoiled" Willie to hold the margin.

It was a traffic stop light, that was all. Willie has gone on winning since and his friends believe he is the better for not carrying the burden of a long, unbroken winning streak.

The Angott match was a non-title bout. Since then Willie has defended his title against Sal Bartolo of Boston and has won four other bouts, all decisions. That brings his string of pro victories to sixty-seven out of sixty-eight. This record will stand for some time and he may have to rest on it. He will be twenty-one years old this year, is classified 1A in the draft, and is expecting his call to service very soon. ⧺

Air Scout's Primer

Answers to problems on page 129

1—You know that the spot is a wood and brush thicket that could hide as many as a hundred men. The speck of light might be from a ration tin carelessly tossed outside the ambush. You tap out a message to headquarters that paratroopers may be hidden in square so-and-so of map number so-and-so.

2—You know that loaded trucks couldn't travel fast enough over that road to raise a dust cloud. These are empties being rushed back. Therefore the enemy has moved heavy reinforcements of men or material forward during the night.

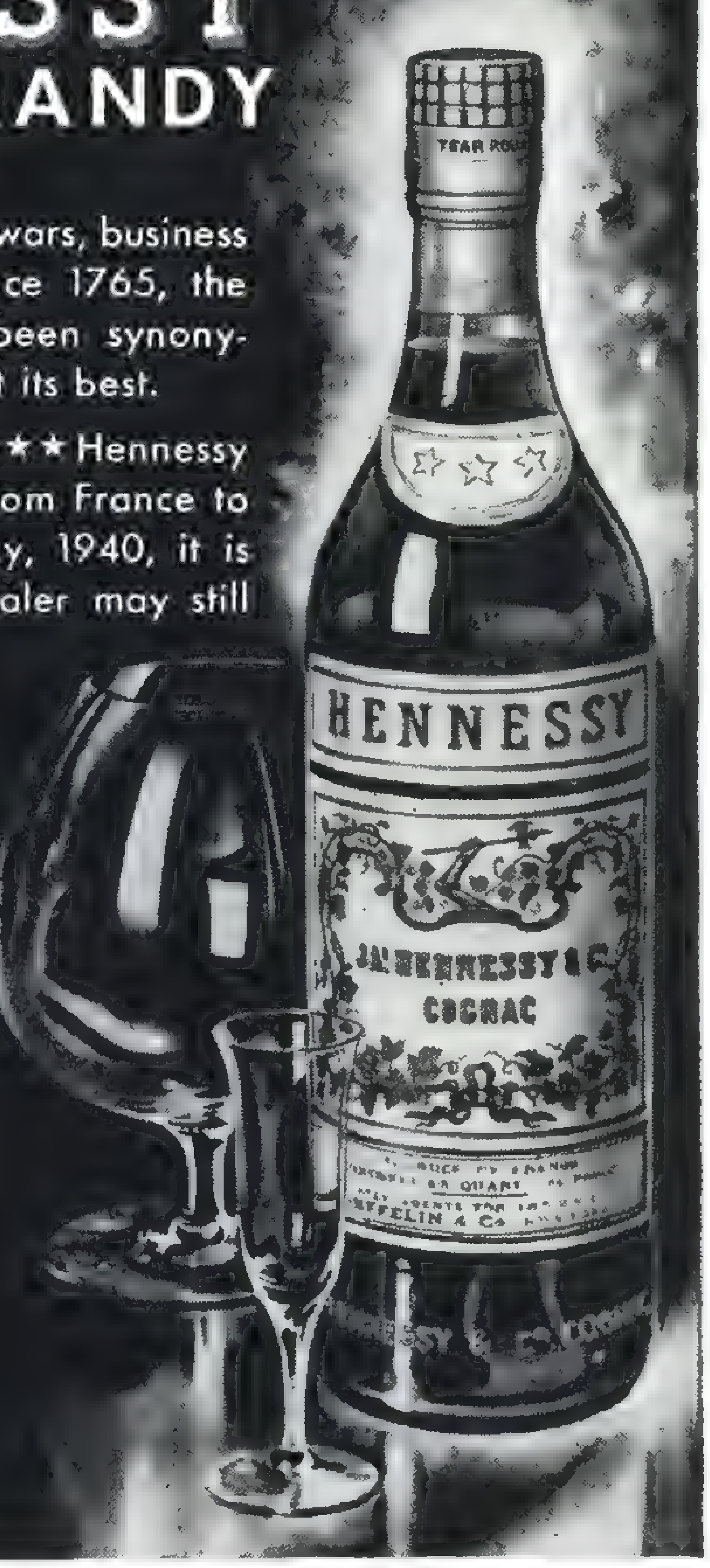
3—You make another strip photograph of the bluffs. If there are any camouflaged operations to open routes to lay down pontoon bridges, a study of new photographs will reveal them.

4—You report a large force of the enemy who have built small fires to warm themselves, thinking the fog may be a mile high. The smoke streamed up through the layer of fog. They are like sitting fowl now for anti-personnel bombs to be rained on them.

5—You report that the enemy division has crossed the highway. It lined up along the road for three miles and all 12,500 men and their supplies crossed with hardly perceptible interruption of traffic.

6—You report their position. The men were lying on the ground, which their uniforms matched, with hands under them and faces down. But when you swooped low, they involuntarily turned their faces up to see if you were going to land on them.

7—You call the shore base and report a camouflaged raider. Oil tankers don't go south loaded.



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BLADES

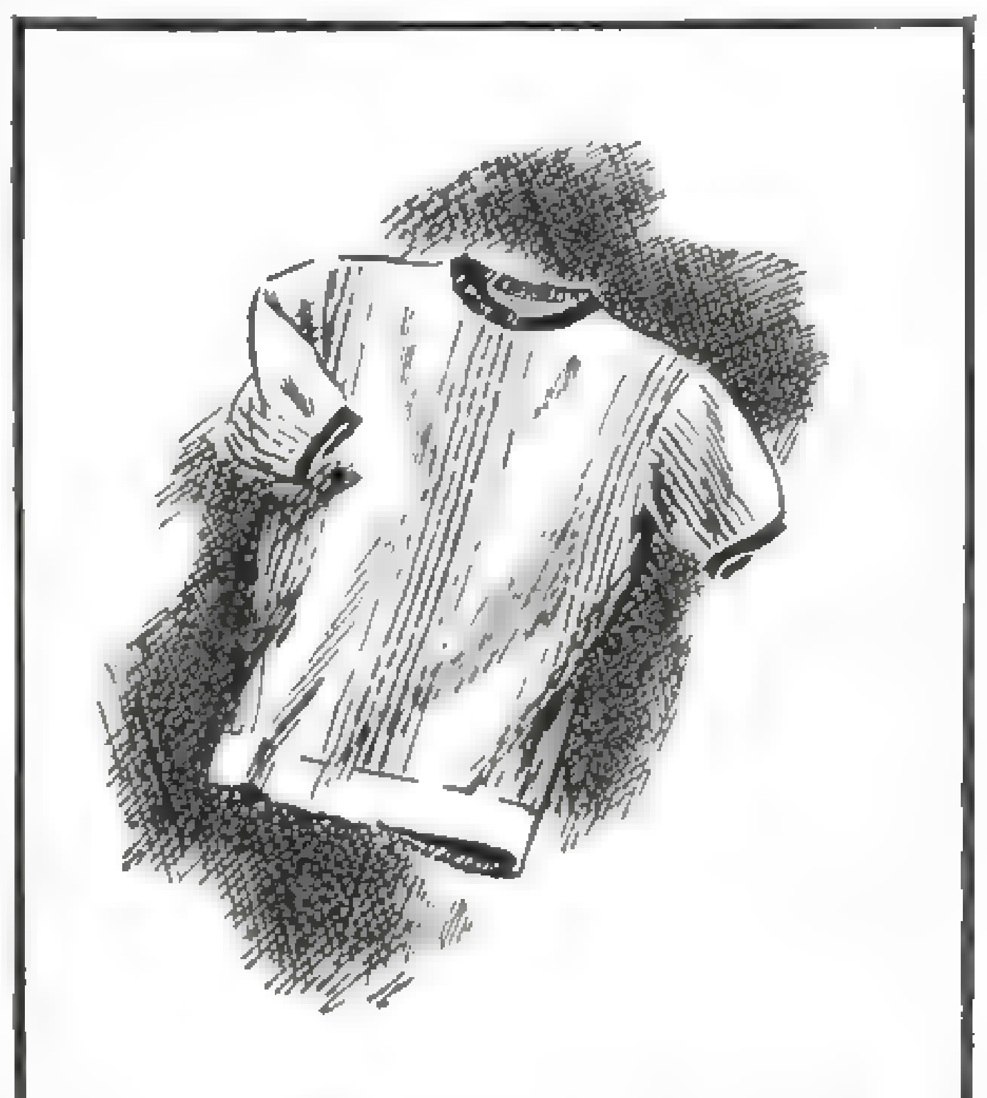
Many Wives Too Many

Continued from page 31

ried women who have no other husbands by the official tabulation. But there Britain's troubles really would begin. The census takers would have wives for going out to dinner, for going to church, for cooking duty, mothering, playing games and loving, but how are the census takers going to support these wives when the gents have no jobs? The plan does not mention a wife to take the census with.

The whole damn thing has me stopped unless it is crossed with the Ruml plan and a man can skip the wife he contracted last year. By the time he had six wives he would be all for dropping them one by one along the wayside and in six years would wind up even, being out practically nothing but his time, money and health.

Tommy Manville has a better and simpler plan. If a guy wants a wife to look at maps of the Lake district with, why not marry the girl? Then by the time he is ready to go to dinner and wants another dame he could pay off the map gazer and marry the feeder.



Vertical stripes formed by varied spacing of rib-knit cotton accentuate height of wearer.

Basically the trouble with the Joad idea is that the victim would multiply by six the irritations that burn a gentleman in his time-table relations with women. Seldom does a woman keep engagements on time but more rarely does a woman fail to pout in pique or explode in flaming rage when the gentleman has been detained by business or by dropping in to have a quick snort.

One teamed with a Joad menage of six wenches never would be able to get anywhere on time. He would be late for dinner, either with the home-cooking spouse or the eating-out lady, because it's a sure thing that the game-playing wife or the loving companion would be tardy in getting onto the job. When he had a date to go to church, his mother-wife would delay things getting him washed, his hair slicked down, his tie smartly knotted and his clothes neatly brushed. About that time the wife who cooks for him would rush up with a chunk of blueberry pie on which she had lavished her affection. The pie would drip on the tie, the mother-wife would try to remove the spot, then make the son-husband put on a new tie. In the meanwhile the church-going wife would be waiting on the steps, looking up and down the street for her Joad-come-lately and working herself up into no frame of mind to worship.

The guy would walk down the aisle in the wake of his church-going wife just about the time the congregation was singing the recessional. The wife-to-go-to church-with would give her sixth of the mob husband an unpious going over in whispered counterpoint and insist that he ask for waivers on the other five wives because they make her look bad waiting on church steps like a drunk's dog parked on the weather side of a swinging door.

After that session the Joad-system husband would be in no mood to play games, and probably would be of such an evil disposition he wouldn't even want to play house with the loving wife just to get even with the church-going wife, which is a normal procedure of men who have received scoldings from a wife. He might feel like going out and getting himself plastered. But by that time he would be such a creature of habit that he couldn't indulge without the help of a wife-to-get-plastered-with, so he would wander around wishing he also had a home containing a wife-to-have-a-home-with, so he could go home and bite his nails with his wife-to-bite-nails-with.

The fundamental trouble with the Joad plan is that a really versatile fellow would need so many wives the housing shortage would be hopelessly aggravated. A gentleman who really got into the spirit of the share-the-husband scheme would not have Dr. Joad's restraint and be true to only six wives. He probably would want, in addition, a wife to mix drinks, one to go to the movies with, one who is on a diet and will give her husband her ration card, one who goes barefoot and will give her husband her shoe coupon, one who will get the hell off the telephone inside of twenty minutes, one who will take care of the garden, one to do the laundry, one to trade in the tooth paste tubes, one to take the used safety razor blades to the scrap drive and, high in the roster, one to pay the bills. A wife to take care of the kids, one to mow the lawn, and another one to press clothes and shine shoes should be included in every completely satisfactory Joad-plan stable.

After about a week of the Joad plan the gang husband would want to curl up in bed with a good book, deep in the heart of a South American jungle. By that time his hero would be Bluebeard, not Dr. Joad.

In his weak delirium he'd wonder why he ever went in for compound matrimony when any gentleman with good sense should realize that one wife is too much for most men. ###

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Carry On, Mr. Barnes

Continued from page 43

ordered Mr. Barnes through tight lips. The silent men stared at him and then one complied, dipping the bucket over the gunwale. The bosun sputtered and came to, dazed and holding a split scalp.

Mr. Barnes said, "We steer dead east, bosun."

The bosun was silent. He licked his lips. "Yes . . . sir," he said.

Mr. Barnes shipped the tiller and, sitting down, inspected the boat compass as if nothing had happened. He was shaking all over. But he had held command.

The weather did not improve and the boat was constantly drenched with spray. Small wave-tops lopped over and the men had to take turns bailing. After dark, and when the day's heat had begun to diminish, some of them complained of chill, and such as had no rubber life-suits huddled inside their kapok lifejackets and cursed all things. Mr. Barnes lighted a hurricane lamp and ordered it lashed to the mast. It gave only a feeble flickering light, often threatening to go out when the boat gave a violent plunge, but it was soothing to the nerves, a friendly spark in the dark sea.

The night was incredibly long, the boat bucking to the stiffening swells, and when the sun came up it was not a relief but a promise of more smashing heat and torture. The swells ran huge, and a startling blue, and many of the men became seasick with the motion, so different from that of a large vessel. Mr. Barnes took stock of his position and his supplies.

He was hove-to and therefore more or less stationary, with no hope of making headway east, nor northeast for the Galapagos now. A trim-built schooner might claw to windward but a clumsy lifeboat had no chance at all. On the other hand there was nothing to the west for a thousand or more miles. Nor was there any hope of running and hoping to reach any well-used shipping lane, as well-used shipping lanes no longer existed. No, the dead mate was right. Keep her east, fella! And that meant remaining where they were as much as possible, until the sea had subsided and the easterly wind changed to give them a break.

As for the supplies, Mr. Barnes counted eight cans of corned beef left, a dozen cans of tomatoes, a small box of sea-biscuits, supplementing a supply in a large tin box fastened beneath the midships stretcher; a few potatoes and onions which had been salvaged from the wreck, and a small sack containing three cans of sardines and some loaves of soft bread which someone it seemed had had the presence of mind to secure before abandoning ship. The water supply was contained in three fairly large beakers, and in various bottles and flasks some men owned, but it was obvious on the whole that the rationing would have to be strict with their length of time adrift as uncertain as it was.

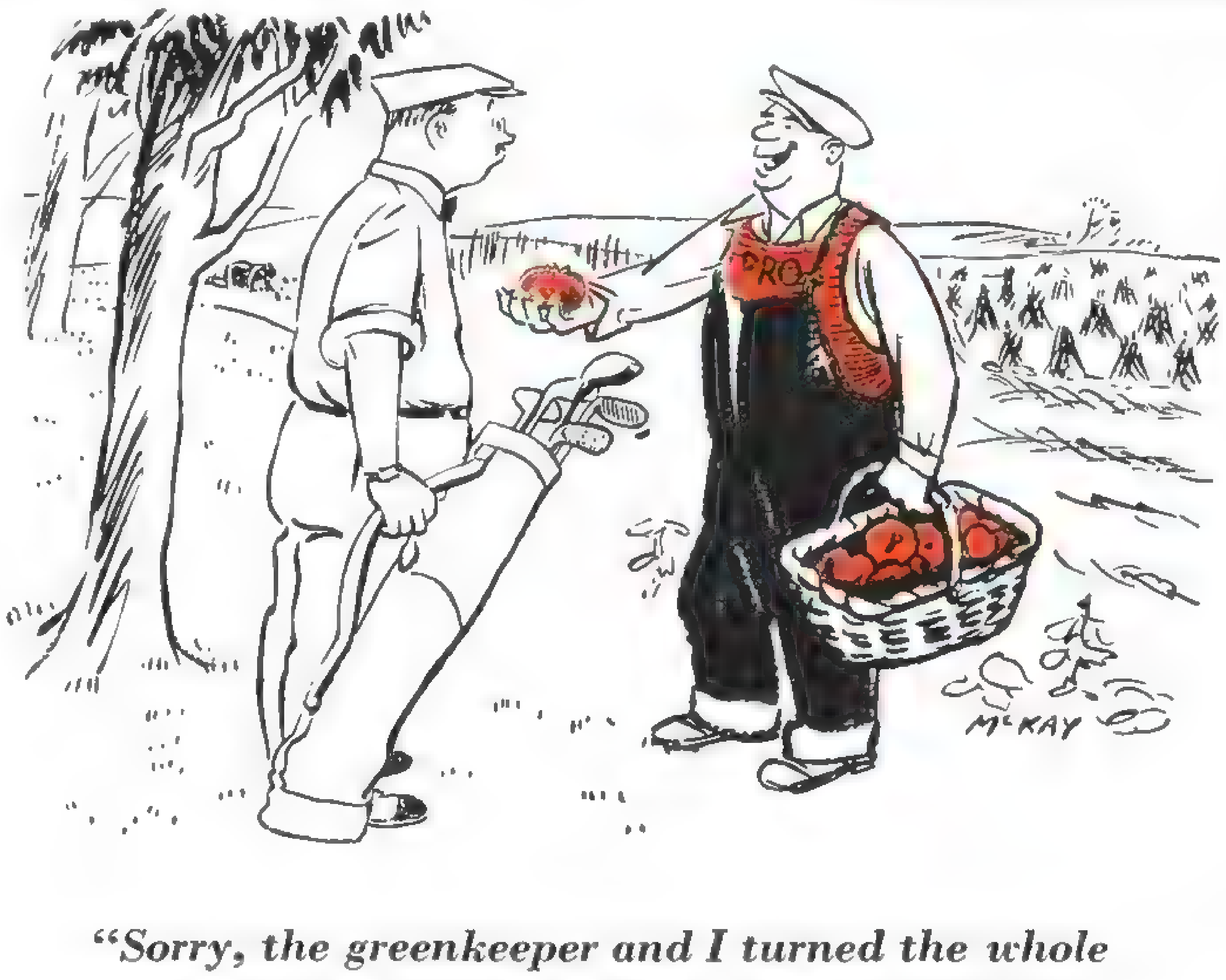
"We take a drink every noon, when we eat," Mr. Barnes announced, after some computing. "And a swallow or two in the afternoon. There's no use complaining. We're only a couple of hundred miles from the coast, but God knows how long we'll be getting there."

They stared at him and said nothing. Even the bosun said nothing. Mr. Barnes felt that that was the worst part of it. They made no attempt to debate or argue the matter, or to offer any advice. They just stared and said nothing. It was up to him.

The wind remained strong from the east and the swells showed no signs of decreasing. Mr. Barnes did not sleep again that night.

There were many nights he did not sleep. The persistent easterly wind continued and after eight days died away. The swell subsided, too, and the boat tossed to a swollen calm. By this time the men were all bearded, filthy, exhausted from the drenching heat. By this time too the water was nearly finished, the only renewed supply being from a porcelain filter which, taking sea water into a top section, rendered about a

Continued on page 154



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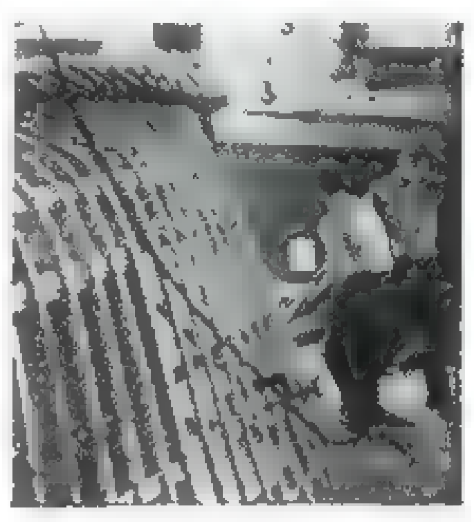

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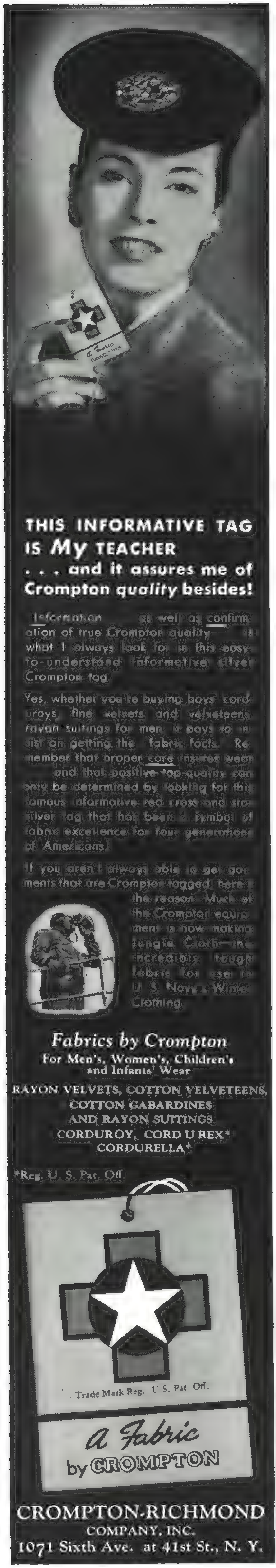

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Carry On, Mr. Barnes

Continued from pages 43-153

quart of reasonably fresh water a day from the bottom section, a pittance among fifteen men. The food was exhausted, save for the biscuits, and Mr. Barnes cut the water allowance and the biscuit allowance in half. One seaman rose in protest and started aft.

"I ain't scared of dying," he choked, "but I might as well die on a full gut!" Mr. Barnes unshipped his tiller and stood up.

"Get back where you belong," he croaked. The half-crazed man shook both fists and roared, "Why do we have to listen to this damned kid? I say . . ." The bosun caught at his ankle and jerked him flat. "Shut up," he said. The man started to get up again, raving, and Mr. Barnes hit him with the tiller. He went down.

The bosun laughed. "It ain't always necessary to go that far, kid, but you're fast learning."

Knitted sport shirt shows contrasting cross stripes with overplaid and a solid color collar.

"Sure, I'm learning," said Mr. Barnes, one time third officer of the *Chloris* but now a sun-blackened, bearded scarecrow with just a tiller in his hand, his red-rimmed eyes like burned holes in a rag, and his thin gold band of authority so dirty you could hardly see it. But he held the tiller and stared them all down.

They suffered incredibly during the next days. Once they heard a plane drone overhead, and twice they saw steamship smoke on the horizon, but neither gave relief. The calm persisted. The water ran out, save for the porcelain filter which scarcely sufficed for a mouthful a day per man. The food ran out, and when Mr. Barnes swatted a curious sea-gull with an oar, much as one swats a fly, it was grabbed from the sea and torn to pieces and eaten before he could even order any rational distribution. He let it pass. He only received a minute fragment of the leg himself, which the bosun passed him, and which he declined in favor of the sick steward.

The bosun said hoarsely, "I ain't sure he can even eat it, sir," and Mr. Barnes said, "Well, try anyway. He's still pretty sick." The bosun went back amongst the men and his report seemed to have some effect. Mr. Barnes thought he noticed a less hostile attitude when he doled out the now once a day water ration.

With a bare mouthful of water a day it was possible to issue . . . lips and tongues began to swell and crack, and some of the men became partially delirious. One man particularly so, suddenly getting up and screaming he could see a fountain, and jumping into the sea, began to swallow. Mr. Barnes had him hauled back with the boat hook and ordered him bound. The man screamed imprecations and savage threats until someone thrust an oily rag in his mouth to stop the clamor. Of nights, the dews made beads of moisture on the woodwork and the men licked this off avidly. Mr. Barnes kept the porcelain filter between his knees and had occasionally to ward off dark figures that tried to steal aft in the night for the precious liquid. He had almost forgotten what a sound sleep was like. He had become accustomed, like an animal, to waking instantly at the beginning of the slightest suspicious sound.

After the second day without food, he vaguely recalled something he had once heard an old sailing-ship officer say, noticing the schools of flying fish that played tantalizingly all around an open boat. And that night he had the three hurricane lamps they had, lighted and hung low on the mast stays. Sure enough, every so often a flying fish or two, aiming for the light as a moth to the flame, would come whirring in over the gunwale, to crash into a man's chest or to drop gasping to the bottom boards. All the fish would have been snatched and devoured by the strongest men, but Mr. Barnes went the boat's length with tiller in hand and ordered all the fish delivered aft, for equal distribution later.

After three nights, the schools of fish disappeared. The boat drifted two days more in the oily calm, and the men looked at each other and wondered. They were all sun-blackened and sun-blistered, and salt-water sores had appeared on some of them. The sick steward seemed to be sinking, and Mr. Barnes fed him a thin gruel of a piece of powdered biscuit he had saved, and a precious half-pannikin of water. One man cursed at that.

"Hell, Watson's on the skids," he croaked. "Why waste stuff on him?"

"Shut up!" said Mr. Barnes, holding the sick man's head and feeding him a little at a time, and he was surprised to hear the bosun say, "Shut up!" in accord, and then call, "You dirty swine . . . !" Mr. Barnes whipped around in time to see the man coming for his back with his sheath-knife and the bosun hitting him with his fist and knocking him over. The rest of the men said nothing. The objector sat up, and the bosun threw his knife overboard.

"Sharks!" shouted one of the men, pointing with a shaking finger over the side of the boat.

Mr. Barnes looked at the tri-

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see page 128

angular fin skimming around the boat and his heart turned over. Was that really the end of command, any sort of command? Shark meat? . . . His head felt light. Then the sight of the shark circling gave him an idea.

He had the bosun lash a line to the boat hook, and he poised it as a harpoon. All hands waited breathlessly, and when Mr. Barnes let the boat hook go and it sank deep into that steel-gray back, they yelped like children. There was half an hour of careful playing then, in case the shark tore the boat hook out, and men who had been sullen for days enthusiastically hauled in the sea-anchor and getting the oars out again, helped to maneuver the savage fish alongside. They killed it with blows from axes, and with sheath-knife stabs, and with the looms of poised oars.

Mr. Barnes had only one trouble. When the ten-foot fish was hauled over the gunwale, the men started to carve into it ravenously, and the third mate waded in among them dealing the tiller impartially to right and left. Some of the men cringed away; some snarled back; one or two threatened with their knives. They hated Mr. Barnes with an undying hatred, even while they knew he was right. He and the bosun divided the shark into the proper amounts for each man, making them draw lots for the choice parts. There was contentment for a while.

It was two days later when they saw the next steamer smoke. They watched it come over the horizon, and some of them stood and waved and shouted as if they could be heard. The bosun said, "What's the use. We've seen two ships before, but they can't see us this low in the water." Mr. Barnes snapped upright.

"Why didn't I think of it before?" he demanded. "Bosun! Those corned beef cans we've been using for bailing. Cut me out one side."

"One side?" said the bosun, astonished.

"That's an order, bosun," said Mr. Barnes.

The bosun shrugged, muttered something about all third mates being crazy anyway, and with his sheath knife hacked a side from a can. Mr. Barnes seized it, hammered the ragged edges flat, then washed it in the sea and polished it with the inside of his elbow.

Mr. Barnes held the bright side of the tin toward the sun and catching the glare began to talk across the sea. "They can't see a small boat this far away, bosun," he explained. "But they can catch a heliograph signal."

"A heli . . . heliograph," the bosun floundered. "I never heard . . ."

"Morse code, bosun. Shut up! That's something I *did* learn in navigation school anyway . . . Let's see! . . . Ship ahoy! . . . Three dots . . . two dots . . . Yep, I got it. Now we'll see."

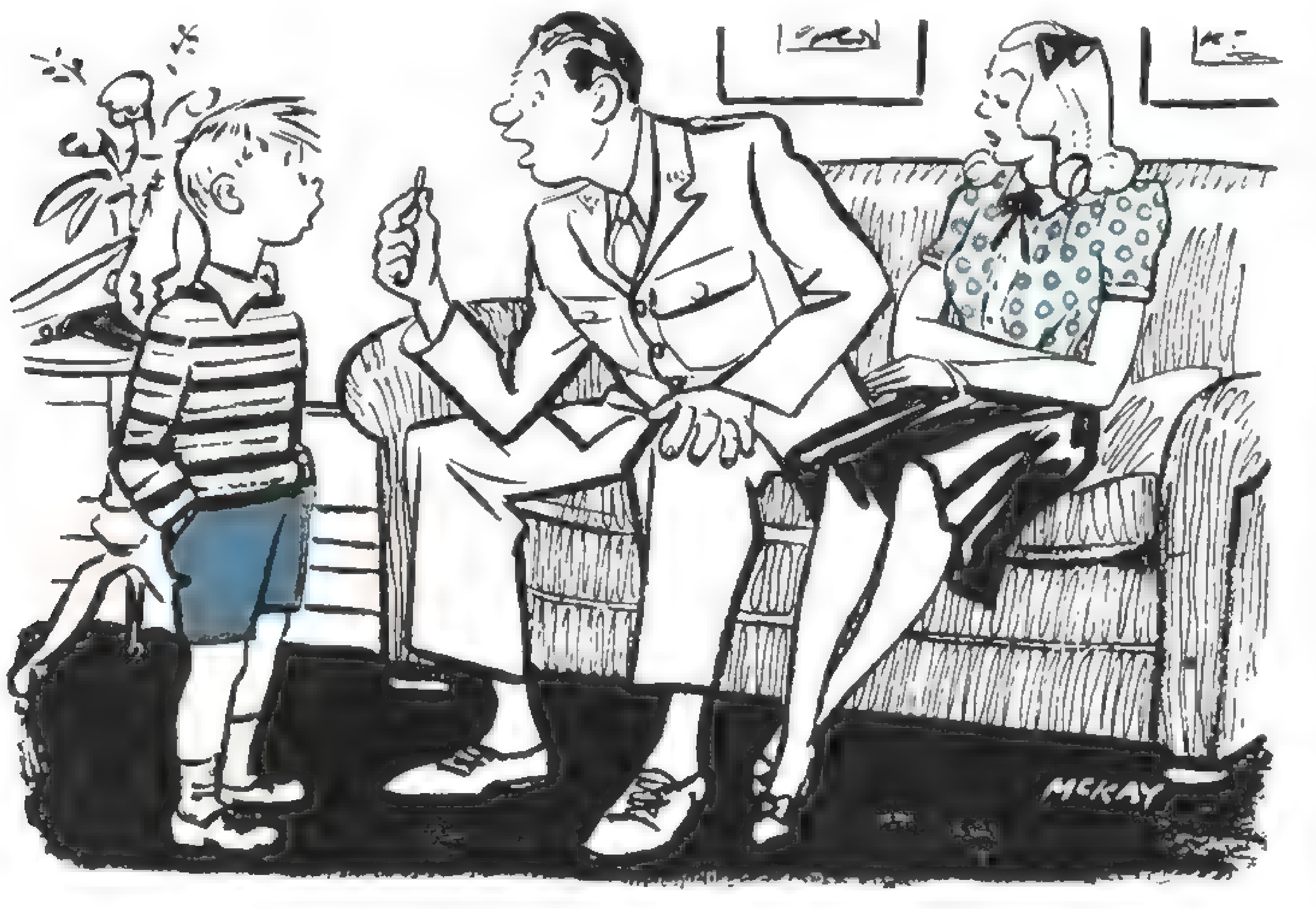
He adjusted the piece of tin and caught the sun again and spelled out their predicament. He knew it was all a matter of whether the watch officer was on the alert, but since all ships running these days kept several lookouts for a submarine and such, it was most likely someone would notice the sunflashes . . . Three dots . . . two dots . . . Ship ahoy! . . . The men in the boat watched breathlessly. Mr. Barnes was an officer now, fullfledged.

Nothing seemed to happen. And then the steamer suddenly changed course and there came back across the bright calm sea dazzling flashes which only Mr. Barnes could read . . . Dot dash dot . . . dot . . .dash dot dash dot. . . . Received and understood. Will pick you up. . . .

Mr. Barnes did not collapse until after he was aided up the rail of the American cruiser *Astoria*, and even then he managed to stand until he had given his report to the commander.

And that's all Mr. Barnes remembered for many days. Probably his first memory was of the bosun's face, looking down at him anxiously and then reddening under the third mate's smile. The bosun was twisting his cap in his hands. He coughed, and started to speak, and almost tore the cap apart. He had apologies, and good wishes, and messages from the men.

And he said "Sir", and meant it. #



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Add French-type paste mustard, salt and paprika to taste. Chill salad, then thoroughly mix all ingredients with the above dressing.

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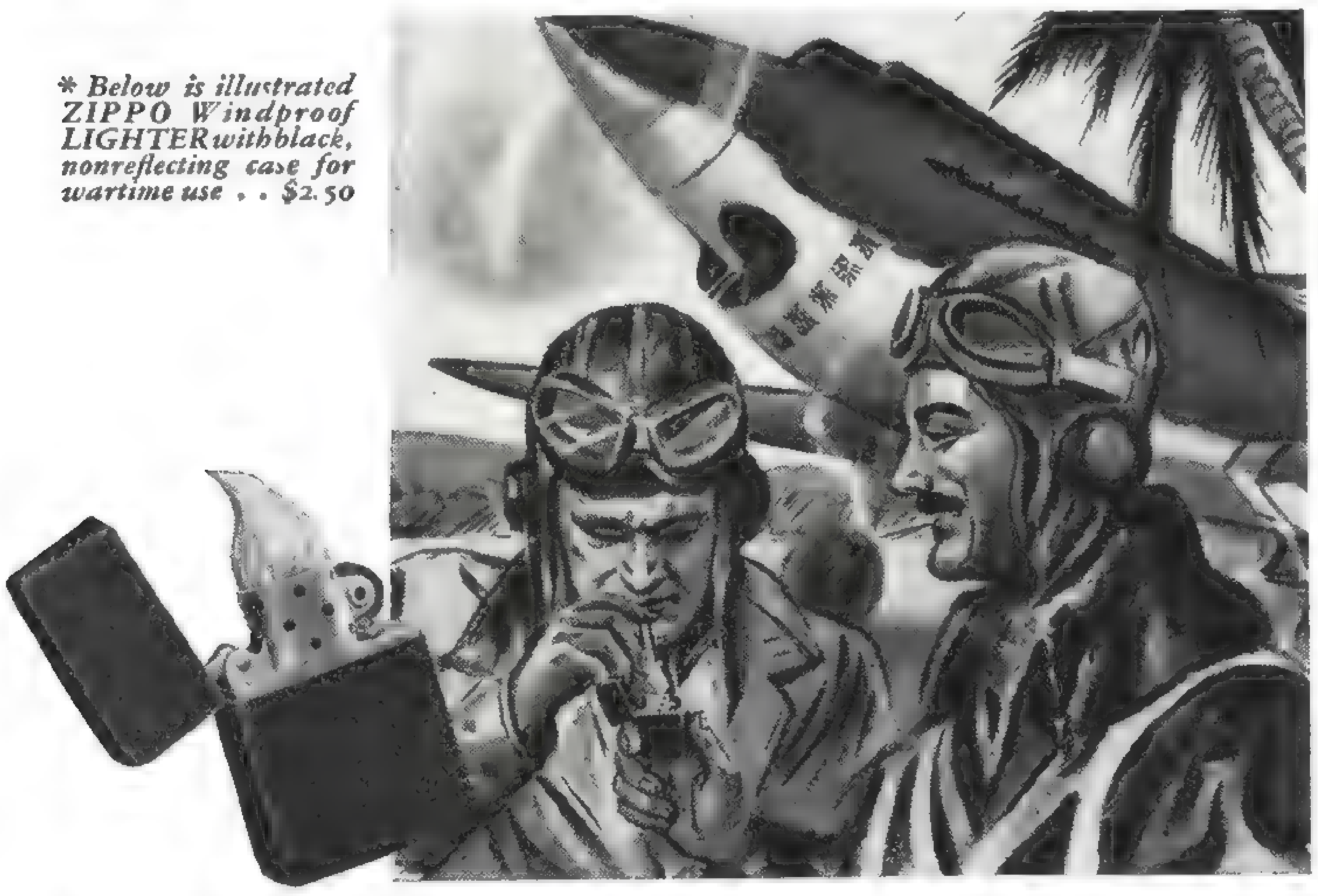

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ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 93

edible wild plants idea, and who planted dandelion, purslane, lamb's quarter, marsh marigold, sorrel, ferns and nettles besides the usual tomatoes, potatoes, onions and parsley. The princess is a confirmed vegetarian and a believer in vegetables for beauty. She says that wild vegetables are much more effective than the usual cultivated ones, for both health and beauty. And to illustrate her words, she showed me a book with analyses of spinach, and of dandelion. These analyses tell the story better than I ever can, so here they are:

	Spinach	Dandelion
Protein	2.1	2.4
Fat	3	1.0
Carbohydrates	3.2	10.6
Ash	2.1	4.6
Water	92.3	81.4
Vitamins	A and B	A, B and C

Dandelion, which, as you may know, is a weed, is now also being cultivated. However, I am talking of the wild variety. The young leaves should be washed several times, like those of the nettle, because otherwise they have a slightly bitter flavor. It is very good as a vegetable, and especially flavorful if it is cooked with salt pork, or smoked ham. As a salad it is delicious and most refreshing if you use a simple French dressing on it, just salt, pepper, good oil and good wine vinegar. As you probably know, dandelion is the natural enemy of flowers, and so is purslane. But this latter weed that grows like mad also makes a marvelous vegetable dish if it is prepared with salt pork. Purslane was widely used during the French revolution and it was the favorite dish of Thoreau. It remains the favorite salad green of the French. They call it "piss en lit" even in the most polite society. Here is an excellent recipe for it:

Fry two medium-sized chopped onions in a tablespoonful of lard or butter. Add the thoroughly washed chopped leaves, a piece of ham or salt pork, a bone or two if you have them, a clove of garlic, salt and pepper. Cover with water. Cook on low fire until done and all the water cooked away. Adjust seasoning and add vinegar to taste. Purée if you like. Serve with hard-boiled eggs.

Alfalfa, marsh marigold and sheep sorrel are also very rich in mineral and vitamin content and are believed to be liver and blood purifiers. Lamb's-quarter, or goosefoot, is a wild vegetable that in Europe is often cooked like spinach, and in America was one of the favorites of the New Mexican Indians. They not only cooked it as a vegetable and ate it raw sometimes, but also ground the seeds into a meal and baked a cake of it, called *quelite*.

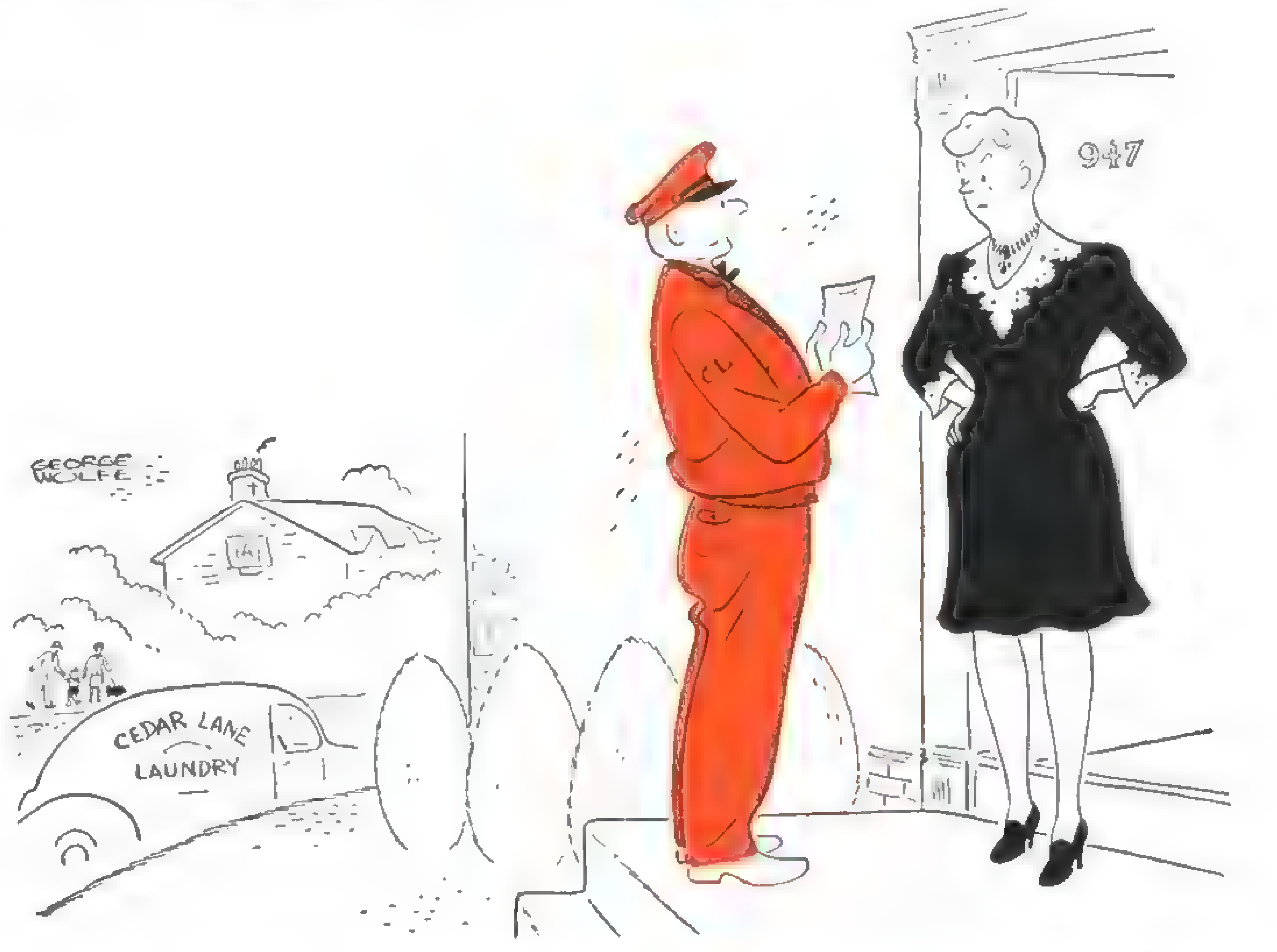
The roots of golden thistle are cooked like salsify, and in fact, resemble that vegetable in flavor. Milkweed resembles in taste young asparagus; it also has to be washed thoroughly and the water in which it boils ought to be changed several times to remove the milky juice. The common chickweed, which is in bloom every month of the year in the central U. S., makes a splendid pot herb; it resembles spinach when cooked.

The Chinese, our masters in culinary arts, love a weed belonging to the mustard family, called shepherd's purse, and resembling the cabbage in flavor, although it is much better and much more delicate. In France, the shoots of mallow are highly praised either as vegetable or as salad and the tender shoots of hops are eaten, cooked or uncooked. The young shoots of the fireweed that grow in burned-over lands, taste like asparagus, and in Europe the leaves are cooked as a pot herb.

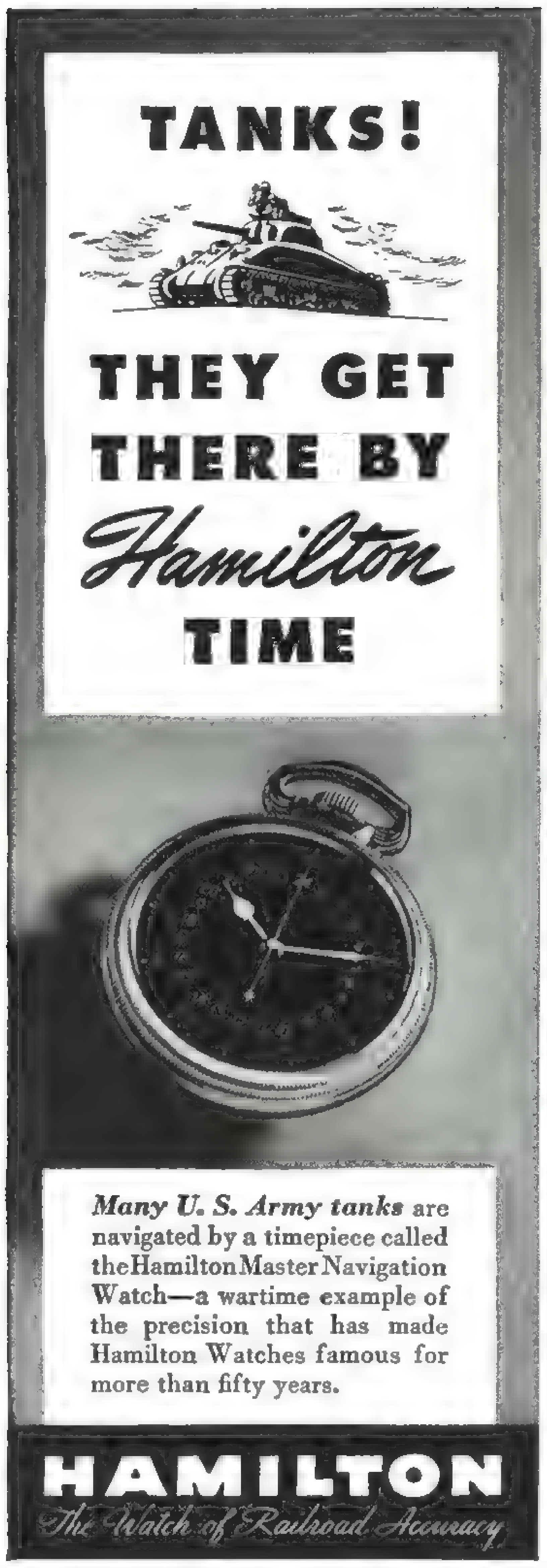
Here is a good recipe to cook wild sorrel, which appears at least twice a week on the table of every Central European:

Wash the sorrel thoroughly, and pass it through a meat grinder. On a brisk fire heat a little lard or other cooking fat, throw in the sorrel, salt it at once (in order to retain its nice green color), cook for a few minutes, then add a cupful of stock or chicken broth, some granulated sugar and boil briskly. Add a half pint of sour cream.

Another variation on sorrel cooking: cook in salted water for twenty minutes, pass through a sieve, but save



"We're curtailing our deliveries, Ma'am—but here's a list of vacant apartments within walking distance of the laundry!"



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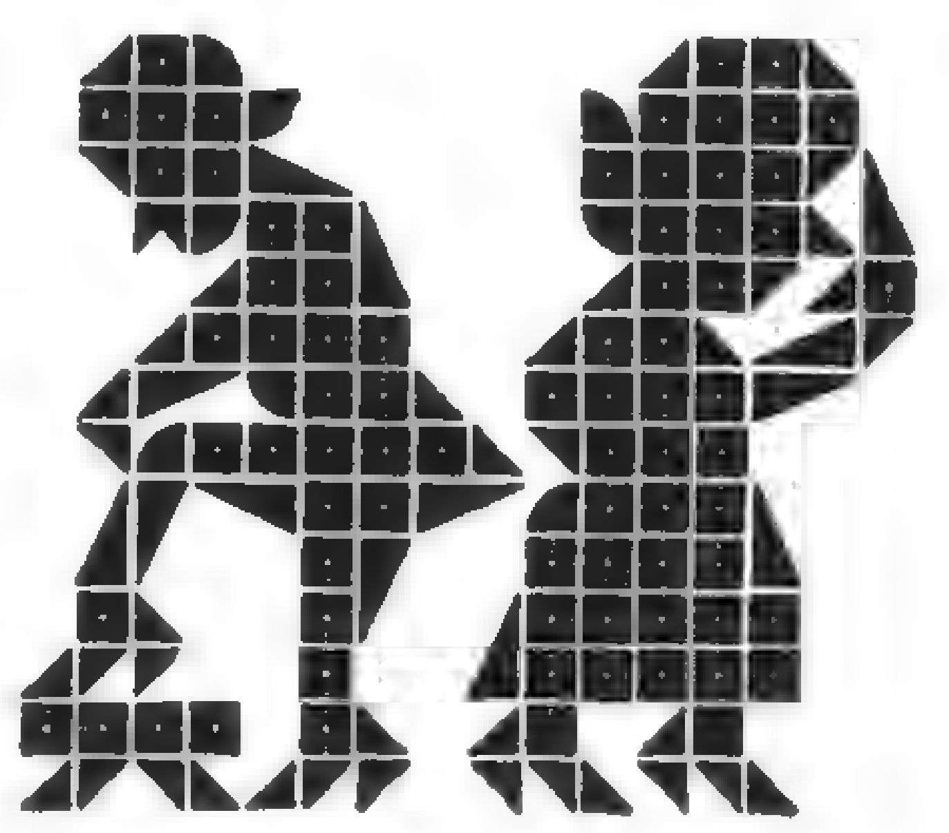
the water. Then heat a tablespoonful of lard in a pan, add the sorrel, add some of the water in which the first cooking was done, and then mix in some sour cream. Season with salt, pepper and sugar, naturally.

In Canada the roots of the sea rocket are ground, mixed with flour and bread is baked of it. The leaves are used as a vegetable or in salad. Iceland moss, which not only grows in Iceland but also in America, is a very nourishing food and it is very flavorful too. In Iceland it is widely used for bread after drying and grinding into meal, but it also serves as a vegetable. It is also said to be a tonic food for invalids.

Sea kale, the cramble maritime, is cooked like asparagus, with flour added; it contains much iodine. But don't eat the leaves of water lilies—Rabelais said that this was consumed by nuns of ancient times, since leaves of water lilies produced the same effect as saltpeter.



If Mother knows her scanty shows
She blushes, like as not,
But tell her brat a thing like that
She'll simply say "Shows what?"

Falcate beans were another favorite of the Indians, and so are the tepary beans, resembling lima beans. There are many varieties of wild beans, the best among them being China, prairie, and the screw beans. Wild rice, which is so expensive on the market, grows profusely in swamps near many waters in the United States.

To return to Princess Gourielli's terraces, toward the end of the party she rushed over to me with still another dish, and although I protested that I wasn't hungry any more, she made me taste it. It was a salad, made out of dandelions and ham, and I swear to you I never ate a better salad. It contradicted my belief that dandelions were only good with French dressing. It was made like this:

Chop up two cups and a half dandelion greens, add one cup minced cooked ham, three tablespoonsful of mayonnaise, and two chopped hard boiled eggs, and mix thoroughly.

As regards fruits, marvelous summer soups can be made of wild raspberries, blueberries, elderberries, bilberries, etc. by washing the berries, cooking them to a soft consistency, putting them through a sieve, and adding butter, sugar, lemon peel, cinnamon, red wine, and vanilla flavoring. A refreshing cold soup can be made from wild cherries. Here's how:

Boil two pounds of wild cherries in five cups of water for ten minutes. Now make a mixture of two tablespoonsful of flour, one whipped egg, half cup of milk (you must add the milk slowly), granulated sugar according to taste, and mix it in the soup. Let it cool and add a half cup of sour cream, correct flavor with more sugar, and put in the refrigerator for an hour.

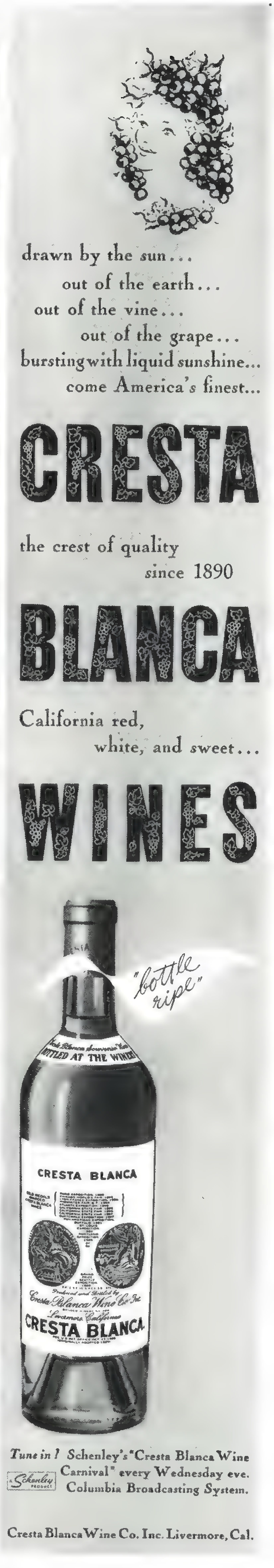
There are many berries growing wild in the United States that make delicious jams and can be used with great advantage in pies. In fact, there are all sorts of wild fruits largely unused in America, wasted, rotting on the ground for want of someone to pick them. But we city dwellers know little about these treasures, even though that is exactly what they are today.

In Central Europe, every peasant courtyard has a few mulberry trees and when I was a child I used to eat literally tons of them each summer. Here I never see a mulberry, either white or black. Oh, how I used to love them! My grandmother used to make mulberry jelly, and a liqueur, too, which was served with great ceremony in very small glasses to Sunday callers. It was forbidden to me, so naturally, for many years I believed that mulberry liqueur was the most wonderful thing in the world.

America has the most and best wild edible nuts in the world. There is the wild pecan, the hazelnut, the various hickories, the sweet-flavored chinquapin which is ready to pick in September, the chestnut (chestnuts used to come from Italy, but why can't the American wild chestnut be cultivated?) the king nut, the black walnut and the butter-nut. Undoubtedly there are many others.

It is impossible to give you a good picture of the edible wild plants in America—the subject is too vast for an article. Mushrooms alone deserve a big volume, and by a greater expert than I am. By all means read a book by Oliver Perry Medsger, called *Edible Wild Plants* (The McMillan Co.) which tells you more than I could ever hope to. The book is in its second edition—the British government is said to have bought out the first. Today eating economically and employing long-forgotten methods to get our daily food, is a patriotic matter. Should you be afraid that you'll starve if the war goes on, just roam the countryside and see how much food there is, that is not wanted by anyone.

And remember that man can get along on very little and still be healthy. Or rather, he'll be healthy because he gets along on little. There was a chap in Russia, Fedor Darapski: at the age of twenty-two he was sentenced to die by Catherine the Great, but the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. Fedor lived in prison on two pounds of black bread and water per week. On his ninetieth birthday he was recommended for mercy, because it was found that he had never committed the crime imputed to him. He came out of jail a healthy and happy man. See? . . . ⧺



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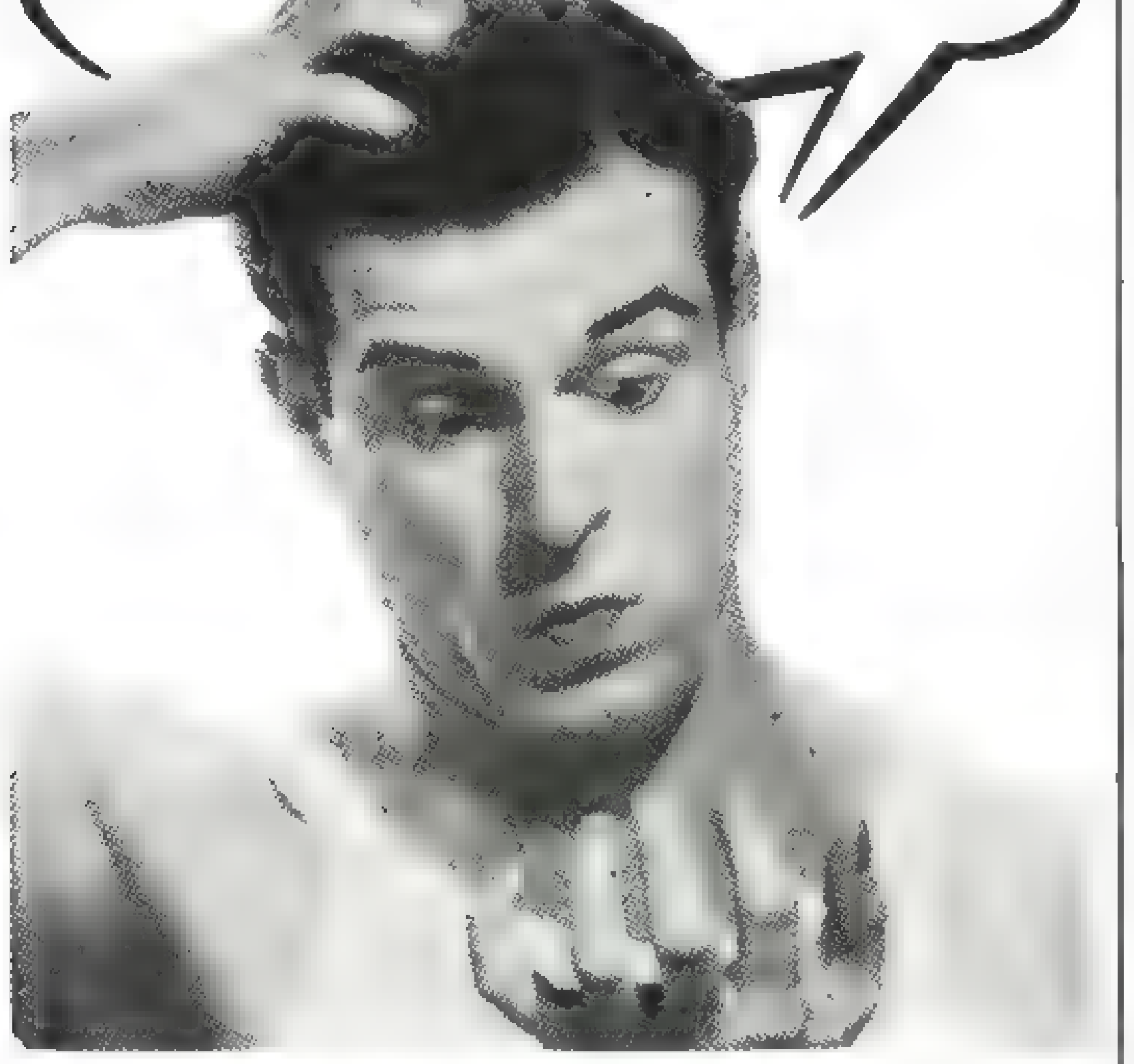

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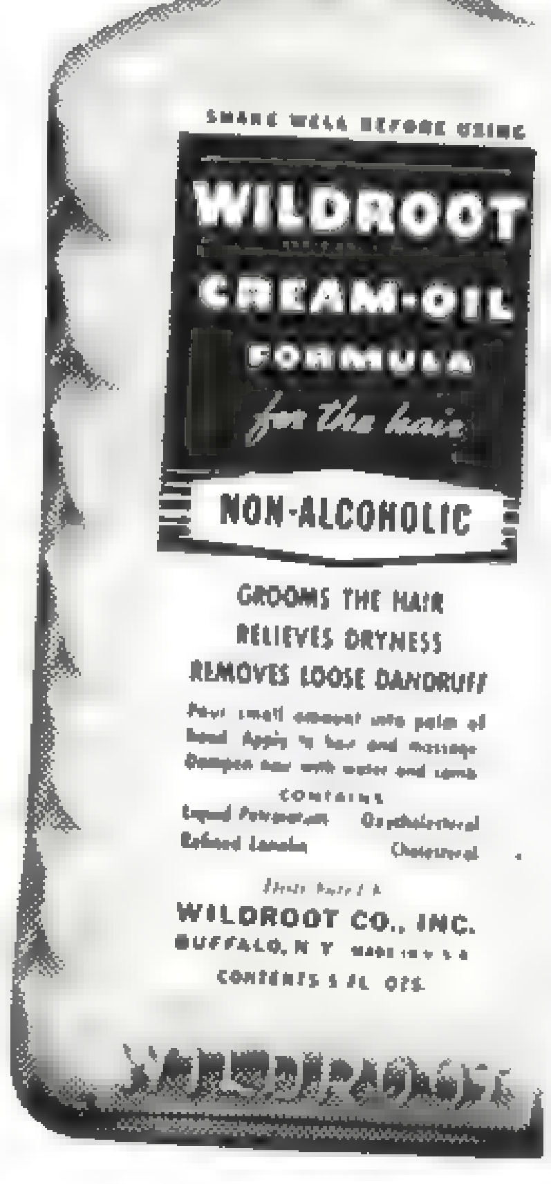

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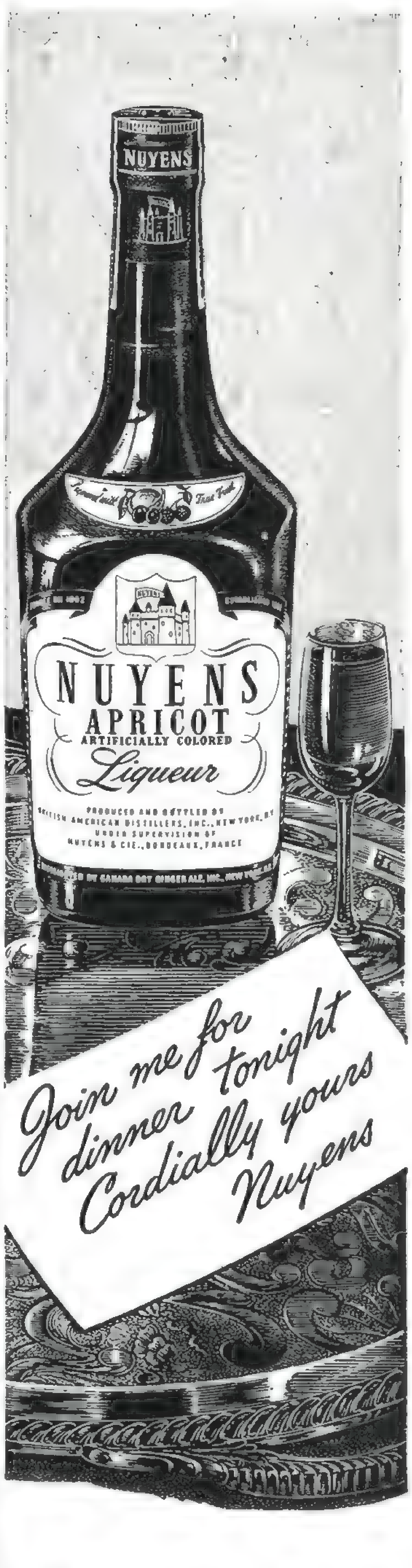

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Last Raid of the *H-for-'arry*

Continued from page 33

Harvey's face. The aircraft creaked as Hackett, who had caught the order over his phones, swung her over to take up attack position.

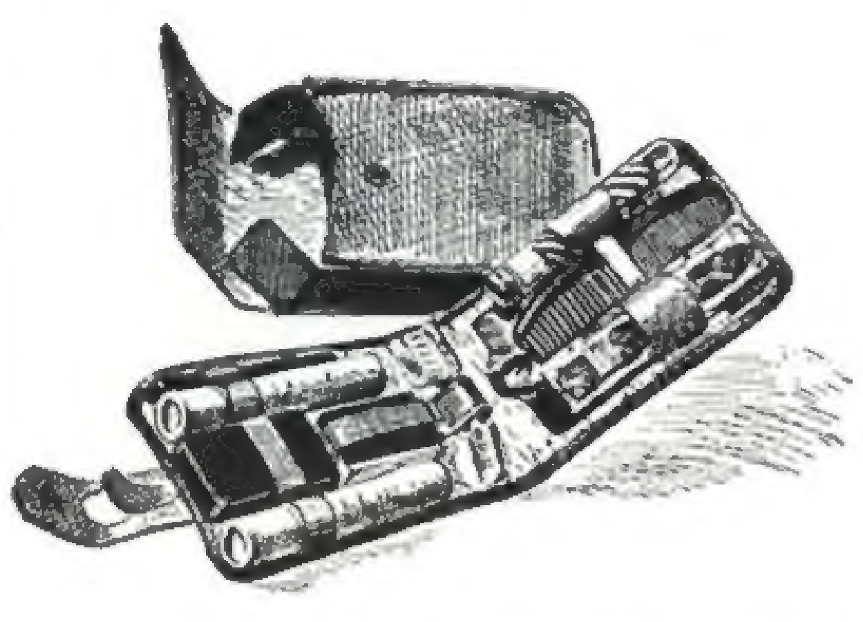
* * *

They spent another hour in the thunder of eastward flight. Essen passed beneath them with its heat and furnace aglow. Ahead they could see the faint outline burned in by pathfinder bombers which had gone ahead with incendiaries to mark the limitations of the target. Another twenty minutes and they would know.

Hackett came back again and stood for a moment looking over the instruments on the panel.

"How're we doing?" he inquired thumbing the flight engineer's log.

"We're quite all right," assured Harvey. "There's nothing to worry about. Fuel flow and temperatures normal and we're right on time."



Compact kit for military men holds all the necessary toiletries. A California idea.

The Sergeant pilot stood on the platform and peered out the astro-hatch and looked ahead: "It's getting hot up there now. Searchlights and flak as thick as . . ."

"What's the matter with you tonight, Sergeant?" Harvey inquired.

"It's not only me," Hackett confided. "Kent's getting windy and Massey has been up front on the bomb-sight for half an hour. He wanted to get rid of the stuff over Essen. One smack tonight and this blasted kite will fold up!"

"You're supposed to be captain of aircraft," reminded Harvey. "You know damn well the bus is airworthy. You've got to stop thinking in terms of . . . of figures and symbols painted on the fuselage. You've got to think," and Harvey stopped and wondered why he was repeating Jinker's words. "I mean to say, Hackett; the fact that this is 'Arry's sixtieth raid has nothing to do with it. We'll get back if you stay with her, if Massey plots a true course, if Mac here keeps his set open and if Tait and Symes beat off the opposition. You stay up front and I'll keep the blasted props turning over . . . somehow."

Hackett stared at the Flight Lieutenant as though he'd never seen him before. He certainly had never heard him talk like this: "Right! I'll stay up front. Thanks . . . Thanks."

* * *

By the time Harvey had returned to his post and had jotted down a new set of figures, they were on the fringe of the target and flak was beating the kettle-drums. Flaming onions crawled up, end over end in slow but devilish deliberation. Harvey jacked in his inter-com cord and talked to Hackett: "Stick with it, Sergeant. You've got all you can ask for on the instrument panel here!"

"Right! Stand by for attack. Bomb doors open, Massey!"

"Bomb doors open!"

"One run up . . . 16,000. Take it northwest to southeast from outer limitation of the marshalling yard. Then all the way in to the station. Check!"

Harvey heard Massey squeal the repeat order and steadied himself beneath the astro hatch while the big Stirling tilted into the turn. Tait's guns coughed and worked into a clatter of defiance drawing two tracer streaks across the sky. Symes took up with his four-gun turret and then the war was on.

"Hold it! Hold it!" Massey's voice appealed over the inter-com. "That's it . . . right . . . right, slightly. Now! . . . Now! . . . Now!"

'Arry leaped in a series of joyous gambols as the big bombs nosed out of their cells. The slipstream swished through the open bomb bays and poked icy fingers beneath their helmet flaps and inside their loose collars.

'Arry leaped again as a terrific bang pounded away below. Harvey went to his knees and saw MacRae floundering about on the catwalk.

"Close those blasted bomb doors!" he caught himself yelling. "It's all right, Mac. Get up . . . Mac!"

The rattle of turret guns drowned out what Mac was trying to say, but Harvey saw a patch of red and pink flesh through a long gash in MacRae's left trouser leg.

"All right! ALL RIGHT!" he yelled, pulling the wireless man clear. "Have you strapped up in a minute, Mac!"

Harvey crawled back to a wall locker and took out a set of field dressings. He sat there tearing the rip-cord from the pack with his teeth and sensed that something had come unstuck. 'Arry was faltering in some unaccountable manner. There was a numb cessation of normal movement. The bomber seemed to be hanging from steel cables. There was no snubbed vibration of forward speed. It was like hanging over the edge of the aerodrome boundary to go in for a landing. That same helpless, hovering feeling.

Harvey got up and glanced at the panel. There wasn't much there to provide any conclusions. He went to Mac again and slashed away at the heavy serge trouser leg and packed the long wound with gauze. He drenched a bottle of antiseptic solution all over the pad and began binding it in tight with a roll of bandage.

"How is it, Mac?" he yelled.

"Ye'll hae tae take Jinker tae

Continued on page 160

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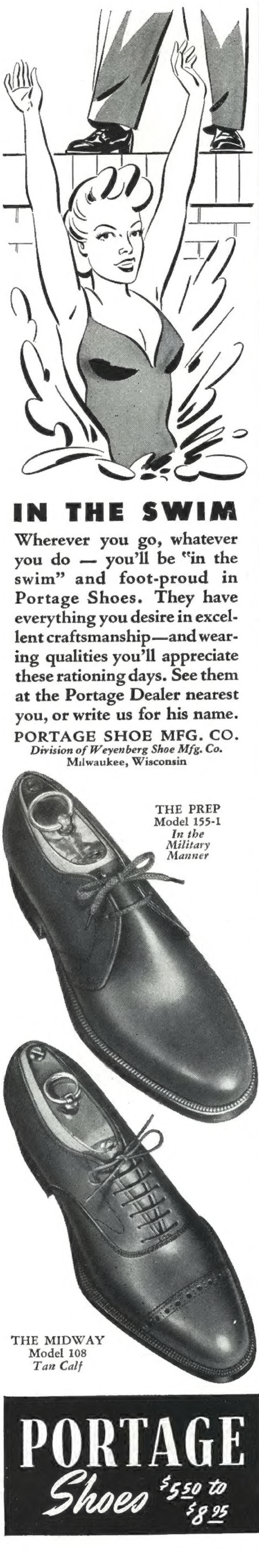

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Last Raid of the *H-for-'arry*

Continued from pages 33-159

tea sor," Mac said with a grimace.

"Don't worry about it. A spot of brandy? . . . Now then, on the bunk with you . . . There, now take it easy while I see about closing the kitchen door."

* * *

The Stirling floundered sluggishly as the flak pounded and raged outside. Harvey glanced at the dials again, squinted and then peered outside. Both starboard engines had stopped!

Kent, the co-pilot, came down the catwalk. "Both starboard engines out and everything's down," he said. "Flaps, wheels and bomb doors. Hydraulic system's out. Can't hold flying speed!"

"Get back there and tell Hackett to keep her in the air somehow. I'll have a look 'round and see what I can do."

"You can't do anything! The hydraulic system is out."

"You tell Hackett . . . Never mind. I'll tell him."

He pushed past Kent who was fingering his 'chute harness snaffles with grim anticipation. He climbed the service ladder to the back of Hackett's chair and bellowed: "Are we holding altitude?"

"What, at this speed? We're practically standing still!" Hackett yelled back. "She's trying to climb on the flaps. Look where I have the control!"

The bomber, fighting the braking effect of the depressed flaps, was trying to get her nose up and the pilot had to ram the control wheel forward to keep her on level flight. The effort was wasting what forward speed the two remaining engines could provide.

"I've done all I can," Hackett yelled. "Rudder and fin trim on to the limit. If we could only get the wheels and flaps up."

"I'll have a look 'round. What about a spot of hot coffee?"

Straw hat for a blackout is treated with luminous paint that glows in the darkness. A wearable to combat the seventh column, carelessness.

The rear guns, fighting off two Me.110's, put the stopper on whatever Hackett had to say in reply.

Harvey went back and twisted some pet-cock knobs and made certain the fuel in the starboard wing tanks would not be wasted. He gnawed on his thumb-nail and pondered on the situation and decided that a spot of coffee was in order. The gallon jug Jinker had brought was somewhere under the rest bunk.

"Having a bit of trouble with the plumbing," he explained to Mac who lay biting his heavy lower lip. "What about a spot of Jinker juice, or are you doing all right with the brandy?"

"Ah toold the Flight-Sergeant aboot thot main packing gland under the reservoir," mumbled Mac. "Leakin' for some time. Probably blew when we lowered the bomb doors."

Harvey was kneeling over the big jug with the lid ready to use as a cup: "Packing gland?" he muttered. "Wait a minute!"

He went to the back of the flight panel and fingered amid the intricate conduits. From a canvas bag on the wall he selected a set of small wrenches. A spatter of slugs ricocheted about the radio panel and Tait's guns screamed in reply. Harvey huddled against the panel, his eyes closed, as his mind traced the course of the hydraulic system through a maze of spars, brackets, stringers and swash-plates until it reached the jacks and link-rods.

Working on four small nuts he soon had the top of the reservoir clear. He reached in and his fingers told him what had happened. It took but a minute more to pour the hot coffee into the reservoir and bolt the gasket and head back on again.

"Good old Jinker," he grinned. "Won't bet, but it might work."

He hurried forward, climbed the steps again and gripped Hackett by the shoulder: "Try the flap control now!" he yelled.

Hackett reached forward and depressed the flap-control lever. Almost immediately the big Stirling leaped forward and the pilot drew the control back and beamed at the reaction on the air-speed indicator.

"Now the undercart . . . and bomb doors," Harvey said pointing at the instrument panel. Hackett punched deliberately at a release button and the green light on the dash changed to red. There was a satisfactory bump outside somewhere as the big wheels went up into the inboard motor nacelles. The swish of air through the bomb bay was blocked off as the curved doors clamped shut.

"Whew!" grinned Hackett. "We're really hitting the knots. What the deuce did you do?"

"Old 'Arry just wanted a cup of coffee, so I gave him one. From now on, you can think up the tricks."

"Eh?" Hackett said.

"I mean to say," Harvey explained with a Cheshire cat grin, "I got 'em up by pouring the coffee into the hydraulic system. By the time we get back, it will have frozen tight—so you'll have to put 'Arry down as gently as you can—on his belly. It'll be a bit sticky, but they promised us another 'Arry, you know."

"You leave it to me," Hackett said with authority. "'Arry's going to finish his sixtieth—like a gentleman. We can't keep Jinker waiting, can we?" ⧺

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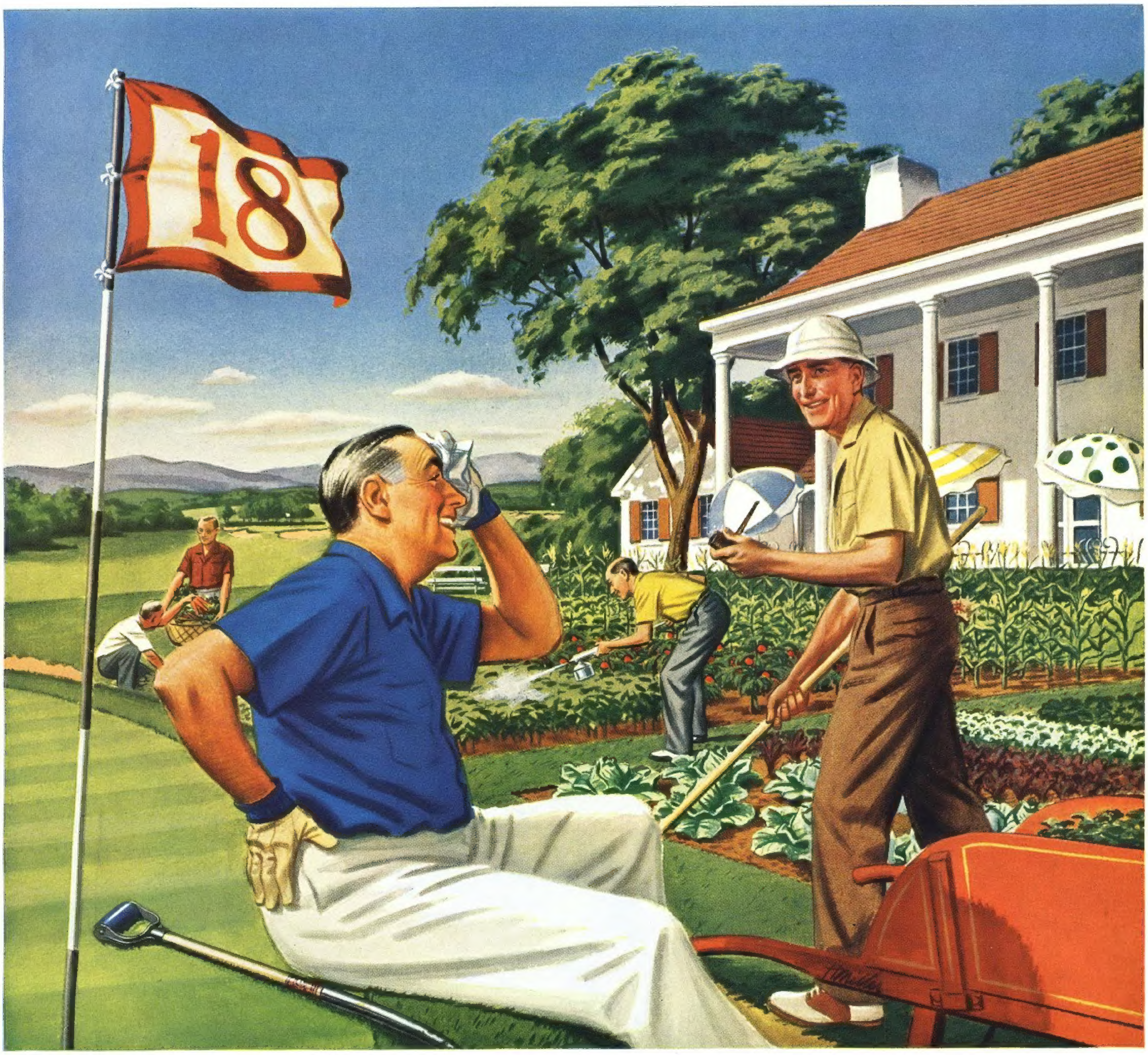

Greens Committee, 1943

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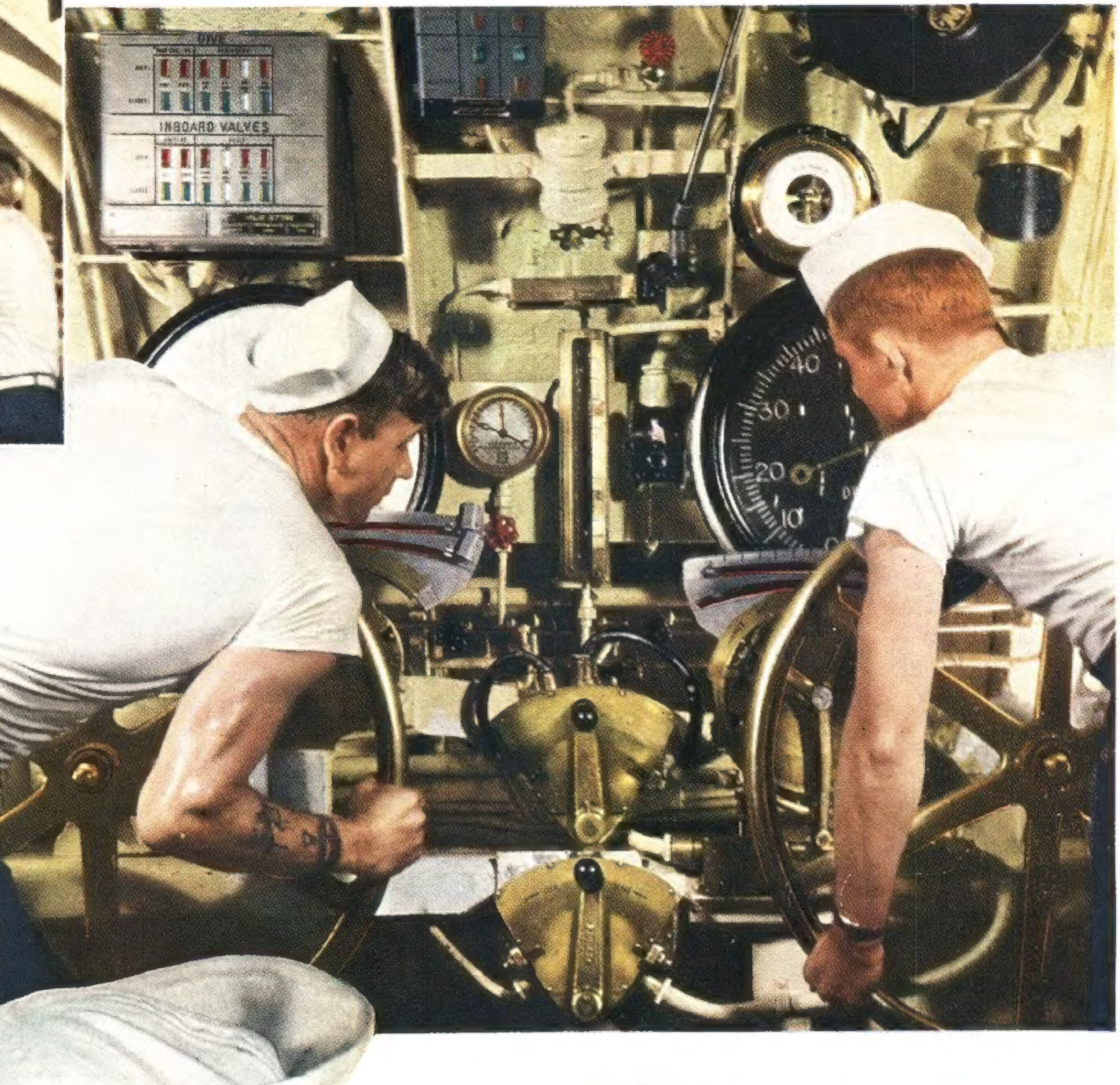

"UP PERISCOPE!" ↑
And, as the skipper's eye scans the horizon, every man of his crew is tensed for the words, "Target sighted!"

"TAKE 'ER DOWN!" →
...the men at the right lean into the bow and stern plane wheels...the ballast tanks are flooded—and the ocean swiftly closes over them.

● For days...weeks on end sometimes...they live in the close, cramped quarters of their cell of steel. And comforts are few and far between. Even the enjoyment of a smoke must be denied at times. But when it *is* permissible...*when the smoking lamp is lit**...you can write it down in your own smoking log that the preferred cigarette with men in the Navy is *Camel!*

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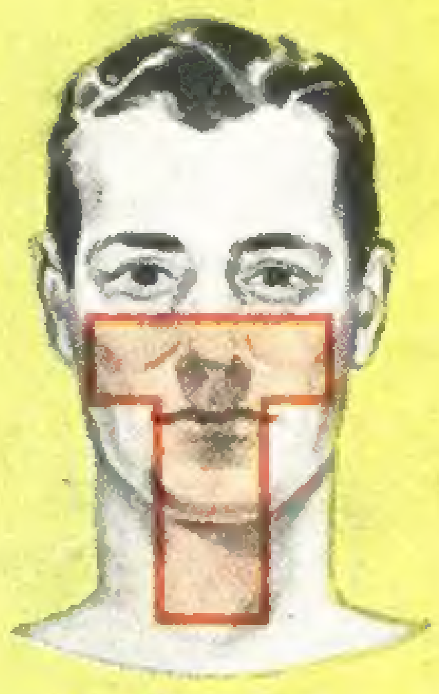

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